Methodist Magazine and Review.

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THE LOST EMPIRES OF THE EAST.*

BY THE EDITOR.

SITE OF THE TEMPLE OF ASSUR-NAZIR-PAL FOUND AT NIMROUD IN 1878 A. D.

A great many readers of this magazine are actively engaged in Sunday-school work, and many more, we trust all the rest, are earnest Bible students. It is, in many respects, a liberal education in itself to follow the course of Sunday-school lessons from year to year. They come in close touch with very many points of sacred and secular history which are engaging the most earnest thought of scholars, explorers and interpreters of ancient monuments and ancient tongues.

The recent lessons on the life of our Lord and of the early Church treat the most important themes in the history of our world and the most important aspects of human development. The studies for the current half year on the history of the Hebrew monarchy are also full of sacred and secular interest. The Hebrew people were brought into intimate relations with the great monarchies of antiquity. Thus Hebrew thought and development receive a permanent impress, and "the Law, which is a schoolmaster to bring men to Christ" greatly influenced the mighty Medo-Persian monarchy of Cyrus. In these lessons the history of the Chaldeans, of Assyria and Babylonia are brought directly under review. The labours of Layard, and Rawlinson, Smith, and Sayce, Hilprecht and Hormuzd Rassam, and other explorers and investigators throw a flood of light upon some of the profoundest problems of Old Testament history. We have thought it well, therefore, to treat in this, as well

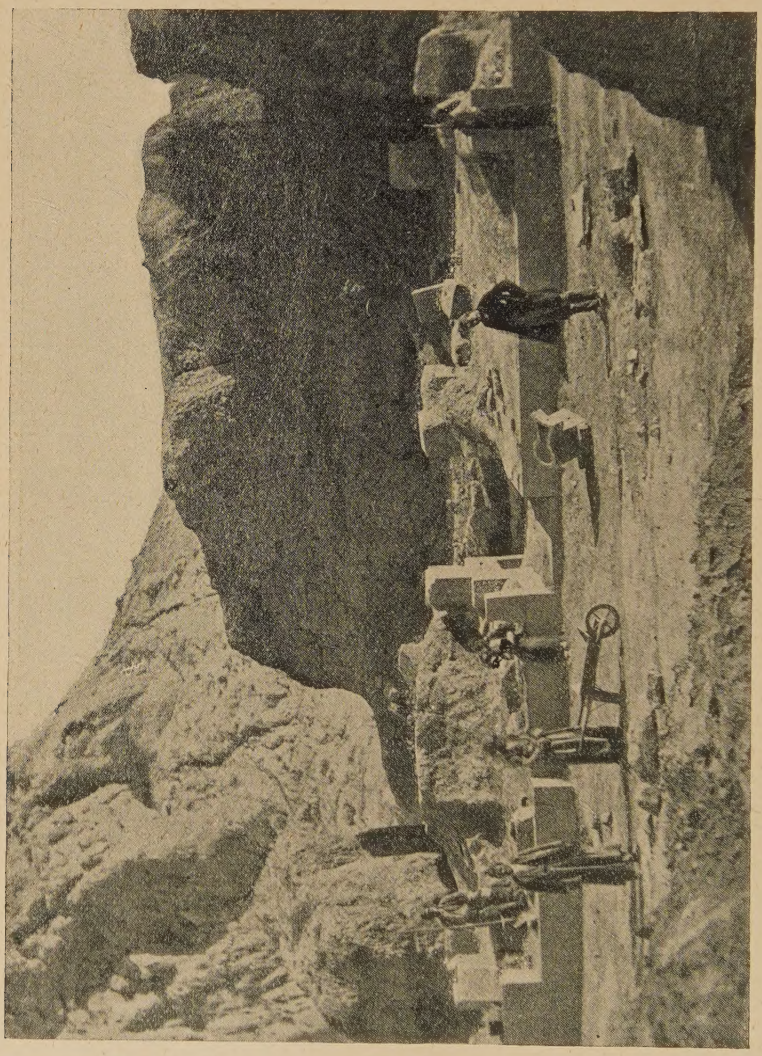
* "Asshur and the Land of Nimrod." Being an Account of the Discoveries made in the ancient ruins of Nineveh, Asshur, Sepharvaim, Calah, Babylon, Borsippa, Cuthah and Van, including a Narrative of Different Journeys in Mesopotamia, Assyria, Asia Minor, and Koordistan. By Hormuzd Rassam. With an introduction by Robert W. Rogers, PhD., D.D. Cincinnati: Curts & Jennings. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. xiv.–432. $3.00.

HOLBROOK LIBRARY PACIFIC SCHOOL OF RELIGION

as in the last number of this magazine, some of those themes in which the great body of our readers are so directly interested.

It is a tribute to the enterprise of the Western Methodist Book Concern that it has issued one of the most interesting and instructive volumes of exploration in the cradle lands of our race.—"Asshur and the Land of Nimrod." The author made no less than four expeditions to Mesopotamia, and had to encounter much opposition through the restrictions and prohibitions of the Sultan of Turkey. He states that the Arabs, Kurds and Turkomans are most tractable people to deal with. He always found them true, loyal and hospitable. It is not they, but the agents of the Sublime Porte who are the obstructives to exploration.

It is a striking confirmation of the prophecies of Scripture that the great cities of Babylon and Nineveh became so completely lost to human history. Babylon was buried in a mud-mound; Nineveh was so thoroughly forgotten that for ages her site was unknown, so that a cultivated Greek, leading home his broken army of ten thousand men, passed right by it, and never knew that beneath the mud and sand lay the remains of vast palaces.



SITE OF AN ANCIENT ARMENIAN TEMPLE FOUND IN THE MOUND OF TOPRAE-KALAA, NEAR VAN.

The book contains much of stirring ad-

venture and romantic interest, and of illustrations of Oriental costumes "hoary with age and full of instruction for the modern students of the Bible."

Our illustrations on pages 99 and 100 indicate the manner in which the remains of the lost civilization of Nineveh and Babylon

their holy men. The book described in this article abounds in illustrations of the difficulties arising from the conflict of authority between the local sheiks and that conferred by the firman of the Sultan.

An enormous amount of *débris* had to be removed and the greatest care exercised not

OBELISK OF ASSUR-NAZIR-PAL, KING OF ASSYRIA (885–860 B. C.), FOUND IN THE MOUND AT NIMROUD.

have been recovered by Hormuzd Rassam. It required great tact and skill in managing men, to induce the Arabs to work with steady persistence, and to overcome their objections to working in mounds which had been consecrated in their estimation by the shrine of a saint or the remains of any of

to destroy the contained relics. The obelisk of Assur-nazir-pal is a typical example of the memorial monoliths of these Oriental despots. The sides are covered with numerous figures in bas-relief and with descriptive cuneiform inscriptions. Other monoliths have a sort of niche in which in low relief

Monolith of Shamshi-Rimmon II, King of Assyria (824–811 B. C.), Son of Shalmaneser II.

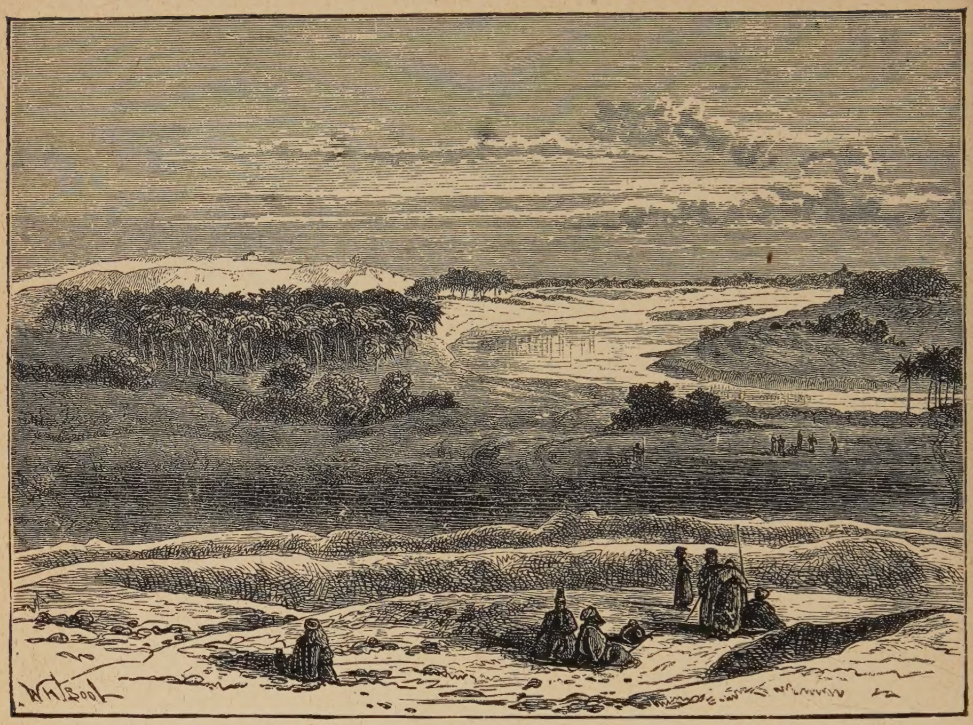
are the figures of the gods or of the Assyrian monarchs. That of Shamshi-Rimmon is a typical example. The sceptre of royalty is borne in the left hand and on the breast is what is remarkably like a Maltese cross. Some archæologists have attached much importance to the occurrence of this cross in pre-Christian monuments. This is, however, of little significance, as the cross was the simplest of all geometric figures, and could easily be adopted for decorative purposes. The peculiar mode of wearing the beard is characteristic of most Assyrian figures of both men and beasts, as in the effigy of the winged lion on page 106, and even the tails of the horses on this page.

"It is noteworthy that very eminent artists and lovers of fine arts have admired the animated portraiture of some of the animals displayed on different sculptures found in Assur-bani-pal's palace; and in Rawlinson's 'Ancient Monarchies' the following allusion is made with reference to the same eulogy:

"'The hunting scenes from the palace of Assur-bani-pal (Sardanapalus of the Greeks) are the most perfect specimens of Assyrian glyptic art. Sir E. Landseer was wont to admire the truthfulness and spirit of these reliefs, more especially of one where hounds are pulling down a wild ass.'"

In another bas-relief the figure of a lion has been pierced with an arrow through his spine, paralyzing the muscles of the back. The manner in which the wounded beast drags his helpless limb is anatomically correct and gives evidence of close observation. The anatomy of the horses is well rendered, as also the expression in the faces of the hunters. These five cuts are from Hormuzd Rassam's book. We are indebted to the courtesy of the publishers for their use.

ASSUR-BANI-PAL ON HORSEBACK, SHOOTING WITH A BOW.



SITE OF ANCIENT BABYLON.

Our frontispiece is a restoration of the stately palace of Sargon at Nineveh, with its colossal eagle-headed figures and human-headed winged bulls. The bas-reliefs from figures on pages 107 to 109 give a vivid picture of the ancient mode of warfare. The colossal size of the conquerors as compared with the defenders is but another way of showing their superiority. The shield-bearer accompanying the king illustrates allusions in Scripture. We note also the catapults for throwing huge stones, and the sappers and miners undermining the wall.

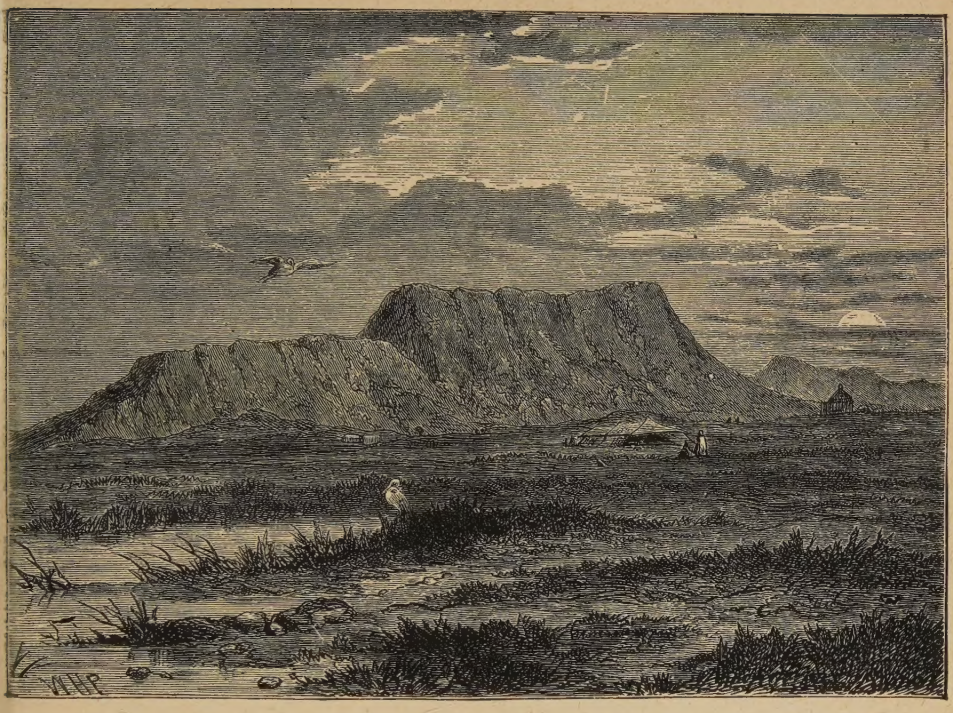
The figure on page 108 shows some of the battering-rams and ballistas drawn up before the towered city wall and the driving off of the captives and flocks of sheep and goats. In figure, on page 109, a cruel aspect of Oriental warfare is illustrated, namely blinding the eyes of the captives.

On page 187 of this number we give an account of some very important recent Oriental "finds."

The East! What thrilling and manifold associations the very name suggests! As the cradle of the human race, the nursery of the infant arts and sciences, of philosophy and literature; as the scene of Bible story and the theatre of the sublimest events in the history of the world; as the land of dim tradition and of hallowed legend; and as the grave of dead and buried nations, it is invested with intensest interest to every mind. Who has not fed his youth with dreams

> "Of Ormuz and of Inde,
> Or where the gorgeous East with richest hand
> Showers on her kings barbaric, pearl and gold,"

and in fancy glided on the bosom of the Tigris or the Nile, and paced the bazars of Bagdad or Samarcand, and heard the plash of fountains and the notes of the bulbul in the gardens of Damascus or Shiraz? Who has not visited in visions of the night or midday reveries, this realm of old renown —the "land of all men's past,"— and beheld its elephants and ivory



SITE OF SUSA (SHUSHAN).

palaces, its splendid opulence and gorgeous pageantry; its tinkling caravans and vast and silent solitudes of the mysterious deserts; the fallen fanes and ruined palaces and solemn sphinxes of that wonderland ?

With still deeper emotion will the devout or philosophic traveller visit those ancient realms "where every step is o'er a nation's dust," and every sound awakes an echo of the past. To him the whole region is steeped in the very spirit of poetry, and consecrated by hallowed or historic recollections. As he stands amid the ruins of Baalbec or Palmyra, of Luxor or Karnac, or of "hundred-gated Thebes,"—those gravestones over a nation's tomb,—the evanescence of earthly power and splendour will impress his mind.

The worship of Apis and Isis, of Orus and Osiris, of Baal and Ashtaroth, has passed away; but the very ruins of their temples, by the illustrations of the minute fulfilment of ancient prophecy declare, that though heaven and earth shall pass away, one jot or tittle of God's Word shall never pass till all shall be fulfilled.

The exploration of the ruins of Nineveh and Babylon affords a striking commentary upon Holy Scripture, illumining with brilliant sidelights many of its obscure and difficult passages. The appalling desolation, the utter and irretrievable ruin of those sites of ancient and populous empires, are a sublime and emphatic vindication of Divine prophecy, that refutes and confounds the cavillings of the gainsayer or the infidel. For miles on miles the far-extending plain heaves with many a crumbling mound, towering at times like great natural eminences

which conceal beneath their grass-grown surface the courts and palaces of generations of Assyrian or Babylonish monarchs.

High above them all Birs Nimrud lifts its enormous bulk, its crowning ruin cleft to the base, and its fire-blasted and vitrified fragments attesting the avenging thunderbolts of God which smote the Babel Builders' impious tower.

Around its foot stretch bitter marshes and tangled jungle, where lonely wild fowl hide or wild beasts make their lair. Only the language of prophecy can adequately

WINGED LION FROM NINEVEH.

describe its condition : "How is Babylon become a desolation ! How is she cast up in heaps, and utterly destroyed ! How art thou become an astonishment and an hissing ! How art thou made a possession for bittern and pools of water ! The wild beasts of the desert shall be there."

The prophecy of Isaiah is literally fulfilled : "But wild beasts of the desert shall lie there; and their houses shall be full of doleful creatures; and owls shall dwell there, and satyrs shall dance there.

"And the wild beasts of the islands shall cry in their desolate houses, and dragons in their pleasant palaces."

The words of Barry Cornwall vividly express the feelings awakened by the ruins of Babylon ;

"Pause in this desert ! Here, men say, of old
Belshazzar reigned, and drank from cups of gold ;
Here, to his hideous idols, bowed the slave,
And here—God struck him dead !
. . . . Where lies his grave ?
'Tis lost !—His brazen gates ? His soaring towers,
From whose dark tops men watched the starry hours ?
All to the dust gone down ! The desert bare
Scarce yields an echo when we question 'Where ?'
The lonely herdsman seeks in vain the spot ;
And the black wandering Arab knows it not.
No brick, no fragment lingereth now, to tell
Where Babylon (mighty city !) rose—and fell !

"O City, vast and old !
Where, where is thy grandeur fled ?
The stream that around thee rolled,
Still rolls in its ancient bed ?
But where, oh, where art Thou gone ?
Oh, Babylon ! Oh, Babylon !

"The Giant, when he dies,
Still leaveth his bones behind,
To shrink in the winter skies,
And whiten beneath the wind !
But where, oh, where art Thou gone ?
Oh, Babylon ! Oh, Babylon !

"Thou livest ! for thy name still glows,
A light in the desert skies ;
As the fame of the hero grows
Thrice trebled because he dies !
Oh, Babylon ! Oh, Babylon !"

It is claimed that the building of the Tower of Babel was the beginning of the great city of Babylon and of the empire of the same name. Shortly afterwards rose the rival city of Nineveh, and these were followed by the great Oriental Empires, the ruins of which are so stupendous.

When Sir H. Rawlinson and Sir Austin Layard and Mr. Geo. Smith, of the British Museum, began to dig in the ruined mounds of Nineveh, they did not, perhaps,

imagine that they were to discover some of the most remarkable confirmations of holy writ. The spade is often one of the most valuable of commentators. In the brick tablets of Babylon, its royal library containing over 10,000 records, and in the carved slabs of Nineveh have been preserved some of the most remarkable traditions of the creation, deluge, and the history of the early empires which have come down to us upon the stream of time.

The Bible represents the beginning of Babylon as belonging to the time of Nimrod. (Gen. x. 6-10.) The mighty city of Babylon was a district of vast size in-

"How is Babylon become a desolation among the nations! It is a land of graven images. They are mad upon their idols.

"Therefore the wild beasts of the desert with the wild beasts of the islands shall dwell there, and the owls shall dwell therein; and it shall be no more inhabited for ever; neither shall it be dwelt in from generation to generation.

"As God overthrew Sodom and Gomorrah and the neighbour cities thereof, saith the Lord; so shall no man abide there, neither shall any son of man dwell therein." Jer. l. 23, 38-40.

Thus saith the Lord of hosts; the broad walls of Babylon shall be utterly broken, and her high gates shall be burned with fire; and the people shall labour in vain, and the folk in the fire, and they shall be weary.

"And thou shalt say, thus shall Baby-

Assault on the City.

closed by lofty walls. Ancient authors describe their circuit as from forty to sixty miles, but even the lowest estimate would give it an area of five times the size of London. The whole plain of Shinar is covered with ruined mounds, some of which rise 140 feet above the level of the plain. In its present desolation it is one of the most remarkable fulfilments of Divine prophecy. As shown in our picture it is a plain void of inhabitants, and, in that sense, a wilderness.

"Because of the wrath of the Lord it shall not be inhabited, but it shall be wholly desolate; every one that goeth by Babylon shall be astonished, and hiss at all her plagues." Jer. l. 13.

lon sink, and shall not rise from the evil that I will bring upon her; and they shall be weary. Thus far are the words of Jeremiah." Jer. li. 58, 64.

In like manner has Nineveh been laid waste and it has never risen from its ruins. The colossal figures shown in these pages are those disinterred by Layard and Rawlinson, Hormuzd Rassam and others, and brought at great cost to the British Museum. This exceeding great city, where Jonah was sent to preach repentance, has been literally obliterated from the face of the earth.

"And it shall come to pass, that all they that look upon thee shall flee from thee and say, Nineveh is laid waste; who

will bemoan her? whence shall I seek comforters for thee?

"Art thou better than populous No, that was situate among the rivers, that had the waters round about it, whose rampart was the sea?" Nahum iii. 7, 8.

This "populous No," the ancient Thebes, is also a mound of ruins in the desert.

"And flocks shall lie down in the midst of her, all the beasts of the nations; both the cormorant and the bittern shall lodge in the upper lintels of it; their voice shall sing in the windows; desolation shall be in the threshold; for he shall uncover the cedar work.

"This is the rejoicing city that dwelt carelessly, that said in her heart, I am, and there is none beside me; how is she become a desolation, a place for beasts to lie down in! every one that passeth by her shall hiss, and wag his head." Zeph. ii. 14, 15.

LEAVING THE CAPTURED CITY.

Shushan (Susa), is another of these great cities of antiquity, the capital of Elam. Here dwelt Nehemiah. Its ruins are three miles in circumference. Here have been found the remains of the great palace built by Darius, during the life of Xerxes. Here took place the scenes recorded in the life of Esther. As shown in our picture it is now a ruin and a desolation.

On the banks of the mighty Tigris and Euphrates, at whose junction the Garden of Eden was probably located, and in the fertile plain of Mesopotamia between their waters, the earliest empires of antiquity grew up. Almost the only survivors of these great cities are the modern Bagdad and Mosul. The latter is chiefly interesting as being near the site of Nineveh, whose remains exist in great mounds on the opposite side of the river. It has still a population of 40,000, of whom one-fourth are nominal Christians of the Jacobite or Syrian sect. From one of its principal manufactures comes our word "muslin." Some 220 miles south-east is the famous city of Bagdad, also on the Tigris. One thousand years ago it is said to have had 2,000,000 inhabitants, and reached its greatest eminence in the reign of the famous Haroun-al-Raschid, the hero of the Arabian Nights. It is now a rather dilapidated-looking town which has been repeatedly wasted by plague and famine. Beneath its crumbling walls flows the rapid Tigris, which is still crossed on rude rafts of inflated skins.

The interesting ruin-mounds of Seleucia and Ctesiphon, of Persepolis and Ecbatana, and Shushan and many another city of old renown, enforce the moral that man's mightiest works become but the tombstone of his vanished power. Everywhere—everywhere throughout that vast East; on the broad plains of Mesopotamia, on the high tablelands of Iran, and in the lovely vale of Cashmere; beneath the shadows of the Himalayas, abound those vestiges of extinct civilization, of which oftentimes no other trace remains,

"Ghost-like amid the unfamiliar past
Dim shadows flit along the stream of time;
Voiceless and wan we question them in vain;
They leave unsolved earth's mighty yesterday."

One of the strangest things in

Oriental travel is the sharp contrast into which the immemorial past and the busy, practical present are brought. Thus, between the legs of a colossal bull at Persepolis, some tourists found the words: "Stanley, New York Herald," engraved "in letters as bold as the Ujiji expedition."

Captives Led Away.

At Bagdad, a railway, telegraphs, gas-pipes, and steamers on the Tigris, almost disenchant the "City of Caliphs." At the same time their mode of travel on the Upper Tigris, on rafts supported on inflated goat-skins, is the same as that described by Herodotus and Xenophon, and portrayed on the bas-reliefs of Nineveh thirty centuries ago.

Blinding the Eyes of Captives.

At the junction of the Tigris and Euphrates is the traditional site of the Garden of Eden. Here are the four paradisaic streams, and here their rich alluvium was the nurse of the earliest Asian civilization, as the Delta of the Nile was of that to Africa. The soil is of wondrous fertility, and the vegetation of the greatest exuberance. An Arab village occupies the site of the garden. Through it the sacrilegious Franks have run a telegraph line.

Bagdad is the only living city of note in this region filled with the ruins of ancient monarchies. It still numbers a polyglot population of 100,000 — Arabic, Greek, Armenian, Syriac, Persian, Hebrew, Turkish, Hindu, English, French, Italian and German. At a consulate dinner party of six persons, nine languages were employed — the host's son, a young lad, using six fluently.

The Arabs are faithful in one religious duty, at least, that of praying toward Mecca at the canonical hours. No matter in what employment engaged, the Muezzin's cry brings them to their knees. The difficulties of a de-

votee on the tortuous Tigris were very great, since the meandering of the river made him veer around on his prayer carpet like a weathercock on a gusty day.

As we contemplate the ruins of these ancient empires we cannot help asking, "Is it forever?" Is there to be no resurrection of these nations? No regeneration for these lands? Although despotism and superstition may have

THE BLACK OBELISK.

Commemorating the victories of King Shalmaneser. Showing two sides.

The black obelisk discovered by Mr. Layard, in Nineveh, records the victories of Shalmaneser II., King of Assyria. On it are the names of Jehu, Benhadad, and Hazael. One of the bas-reliefs on it represents Jehu, king of Israel, prostrating himself before Shalmaneser, and presenting various offerings. On another bas-relief Shalmaneser says that he gained splendid victories over Benhadad of Syria in his tenth year, the 21st of Jehoshaphat.

crushed and degraded the inhabitants, yet nature is unchanging; and the golden sunlight falls, and the sapphire seas expand, and the purple mountains rise as fair and lovely as of yore. The valleys of the Orontes and the Jordan, and the slopes of Lebanon and Olivet, are no less beautiful; nor the plains of Mesopotamia and high lands of Iran less fertile, than in the time of their greatest prosperity and glory.

Indications of the progress of western ideas in the east are numerous and striking, and furnish bright auguries of its future prosperity. Already the iron-horse snorts in the valley of the Nile, and the iron steamer plies upon its sacred waters. On the slopes of Lebanon, by British and American enterprise, manufactories of silk and cotton have been established, and the steam engine, that great agent of civilization, introduced.

Machinery, with its tireless sinews and nimble fingers, performs much of the toilsome and mechanical drudgery which formerly taxed the energies of human muscles. A stream of vessels daily passes through the Suez Canal. Trade may return again to its ancient channels, and resume its old route through the East; and Damascus, Aleppo, and Tyre acquire more than their olden importance. The red-cross flag of England floats over Aden, and the Euphrates Valley Railway will soon become the great overland route from the Mediterranean to the Persian Gulf.

Christian schools at Cairo, Alexandria, Beyrout, and Sidon, and Christian missions throughout the entire East, are sowing the seeds of a nobler and loftier type of civilization. A new crusade, not of war but of peace, is being waged. The pacific victories of commerce will renovate the East; and the crescent may, before long, give place to the banner of the Cross upon the battlements of Zion. The long-rejected Messiah shall yet be adored amid the scenes of his passion, and Jerusalem become again a praise in the earth.

The drowsy races in the remoter East are turning in their troubled sleep. They are arousing themselves from the lethargy of centuries, and are laying aside their scorn and hatred of the western barbarians. They are waking up to the activities of the age. They feel the pulses of a new life throbbing and thrilling through all the veins and arteries of society. The night of ages is giving way, and its darkness is being dispersed. A brighter day is bursting on the Orient. The bright heralds of the dawn may everywhere be seen. Old and hoary systems of idolatry and priestcraft are crumbling away. Cruel and bloody heathen rites are being exterminated. These glorious trophies of the progress of Christianity are pledges of still grander triumphs in the future. What sublime results may not some who read these pages behold! Those blind and impotent old lands which so long have struggled with the demons of superstition and idolatry, shall eventually sit, clothed and in their right mind, at the feet of Jesus. The day is hastening when, in a world redeemed, regenerated, disenthralled from the power and dominion of sin, the Redeemer shall see of the travail of his soul, and be satisfied; when he shall receive the heathen for his inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for his possession; when upon all the industries and activities of the world; upon all its trade and commerce, its art, its science, and its literature, shall be written: Holiness to the Lord.

JEHU, KING OF ISRAEL, PROSTRATING HIMSELF BEFORE SHALMANESER.
From the Black Obelisk.

And to this blessed consummation all the events of history, the growth and decay of empires, the rise and fall of dynasties, are tending. Omniscient power and wisdom are guiding the world as a skilful rider guides his steed upward and onward to its glorious goal. With devout as well as philosophic eye, let us read the history of the race, and discern by its tumults that God by his providence is reconciling the world unto himself. Let us ever feel

"God's greatness flows around our incompleteness,
Round our restlessness his rest."

A VIEW ON THE EUPHRATES. *(Hillah near the site of ancient Babylon.)*

BABYLON AND NINEVEH.

BY R. E. ANDERSON, M.A., F.A.S.

In the map of Western Asia there is a long valley separating the deserts of Northern Arabia from the Median Mountains of Persia. During all modern history, and as far back as the time of ancient Greece and Rome, this well-watered region has been a scene of desolation and waste. Yet it was once one of the most important centres of population and wealth, crowded for countless centuries with various races, and the seat of perhaps the oldest of extinct civilizations.

This great country is the "Land of the Chaldees" of the Old Testament. The obvious cause of the early population here was the alluvial soil spread over a wide, flat plain by the Euphrates and Tigris. The fertility and ease of tillage attracted settlers from the beginning of human life on our planet. The southern part of this region has been won from the sea. The twin rivers have brought down from the Armenian mountains so abundant and constant a supply of deposit, as not only to fertilize the whole valley, but gradually convert the head of the Persian gulf into splendid farms and gardens. About the year 4000 B.C., the Tigris and Euphrates entered the sea by different mouths. Even in the days of Abraham, the patriarch, "Ur of the Chaldees" was an important sea-port, though it is now 150 miles up the Euphrates.

The earliest civilized race possessing this "country-between-the-rivers" — Mesopotamia, — as the Greeks long afterwards named it, appear from the inscriptions to have been the Akkads—"mountaineers," in their own language—who, at an unknown period, had descended from the highlands on the east and north-east. This wonderful people, who have recently been presented to history for the first time, are proved, by their language in the inscriptions, their features as shown in many sculptures, their art and religion, to have been Turanian by descent, i.e., they belonged to the yellow or Mongolian family. The Akkads, therefore, were not at all allied to the Assyrian and other Semitic races, who long afterwards adopted their civilization, and combined with them in building up the kingdoms of Chaldea and the mighty empire of Babylonia.

They invented the cuneiform letters, to which we owe all our knowledge of Babylonia and Assyria. Many of them were apprenticed to trades. A wife could own property apart from the husband. Slaves were by law to be treated justly, and all children were taught to read and write. We find land-leases drawn up by conveyancing lawyers; and the judges in court, like our own, often had to quote precedents of a much earlier date. The taxes included tithes, levied for religious purposes. Some of the artisans were weavers, dyers, potters, smiths, and carpenters, and some Assyrian sculptures show skilfully embroidered clothes, and carpets ornamented with designs.

This civilization of the earliest Chaldeans implied a good knowledge of science in several leading branches. The sun-dial was known and the clepsydra or water-clock; the lever and pulley; some of the libraries contain tablets with very minute letters, and some lenses of

glass are found which are supposed to have been used to assist the reader's eyesight. On one tablet we find the squares and cubes of a series of numbers; there are also calculations of area and geometrical propositions.

Some tablets seem to refer to the four moons of the planet Jupiter, which would imply that telescopes were known in Chaldea. As astronomers and astrologers they used a regular calendar, the prototype probably of all those now adopted, dividing the year into four seasons, twelve lunar months, or 360 days; and they also knew the exact length of "the sidereal year." Each month had a Sabbath, called Sabbatu, on the 7th, 14th, 21st, and 28th days. As early as 2200 B.C. they named the twelve signs of the zodiac and divided the equatorial into 360 degrees. Each degree they divided into 60 minutes, and each minute into 60 seconds, as is still done universally, because 60 was their divisor generally.

That the Akkads or early Babylonians were essentially a literary people is also proved by the "libraries," or stores of inscribed tablets and cylinders left in their palaces and temples. At Sippar, the capital of Sargon I., a library of that king was found 3,200 years afterwards, and many of its books on astronomy and astrology were copied for general use. "Of all the nations who have bequeathed written records of their lives, we may assert that none has left monuments more imperishable than Assyria and Chaldea. Their number is daily increased by new discoveries; that of the tablets from the Nineveh library alone exceeds 10,000."

After the close of the Babylonian empire the name Chaldean implied a magician, soothsayer, or "wise man of the east"; because they had inherited from the Akkad priests many superstitious beliefs and practices in astrology, fortune-telling, exorcising, etc.

Many of their liturgies have been found, and some contain sacred hymns which in tone resemble those of the Hebrew psalms. On some ancient bricks (date, 2500 B.C.), found at Ur, occurs a litany with these words:

"In heaven who is supreme?
Thou alone art supreme.
On earth who is supreme?
Thou alone art supreme.
The word is proclaimed in heaven,
And the angels bow their faces down."

Another hymn, suggesting a somewhat pure form of monotheism, runs:

"Long-suffering Father, full of forgiveness, whose hand upholds the lives of mankind: Lord, thy Deity is as the wide heavens, and fills the sea with fear."

The Chaldean "cosmogony"—account of the creation or origin of things—was one of the very few points known before the Assyrian explorations, because it had been described in Greek by Berosus, a learned priest of Babylon at the time of Alexander the Great. The national epic of the Akkad hero king, Ishdubar, contains on one tablet a deluge legend which agrees closely with that in Genesis. In the British Museum is shown a very ancient Babylonian cylinder with a tree bearing fruit and a human couple stretching out their hands towards it, while a serpent stands behind the woman as if to whisper some suggestion. The "sacred tree" is continually reproduced on cylinders and sculptures, sometimes very prominently.

The sculptured winged bulls or other creatures at the gate of a temple or palace represented guardian spirits called "kirubu," whence the Hebrew "kerubim," English, "cherubim." King Esarhaddon, speaking of one of his immense palaces, writes: "In its

gates I placed bulls and colossi, who turn themselves against the wicked according to the command impressed upon them; they protect the footsteps, causing peace on the path of the king, their creator."

The great mound, Babil, among the ruins of Babylon, represents the temple of Bel, which was a pyramid of eight square stages, with a winding ascent to the top platform. There stood an image of gold forty feet high, two other statues of gold, a table (forty feet by fifteen), and two other colossal objects all of the same precious metal.

The famous mound, Birs Nimrud, has been proved to be the ruins of the "temple of the seven spheres," a national structure finally rebuilt by Nebuchadnezzar the Great, who informs us that the original tower had existed many ages previously.

On a statue of Sargon I. in his capital there is a remarkable inscription to say that, when an infant, his mother placed him in a basket of rushes, and, after closing the door of his ark with bitumen, launched him on the Euphrates, whence soon after he was rescued by a water-carrier, who brought him up as his own child. He was afterwards, he says, chosen leader of a band in the mountains, and in due time became king. Sargon left great buildings at Sippar and Nipur, as well as at Babylon.

Travellers, on seeing the immense mounds at Nineveh, Nimrud, and Khorsabad, in the northern part of the Tigris valley, wonder why the Assyrians persisted in using only crumbling bricks to build their temples and palaces, since the district abounds in good building-stone, limestone, and basalt, etc., and the Median mountains on the east are close by. In fact, the Assyrians did use stone to case and protect their brickwork, but so lacked the inventive and adaptable genius of their Akkad neighbours that they continued making and piling up bricks as they had been taught to do when they lived in the lower Euphrates valley.

The new empire was distinctly a more formidable state than its predecessor, the whole country becoming a land of soldiers; and from their later conquests and grandeur, Rawlinson calls the Assyrians the "Romans of Asia."

The Golden Age of Assyria as an empire was the century from 721 B.C. to 625 B.C. Tiglath-pileser had taken Babylon and driven the Babylonian king from his power.

Under Sargon II. three great palaces were built, two in the capital and one at Khorsabad, the Versailles of Nineveh, overlooking the upper valley of the Tigris, where many famous sculptures still perpetuate his glory. This king extended his empire to Samaria, Arabia, and Syria, levying contributions even from Cyprus, a distant island in "the sea of the west."

In 705 B.C. the famous Sennacherib conquered Phoenicia and Egypt, and on his return to Assyria led "200,000 Hebrews and other Syrians" captive. Many of his monumental sculptures are preserved in the British Museum, chiefly excavated from the ruins of two temples which he had built in Nineveh, one on the site of an ancient one dating from 1350 B.C. It is of his general ("Tartan" in the Bible, Sargon in the cuneiform inscriptions) that Byron wrote :

"The Assyrian came down like a wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold,
And the sheen of his spears was like stars on the sea,
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee."

The well-known "Taylor Cylin-

der" gives details of the siege of Jerusalem; other incidents of the campaign, e.g., the capture of Lachish, are on a series of slabs in our national museum. Sennacherib completely destroyed Babylon, the rival capital, and tried to render even the site unrecognizable. "I pulled down, I dug up, I burned and destroyed fortresses, temples and towers; I threw all the rubbish into the river."

His greater son, however, Esarhaddon, rebuilt Babylon, as being more central to the empire than Nineveh, the northern capital. He also greatly extended the rule of this warlike race, having, according to the inscriptions, conducted ten invading expeditions. The grandson of Sennacherib was Assur-Banipal, the greatest of all the line of Assyrian or Babylonian princes who governed the plains of Chaldea—Sardanapalus of the classical writers and our former historians. His history, as now read in the Assyrian sculptures and writings, proves that his character and genius were misunderstood by Byron and other poets, and that he was very different from a weak, effeminate Sultan.

Assur-Banipal was the most powerful and enlightened monarch of his time, full of insight and energy, not less distinguished by the administration of his empire than by his appreciation of art and literature. His great monument, greater than any imperial sculptures, is the library and "university" which he founded "for the instruction" (say the tablets) "of the people of Nineveh." The discovery of this national storehouse of records almost compensates the literary world for the loss of the Alexandrian library.

In the palace near Nineveh, which has been identified as that built by Assur-Banipal, Layard, the great explorer, found a mass of broken bricks, which afterwards proved to be of the greatest interest. When packed in cases and sent to London, the confused mass of rubbish, as it seemed, was, after some years, sorted and arranged by George Smith, of the British Museum, with such admirable skill that the famous poem on the Deluge was rescued from the oblivion of ages.

After visiting Nineveh, he completed his work by a search of the "archive chambers" of Assur-Banipal, and proved that the poem previously found was but one incident of the national epic of Babylonia, much of which he brought to England.

In the same mound Layard unearthed from one chamber a wonderful treasury of antiquities illustrating the private life of a monarch who lived twenty-five centuries ago. Some of these were bowls, cups, and other dishes of bronze, some of most beautiful design; kettles, shields, and pieces of armour; and brooches in ivory and mother-of-pearl, as well as in metal. Several vessels were of a sort of glass. There were also found the fragments of a massive chair, supposed to have been the actual throne of King Sennacherib when the palace yet stood. The walls around still preserved in sculptures and cuneiform letters the records of his power and renown.

Just before the accession of Nebuchadnezzar the Great to the throne of Babylon he had distinguished himself as a general. After defeating the powerful Pharaoh-Necho, who had overrun Syria and threatened to cross the Euphrates, he had subdued Palestine and Phoenicia. Afterwards he again invaded Syria, to punish the Tyrians and Jews for revolting; and, after sacking Jerusalem, executing Jehoiakim, and destroying the temple of Solomon, he

sent most of the Hebrew nation into captivity at Babylon. Next year he captured Tyre, after one of the longest sieges recorded in history; according to Strabo, his conquests extended westward through Libya, even as far as Spain.

In the Old Testament the predominant greatness of Nebuchadnezzar is expressed by the phrase used by the prophet: "Thou, O king, art a king of kings, for God hath given thee a kingdom, power, and strength, and glory";—and by the list of the royal officers, given repeatedly,—"the princes, the governors, and the captains, the judges, the treasurers, the counsellors, the sheriffs, and all the rulers of the provinces."

Nebuchadnezzar not only rebuilt his capital, which had so long been neglected by the Assyrian kings, but restored every important temple and other edifice throughout the empire. It was under this monarch that Babylon became mistress of the world,—a metropolis so enormous in population and wealth as, like Thebes of the earlier ages, and London in modern times, to become proverbial in all languages.

The last king of Babylon, 555 B.C. (six years after the death of Nebuchadnezzar), was Nabonidus, and the fall of Babylon under him and his son Belshazzar are recorded in Scripture.

In the year 539 B.C., Cyrus, at the head of his army, marched on Babylon. Cyrus delayed his attack upon Babylon till the springtime, because every March, when the sun had reached the solstice, there was a great religious festival celebrated by the Babylonians, from the highest to the lowest—a wild orgie of drunkenness and revelry, such as was common in some Asiatic anniversaries. From the cuneiform inscriptions, we now know that on the 15th of the month Tammuz, 538 B.C., the night of the great religious festival, a detachment of the Persian army entered Babylon "without fighting." Cyrus drained off the waters of the Euphrates at some distance above the capital, and then marched his Persians into the city by the channel of the river.

From the Greek and Jewish historians we know that the capital was in charge of Belshazzar, the grandson of Nebuchadnezzar, and son of Nabonidus, the last king of Babylonia. Belshazzar and his court, full of contempt for the Persian king and all his army, had ordered the whole city to be plunged in wild and wanton festivity, every temple and street and mansion to be given up to music, dancing, and drunkenness. Then occurred the dramatic scene described in Daniel:

> "Belshazzar the king made a great feast to a thousand of his lords, and drank wine before the thousand. . . They brought the golden vessels that were taken out of the temple, . . and the king and his princes, his wives and his concubines, drank in them. . . In the same hour came forth fingers of a man's hand, and wrote over against the candlestick upon the plaister of the wall of the king's palace. Then the king's countenance was changed, and his thoughts troubled him. . . In that night was Belshazzar, the king of the Chaldeans, slain."

Eight days after the fall of Babylon and death of Belshazzar, Cyrus arrived at the gates to be received as conqueror of Babylon and master of all Asia. For years previously the Hebrews looked to the Great King "as the chosen one who was to humble the pride of Babylon and be the liberator of the chosen people." In the book of Ezra, Cyrus says:

> "Jehovah, the God of heaven, hath given me all the kingdoms of the earth, and charged me to build him an house at Jerusalem, which is in Judah. Who is there among you of all his people? His

God be with him, and let us go up to Jerusalem, and build the house of the Lord God of Israel (He is the God) which is in Jerusalem."

The recovery of the decree by Darius, at the request of the Jews, forms an interesting passage in the sacred narrative. After searching "in the king's treasure house at Babylon," there was found at Achmetha (the Hebrew spelling of Ecbatana), in the palace that is in the province of Medes, a roll, and therein was a record thus written:

"In the first year of Cyrus, the king, *i.e.* first year in Babylon, the same Cyrus made a decree concerning the house of God at Jerusalem. Let the house be builded, . . and let the expenses be given out of the king's house: and also let the golden and silver vessels which Nebuchadnezzar took forth out of the temple and brought to Babylon be restored. . . 'Now, therefore' (adds Darius, as a new decree), 'let the Governor of the Jews and the elders of the Jews build this house of God in his place, . . that they may offer sacrifices unto the God of heaven, and pray for the life of the king and of his sons. . . I, Darius, have made a decree; let it be done with speed.'"

WHAT THE DEACONESS SAYS TO THE CHURCHES.*

BY ISABELLE HORTON,

Editor of the Deaconess Advocate, Chicago.

I.

The deaconess work is the youngest child of Methodism, born eleven years ago. She was a year old when ten years since the General Conference graciously granted her permission to live. But American children are precocious, and this one, in view of her phenomenal growth, perhaps, claims special privileges. Sometimes she "talks back."

She has questioned much and learned a little during her nine years' existence. Already she has met some serious problems in her chosen field, the great cities. She feels "called" to grapple with these, and possibly to assist in their solution. She realizes her weakness, and for that reason if no other she believes emphatically in co-operation with her brother and sister societies. She has views and opinions—a few; for if she is not the "new woman" she came along in her company.

Her views may not be new to wiser heads. She may be only discovering for herself what was long ago understood by others; and yet if they represent honest conclusions, arrived at through personal experience and investigation, they will have some value at least. No truth can be fully apprehended from a single standpoint. The man looking in at the window has altogether a different view from the one looking out. So while those interested in our work may see, as we cannot, its needs, its dangers and its possibilities, those of us within the circle see the neglected fields and heedless multitudes, and hear the bitter cry of those that go down into the pit. For the true deaconess sees, not herself, but the world and the work. Then it may not be amiss if, for a few moments, "he that hath ears to hear" should hear what the deaconess saith to the churches.

Our first outlook into the world—our world of city streets—has not been reassuring. We have

* An address given at the Metropolitan Church, Toronto.

seen circumstances and conditions that have made our hearts quail. We have spent weeks and months canvassing crowded districts whose population presents only varying degrees of squalor and misery, sin and degradation. Sometimes we have wondered if the least trace of God's image has not been effaced from the forms of those beings who imitate even humanity so abominably.

Words grow trite and powerless to describe the woe, the degradation and heathenism massed under the very shadow of our church spires, and lips grow dumb with the hopelessness of the tale. But we carry the burden of it ever in our hearts, a vision of bare rooms, where hollow-eyed women toil early and late for the smallest pittance that will keep soul and body together—of filthy cellars, where men, women and children herd together like beasts—of awful pitfalls of sin spread around and before every step. Worst of all, we see the children; born in sin, nurtured in pauperism, educated in crime; predestined to ruin, and to ruin others, by every law of inheritance and circumstance. We have breathed the poisoned air of slums and tenements, and read its effects in dull eyes and pale cheeks and stooping forms. We realize that the city is a hard step-mother at best, while to the child of poverty her tender mercies are cruel indeed.

We have learned—it was one of our first lessons—that temporal relief profiteth little. The family relieved from starvation yesterday is without bread again to-day, and to-morrow may find them in the same evil case. Once it was a mystery what kept those we could not help alive; but we learn that there are degrees of starvation, and that it takes but little—the pickings from a garbage barrel even—to keep the vital spark from going out entirely. And men cling to life even when it has nothing to give them but misery and despair.

We have tried to speak of a loving Saviour to these care-worn, poverty-crushed lives; but have found it hard to talk of spiritual salvation to men and women so chained to life's treadmill of toil that they are scarcely conscious that they have spirits to save. The soul must in some way be awakened and released from its smouldering dungeon of flesh before it can be saved.

Feeling helpless to cope with these cruel conditions, we have tried to trace the floods of pauperism and crime to their source, to see if relief might not be applied there. Whence come all these thousands and tens of thousands of drifting wrecks of humanity? From foreign lands? Many of them. The great cities of the old world have poured upon our shores the dregs of their population. Nearly every large city in our land has its Little Italy, its Chinatown, its Polish quarters and its Bohemia. The poor in these places have little to boast of in their past. Their fathers, and perhaps their grandfathers, were beggars before them.

But there is also the American pauper and with him the case is different. There seldom fails in his home or in himself some hint of better days. He will tell you of lessons learned at his mother's knee in a happy home. The wife remembers green fields and blue skies. The aged grandmother wipes her faded eyes as she accepts the basket you bring, and tells of a time when she herself carried relief to the poor. These were not born paupers, but have had pauperism thrust upon them. Perhaps it has been years—perhaps but a few weeks or months since the head of the family failed in health, or in business, or "lost

his job." But once down, there is scarcely one chance in a thousand to regain his footing. Furniture is pawned at one-fourth its value to buy food, the rent bill accumulates, clothing becomes disreputable from wear and tear, and then, unless some friend steps in, the chances are all against him. In America nothing succeeds like success, and nothing fails so disastrously as failure. The great city never stops. The whirr of machinery, the hurrying steps of trade are never still. From morning till night, and from night till morning is heard the stinging crack of the whip and the beat of iron hoofs on the stone pavement—and so hurries on the mad race of life under the stinging lash of competition. Societies, churches and even charities catch the same spirit. "Every man for himself," and perdition catch the hindmost. These are the hard conditions of our modern social life that lead to the fact, only too evident, that the ranks of American pauperism are being rapidly swelled from the strata above, from the middle classes, the labourers, who ought to be the main stay of the nation.

Moreover, our great cities are drawing into themselves the population of the country and smaller towns, especially the young, and in their great mills are being ground out the few successful men, who grow rich and prosperous, while the great mass of weaklings sink into poverty and are soon swept away in the refuse of pauperism. Others talk about these conditions—the deaconess sees and feels their truth.

And there are other things for us to ponder. If we live in Chicago, we can walk down State Street and see immense store windows filled with fabrics fit for a queen to wear, and blazing jewels worth a king's ransom. I have looked at one of those tiny, flashing sparks of light, and thought that it represented carbon enough to keep a dozen of our poor families warm all winter. If we need a draught of pure air after breathing the reeking atmosphere of cellars and tenements, we may take a walk along the Lake Shore Drive, where the palaces of the millionaires have turned their backs upon the city with its vulgar mediocrity and its squalid poverty, and look out with calm superiority over the lake. There elegant high-bred dames lean back in their carriages, while satin-coated horses, driven by liveried coachmen, skim over the ground. Paradise and purgatory can scarcely seem more unlike than this and the scenes we have left behind. It is a different world.

I stood one day on a street corner waiting for a car. I had just come from a rat-infested cellar, where the air was heavy with sewer gas. There I had left a deaconess trying to comfort a young mother, who cried and wrung her hands over her dead baby. The doctor had said as he reported the case, "If you will bring some food it will do more good than my medicine." But the food came too late. The unfinished washing lay in the corner while the mother and the deaconess planned for the baby's funeral. As I stood waiting for the car, two young men clothed in soft raiment walked past, and I caught a word from their conversation. "It was an elegant affair," said one, "three handsome diamonds and a row of pendant pearls. It cost a couple of thousand." Is it strange, if with the vision of the pinched, blue-veined face of the starved baby before my eyes, and the hopeless sobs of the mother still sounding in my ears, I wondered why one woman should wear on arm or

on neck a bauble, one-tenth of whose cost would have saved that innocent life ?

We buried the baby, laying on its little pine coffin a bunch of half-withered roses given us by a florist. Next day, as I sat in my office, I heard muffled strains of music and saw passing the house a magnificent funeral procession. A band of uniformed soldiers, a hearse with sable, nodding plumes, and six carriage-loads of costly floral offerings to escort to his last resting place the body of a millionaire brewer, the fruits of whose business had sent thousands of his fellow-men to ruin ! Again the pitiful baby face came to my mental vision, and I thought, " How does it fare to-day with those two souls, standing — equally poor, equally destitute—before the great white throne ?"

But if hopeless poverty on the one hand, and heedless wealth on the other, were all, or even the worst we have to contend with, we might take heart of grace and work on; but this is only the background of the picture. Only a master of language can put into words the awful facts, and throw the high light of truth upon the central figures. Canon Farrar says in The North American Review :

" Who is responsible for the filthy lanes and reeking pauper tenements ? Places horrible to live in, and still more horrible to die in; foul with oaths, fights, blasphemies, gin and verminiferous dirt. Two master fiends rage and riot among them—the fiend of drink, enthroned in glaring gin palaces, where are kindled the ghastly fires in which myriads of human moths scorch themselves into shrivelling agony; and the fiend of impurity, filling the souls and bodies of men and women with leprosy and producing a blighted offspring, to be the scourge of a civilization of which they have been the helpless victims."

This is not empty rhetoric. No words can be so terrible as the plain truth. These fiends of wickedness have stood in our way at every turn, and snatched their victims from our very arms, as we strove to bear them back to paths of righteousness. If words could be coined so burning and bitter that they would blister the lips that pronounce them, and bite and rankle like poisoned arrows in the hearts of those who hear, they should be used to tell the shame and infamy of licensed sin in the dark places of our great cities.

A few years ago we looked with horror across the ocean at the spectacle of a helpless people slain by thousands, while the nations of Europe looked on in silence or contented themselves with wordy protests. We exhausted the language of reproach to find epithets bitter enough to apply to such inhuman selfishness and indifference. When, later, at our own doors, such frightful scenes were being repeated, the heart of a people was stirred to say, " This must cease," and blood and treasure were consecrated to setting free the oppressed.

But here in our own land, protected by its laws, supported by its honoured citizens, and permitted by its churches, is a power more autocratic than the Czar, more inhuman than the Sultan, more treacherous than the Spaniard. In the United States, not one year, but year after year, 80,000 victims of the rum fiend go down to drunkards' graves; and to-day not less than 1,000,000 of his living victims haunt our cities, living in slavery worse than death—for it enslaves both soul and body. Some struggle to be free, some pray, some curse the fetters that bind them, some drift sullenly or stupid-

ly with the current; but few are ever saved. And the Christian churches look on, and execrate, and condemn, but will not unite and say with one voice that this awful horror shall cease. Is America so much better than Cuba? The body may be tortured and slain, and the free soul escape pure and triumphant from the slayer's power. But what help for crimes that torture, not bodies alone, but souls, through years of living death, and send them into eternity without hope?

These are some of the conditions that the deaconess, in common with other city missionaries, is called upon to meet. Another unpleasant fact is equally evident. Between the so-called lower classes and the Church, there is a wide gulf, not only of indifference, but, on the side of the poor, of absolute antagonism. Whether right or wrong, the feeling exists among them that the Church has deserted their cause and allied itself to the wealthy and powerful for the sake of patronage. The Church does not ignore this fact, and is discussing with more or less interest the question of how to reach the masses.

But do we realize the danger to the Church itself from this state of affairs? A final break would be even more disastrous to the church than to the people, for they might still receive the Gospel in some other way. But the test of a church's vitality has ever been its power to lay hold of that which is beneath it, to transfuse it with Divine life and bring it into relation with itself. What is truly alive must be able to impart life to what would otherwise be dead. When the church shall have finally cut itself off from the masses, it will have dug its own grave, no matter how magnificent that grave may be. So long as the church follows the footsteps of the Master the common people will hear it gladly. There were not many rich, not many noble among Christ's followers. Of the few, one went away sorrowful, one only dared to come to Him by night, and one furnished the tomb in which He was buried.

I thank God that there are rich men who hold their wealth as a stewardship from God, and it stirs my pulses to think of the work that is being done by these consecrated millions; but unconsecrated wealth, and unconsecrated talent must ever hang like a mill-stone around the neck of him to whom it has been entrusted.

For all these evils, whether among rich or poor, there is but one cure, just as there is but one cause. There is not an evil under the sun that does not find its ultimate cause in the innate selfishness of the human heart. It has come up with the struggle for existence —the law of the jungle and the savage. And what can conquer this law of the flesh save the law of the spirit—the Divine law—thou shalt love the Lord with all thy heart; thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself?

Science can tell us of no better law than the survival of the fittest, which means the strongest. Political economy tells the same grim story. Ethical culture is only a refined selfishness. Socialism and communism would substitute the selfishness of brawn for the selfishness of brain. The only sufficient cure for the evil is the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and whether with the church or without the church, this must win. It won without the church 1900 years ago. It may again. If the church, lulled to sleep by prosperity, neglects her call to be the medium for its transmission, the life and spirit of the Gospel must come into vital contact with the masses in some other way. Even now we meet social-

ists and labour leaders who bitterly antagonize the churches, and yet are strongly devoted to the person and teaching of Christ as given in the New Testament. You may have read of the labour meeting held in New York City, where the name of Jesus, the carpenter's son, was applauded, but when the church was mentioned, they hissed.

This feeling and this prejudice being real, what should be the attitude—no, not that, the time is past for striking attitudes—but the action of the church towards these unchurched masses? If she would reach and draw them to herself she has but one medium, and that is true charity. Not charity in the modern use of the word, but the charity Paul had in mind when he described it as long-suffering, and kind,—the charity that never faileth. With all our giving this kind is all too rare. "Though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing." It is more than love in the common acceptation of the term—it is an all-embracing love that sees in the most debased of mankind a brother—a sister; a love that would strengthen the weak, protect the fallen, and cover the failings of another as carefully as though they were our own. There is no charity in employing a brother man at starvation wages, and then expecting him to be grateful for a basket of food and a suit of cast off clothing. Josephine Shaw Lowell says, "It seems often as if charities—so called—were the crowning insult which the rich add to the injuries they heap upon the poor."

Our system of charities is becoming a vast, a complicated, and in most cases, an expensive system, and like other machinery it is driving not hand labour but heart labour out of the market. It becomes a burden to love our neighbour as ourself, and we will employ a deaconess to love him for us. We realize it is more blessed to give than to receive; but we must get even our blessedness at the bargain counter; a large slice of self-satisfaction for a small price of self-denial.

There is also much unthinking talk about the "worthy" and "unworthy" poor. What constitutes unworthiness of being helped? Christ had but one test: "They that be whole need not a physician, but they that are sick," and, "I came not to call the righteous but sinners to repentance." But we often expect more of those to whom we give alms than we find among ourselves. They must be honest, truthful, cleanly, industrious, grateful, or else we fear our favours have not been worthily bestowed. And if we discover we have unwittingly befriended a liar, a thief, or a vagabond, we repent in sackcloth and ashes, and straightway resolve never to trust any one again—who is very poor.

A Christian woman once gave me a bundle of clothing with the remark, "I have decided to give what I have to give through the deaconesses, for I find that the less I know of that sort of people the more sympathy I have for them." Was there charity in that woman's gift? Truly with that sentiment it was much better to give through the deaconesses, but it was a case of a little learning being a dangerous thing.

There's music in the sighing of a reed;
There's music in the gushing of a rill;
There's music in all things, if men had ears:
Their earth is but the echo of the spheres.
—*Byron.*

WITH CHRIST AT THE COMMUNION TABLE.

BY REV. C. E. MANDEVILLE, D.D.

The writer, in presenting this paper, disclaims any attempt at ecclesiastical polemics. The purpose is not to revive controverted questions that have become venerable with age, but to sit down with Christ at the communion table and make the sacred feast as real as possible. Incidentally, in passing, we may find occasion to point out some of the errors that have crept into the institution and thereby have disturbed the peace of the Church.

It may be well to note at the outset that our Lord was not content with merely giving instructions as to how He would have His disciples observe this memorial service, but celebrated the first one with them, that they might see and hear and understand for themselves. So, as we take our seat with Him, may we not hope to hear and see also, and understand the real significance of this important ordinance of the Christian Church.

We cannot study too closely the nature and use of this sacrament which Christ instituted, and which has come down through many generations, "and which still goes forth into all the world as the remembrance of His death and the pledge of the blessings it has purchased for us. How frail this little ark which His hand has sent out on these stormy waters, but how safely it has carried its precious freight. Empires have risen and fallen, society has been tossed in wild convulsions and still holds on its way and will do; for Christ, Himself, is in it with that heart of love which shall yet bless a whole sinful world." *

* Dr. John Ker.

With the terms by which the sacrament is known we are already familiar. "The breaking of bread" * is Apostolic; "The Lord's table" and the "Lord's Supper" ** are Pauline. "The Eucharist" (*Εὐχαριστία*, a giving of thanks), and the "Holy Communion" are post-apostolic.

The fact that we have four accounts of the Last Supper indicates the great importance attached to it by the inspired writers. Matthew, Mark, and Luke have given us substantially the same version. St. John gives us in the sixth chapter of his gospel our Lord's exposition of the real meaning of the Holy Communion, which is invaluable to a proper understanding of this mystic rite. It is the key that was made before the lock, but made by the same workman. He knew the pattern of the lock, and so could construct the key beforehand. St. Paul lays claim to special revelation in giving his account, which does not essentially differ from the Synoptic gospels.

A clear understanding of the Passover, instituted by Moses, which was the type of which this is the antitype, is necessary to a full comprehension of this sacred legacy to the Church. The deliverance of Israel from Egypt was signalized by a solemn religious feast, which was both domestic and national. That is, while it was celebrated by families of from ten to twenty persons, it marked also the birth of a nation, and could with propriety be called Israel's Birthday Feast.

But the perpetual Passover must needs be modified to conform with

* Luke xxiv. 35; Acts ii. 42.

** 1 Cor. x. 21, and xi. 20.

its new circumstances. The fat and blood of the paschal lamb must be given to the priests and the latter must now be sprinkled on the altar instead of on the door-posts.

In the Pentateuch we find no reference to wine in connection with the Passover, but the Mishna of the Talmud enjoins the use of at least so much as the measure of four cupfuls. Also, a praise service was added, The Hallel (or Hallelujah) was sung, consisting of a series of Psalms, from 113 to 118, inclusive.

Anticipating His suffering and death, our Saviour has already engaged a "guest chamber," which may have belonged to Joseph of Arimathea. Here due preparation is made for the joint feast of the Passover and the Lord's Supper. Around a plain table Christ and the twelve gather. May we not take our place with them, and enjoy this wondrous feast which occurred "in the same night in which he was betrayed." The first part of this double sacrament, that is, the Passover, must disappear with the Jewish economy, while the Holy Eucharist must endure to the end of time. The straightforward and yet dignified way in which our Lord abrogates this rite of the Hebrew Church, which had become venerable by use for fifteen hundred years, and establishes a new sacrament for His own Church, evidences a conscious authority which must have made a profound impression upon His guests.

The Passover ended, the Lord's Supper begins. He had said much about His coming passion, but they comprehended it not in its fulness. Their hearts were filled with sadness at the thought of His near departure, and when one tenderly loved is going away, the last meal is of special interest. Himself the great Paschal Lamb, will soon be on His cross, His altar of sacrifice. This beautiful and impressive object-lesson will never fade from their vision. Every voice is hushed, every eye is turned toward the Master, and every ear is opened. He breaks the stillness by saying, "Verily, I say unto you, I will drink no more of the fruit of the vine until that day I drink it new in the Kingdom of God." This kingdom was nearer to them in point of time than they had any idea of. Possibly they thought Him to refer to the next world, as many do even to this day, but it was only a "little while" before He "broke bread" with them again after His resurrection. Was not this "in the Kingdom of God"? Everything is natural and simple, with no extended ceremony, no ecclesiastical vestments, and no pomp and show.

How far the Church of Rome has departed from this simplicity, her gorgeous celebration of High Mass may declare. As Dr. Hanna well says:

"Look at High Mass as celebrated in a Roman Catholic Cathedral—the mitred bishop, robed in richest embroidered silks; the varied yet still gorgeous dresses of the priesthood marshalled around him; the evolutions without end; the marchings, the bowings, the crossings, the chantings, . . . and wonder that ever such a vast ornate superstructure could have been raised upon that incident which occurred eighteen hundred years ago in an upper chamber at Jerusalem."

Perhaps Leonardo Da Vinci's celebrated painting of the Last Supper gives us as accurate a view of the grouping of the twelve, with Christ as the central figure, as any we can find.

In observing our Lord carefully in what He does and how He does it, in listening to what He says,

and how He says it, we shall learn much to guide us in our study of this significant event.

In the height of the sacramental controversy among the English reformers, Queen Elizabeth, who was theoretically a Lutheran, wrote the famous lines which may be seen on a stone in the church of Walton-on-Thames :

> "Christ was the word and spake it ;
> He took the bread and brake it ;
> And what His word doth make it,
> That I believe and take it."

This we are willing to do also, although not in the same sense in which the queen meant it.

What did Christ do ? He took the bread and blessed it, i.e., he returned thanks. Is this transubstantiation, consubstantiation, or impanation ? Had He changed the bread into His own body, He would have said so. What else ? He brake it. What did He brake ? The bread and not His own body. Further, He said, "Take, eat." What did they take ? The bread and not His own body. What did they eat ? The bread and not His body. That they did not eat Christ's body is evidenced from the fact that He was still before them and still serving them. But did He not say, "This is my body ?" Yes. And did we not hear the guide say when we were viewing the works of the masters in Europe, "This is Napoleon," pointing to a portrait on the wall, but we never for a moment thought it was the flesh and blood of the great general.

"This is Lincoln," or "This is Grant," we say, as we approach the statue, but we never get the thought that these distinguished Americans are marble or stone. "Likewise He took the cup and blessed it and gave it them." What did He give them ? Wine, and not His blood. He did not tap one of His arteries for blood. True, He said, "This is my blood of the covenant," but they were not misled by this language, as the meaning was too plain to be understood.

As if He had said, "I'll soon be gone; my visible presence will be withdrawn, but this bread and wine are visible, and they will represent my body and blood in my absence."

The question will arise, "Was this fermented or unfermented wine ?" Why should fermentation in the bread be prohibited and not in the wine ? There must be no yeast in the bread, for that is the element of decomposition and represents the principle of evil. "Beware of the leaven of the Pharisees." We therefore incline to believe that the "fruit of the vine" used upon this occasion was the new wine, that is, unfermented, thus it harmonizes with the injunction of the Old Testament Scriptures : "Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth its colour in the cup, when it moveth itself aright. At the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder."

He took the cup, and, giving it to the one nearest Him, He said, "Divide this cup among yourselves," and they passed it one to the other. We pause to note He did not pass a separate cup to each. Individual cups were not a part of the furnishings of the original table. Is it not a little strange that the Church to-day must be agitated by the same insignificant things that troubled her nineteen centuries ago, viz., questions of cups, divers washings, etc.?*

Two things have contributed to bring this question to the front :

1. The bacteriologist is in the land, and the microbe is playing no small part in the discussion. And thou, Microbe ! Though thou art small among the animals

* Mark vii. 4.

of the earth, thy presence is everywhere felt. The waters cannot say, "Thou art not in me;" and the air cannot say, "Thou art not in me;" neither can the communion cup say, "Thou art not in me."

2. With the increase of wealth comes the increase of caste. The tendency is to divide up into cliques,—here, the Scribes and Pharisees; there, the publicans and sinners. We are warned against the unwashed and the unclean, and especially against the users of the "vile weed," etc. Say the overfastidious, "We cannot use the same cup that has been used by the common people." All very well, but as a remedy we would not introduce the individual cup, but preach a little more vigorously the gospel of cleanliness, and institute a crusade against the tobacco fiend. Meanwhile, until this reform is complete, we would suggest to the fastidious that they use the recipe which Dr. F. W. Reilly has prescribed for consumptives to follow before kissing, and that is to wet the lips with carbolized rose-water.

We want nothing in these days to separate God's people into classes, but, on the other hand, everything which will help to bridge the gulf that now so widely yawns between the rich and poor, we must come in closer touch and sing, not as a sentiment, but as an experience :

> "Blest be the tie that binds
> Our hearts in Christian love;
> The fellowship of kindred minds
> Is like to that above."

Every time we find ourselves with Christ at the communion table, we should realize His Spiritual Presence. It is as much the Lord's Supper to-day as when instituted, and He presides at His own table, not in any fleshly form, but in a way to be felt, nevertheless. He will manifest Himself in the "breaking of bread," as He did to His disciples of old. One reason why communicants receive so little from this holy sacrament, is that they expect so little. And no marvel at this, since Protestantism in swinging off from Romanism went to the opposite extreme and has been content with observing a mere form.

As in the Passover the Israelites feasted on the paschal lamb, so we, by faith, feast on Him, who is the "bread of life." In this way He makes up for His enforced bodily absence.

As Canon Liddon says, "The broken bread and the cup of blessing are not picturesque symbols of an absent teacher, but veils of a gracious, yet awful Presence.

"The cup of blessing which we bless, is not this participation of the blood of Christ? The bread which we break, is not this a participation in the body of Christ?"

We should also realize the Communion of Saints. This is not the only place where,

> "Jesus sheds
> The oil of gladness on our heads,"

but the place,

> "Where spirits blend,
> Where friend holds fellowship with friend."

It is here that Christ's prayer is answered more fully than anywhere else, "That they may be all one, as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be one in us, that the world may know that thou hast sent me." We get nearest together when we get nearest Christ; as the radii of a circle are nearest each other when they are nearest the centre.

Before leaving the subject, it may be well to briefly refer to some of the objects secured by this sacrament :

1. To establish a memorial for all time of Christ's sacrificial death. "This do in remembrance

of me." This memorial keeps fresh in the mind that "We were not redeemed with corruptible things, such as silver and gold, . . . but with the precious blood of Christ, as of a lamb without blemish and without spot." "A keepsake," says one, "is the seal of well-tried, tender regard. A marriage ring is the pledge of an affection which has already been deeply rooted. And so the Lord's Supper can be a seal only to those who have already, in actual spiritual communion, tasted and seen that the Lord is gracious."

2. "To show forth our Lord's death." To set forth this great event in the history of the world by this beautiful and touching object-lesson is by no means a small thing. While the saints find the true bread and wine of life by partaking of this holy communion, the unsaved will always find much to think of in witnessing the solemn scene. Many a soul is in glory to-day who was first started in the way of life by viewing this symbolic transaction.

"Gazing thus our sins we see,
Learn Thy love while gazing thus;
Sin, which laid the cross on Thee,
Love, which bore the cross for us."

3. Another object is to keep in mind Christ's second coming. "To show forth his death till he come."

When He left the world it was with the understanding that He should come again. His disciples must be on the watch for His second advent. From the brow of Olivet they watched His ascension, and while they looked steadfastly toward heaven as He went up,—behold! two men stood by them in white apparel, which also said, "Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into heaven? This same Jesus which is taken up from you into heaven shall so come in like manner as ye have seen him go into heaven."

In like manner,—that is, in bodily form,—this same Jesus shall come again to this earth. And while He tarries we keep expectancy alive by this memorial service. Bickersteth so beautifully sings:

"'Till he come!' O, let the words
Linger on the trembling chords;
Let the little while between
In their golden light be seen;
Let us think how heaven and home
Lie beyond that 'Till He come'!"

"See, the feast of love is spread,
Drink the wine and break the bread;
Sweet memorials,—till the Lord
Call us round his heavenly board;
Some from earth, from glory some,
Severed only 'Till He come.'"

A PERFECT SAVIOUR.

Dear Lord, I bow before Thee,
Thy blessing I implore,
I love Thee, and adore Thee,
But O, to love Thee more.
I seek Thy highest favour,
I would be wholly Thine;
O be a perfect Saviour
To this poor heart of mine.

I come to Thee confessing
My selfishness and sin,
O give me now the blessing,
Now make me pure within.
From hence may my behaviour
Proclaim me fully Thine;
O be a perfect Saviour
To this poor heart of mine.

I know my sins forgiven,
But now from out my heart,
Let all of sin be driven,
And cleansed from every part.
That I no more may waver,
But be entirely Thine,
O be a perfect Saviour
To this poor heart of mine.

The Holy Spirit shower,
Supply my every need,
By love's expulsive power
May I from sin be freed.
Now look on me with favour,
I all to Thee resign;
O be a perfect Saviour
To this poor heart of mine.

—*Junia.*

MARY STUART.

QUEEN OF SCOTS AND QUEEN OF HEARTS.

BY E. SANDERSON.

MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

Beginning with the record of our Mother Eve, who was at once the blessing and the bane of Paradise, feminine grace and beauty have furnished unfailing theme of song and story. Not always wise,—sometimes not even good,—the woman who is endowed with rare personal charms wields a mighty influence over the hearts and lives of men, who, from the Beau Brummels of Society to fierce brigands and outlaws of the sea,—and sometimes men of much nobler character,—will brave the loss of reputation and even of life itself to win her love and favour.

To the House of Stuart, on the 7th of December, 1542, was born a little princess destined to a most romantic career. As prospective queen of a small kingdom, which was harassed by factions, feudal and ecclesiastic, and continually threatened with absorption by Protestant England, Mary of Scotland well exemplified the adage, "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown." Facing death while his daughter was still in her cradle, and foreseeing that a stormy future awaited her, James V. espoused the Catholic policy in hope of securing her protection by the continental powers.

When the child was about four years of age her mother, the Queen Regent, Marie de Lorraine, visited France, where, yielding to the counsel of her uncles, the Duke of Guise, and the Cardinal of Lorraine, she left the little princess to be educated with a view to a marriage with the Dauphin, son of Henry II. Her curriculum embraced not only history and modern languages, but the classics, poetry and theology, besides the lighter accomplishments, in all of which she excelled. Her extraordinary beauty was the subject of sonnets by adoring bards, the pictures furnished by brush and pen conveying the idea that an almost unearthly charm radiated from her person—that she was indeed "a daughter of the gods, divinely tall, and most divinely fair."

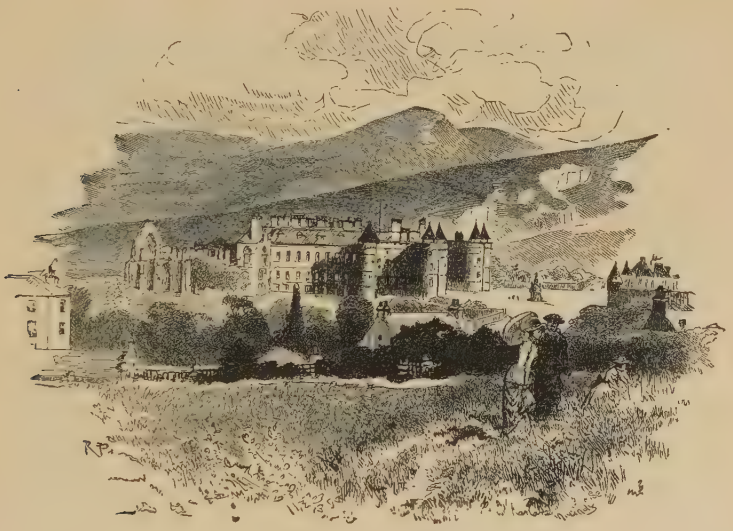
But the moral atmosphere of the French court did not tend toward the growth of those higher virtues which are woman's chief glory, and the weight of historic evidence goes to show that the downfall of the Scottish kingdom was due, not so much to the queen's sectarian bigotry as to her youthful indiscretions and faults of character.

In a court where passion and intrigue were the ruling influences it would be strange if such popularity of a foreign favourite had not roused resentment. Mary Stuart found a jealous rival in her prospective mother-in-law, Catherine de Medici, who declared

spitefully, "Our little Scottish queenling has only to smile in order to turn all the heads in France."

When Mary was about seventeen she was married to Francis II., who was in no sense her equal, being her junior by two years, insignificant in stature and feeble in mind. Upon the death of Henry II., Mary Stuart shared coronation honours with her husband, but the Guises who had planned the marriage were really "the power behind the throne." During this period Mary manifested the strong fanaticism of her mother's family, rejoicing over the execution of the Calvinist, Anne de Bourg, whose triumphant faith even in sight of the scaffold was expressed in these words, "Six feet of earth for my body, and the infinite heavens for my soul is what I shall soon have!"

Francis II. died within a year after his accession. While in retreat in a convent at Rheims the young queen thus voiced her regret at the loss of his companionship :



HOLYROOD PALACE.*

" Ce qui m'estait plaisant
Pres m'est peine dure ;
Le jour le plus luisant
M'est nuit noire et obscure."

" All that once in pleasure met,
Now is pain and sorrow ;

* In the north-west tower of Holyrood are Queen Mary's apartments. This part of the building was erected by James V. The apartments of the queen are the most interesting in the palace, and remain pretty much in the same state as when last occupied by the unhappy princess. Passing through the audience chamber, we enter Queen Mary's bedroom, in which is her bed, work-box, and portraits of Henry VIII. and of Elizabeth. The bedroom communicates with the small supper-room where Darnley seized and held the queen while Ruthven, George Douglas and the other conspirators attacked and murdered Rizzio.

From Queen Mary's rooms we descend to the remains of the chapel royal. The abbey is said to have been founded by David I. The west front is in the most beautiful style of early English, and its sculptural arcade, boldly-cut heads and rich variety of ornament in the doorway are very fine. The chapel has been the scene of many interesting historical events. Charles I. was here crowned King of Scotland ; James II. and III., Queen Mary and Darnley were married within its walls. In the south-east corner is the royal vault, in which are deposited the remains of David II., and James II., James V. and Magdalen, his queen, Henry, Lord Darnley, and other illustrious persons.

The brilliant day hath quickly set
In night with dreary morrow."

The death of her mother soon after called Mary to the sovereignty of her native land. Upon the announcement of her proposed departure from France, Ronsard, the finest poet of the age, unburdened his soul in flowing verse.

" Comme le ciel s'il perdait ses étoiles
La mer ses eaux, le navire ses voiles
Et un anneau sa perle précieuse

" Adieu, plaisant pays de France,
O ma patrie
La plus chérie,
Qui a nourri ma jeune enfance !
Adieu France, adieu mes beaux jours
La nef qui disjoint nos amours,
N'a eu de mo ! que la moitie,
Une part te reste, est tienne,
Je la fie à ton amitié
Pour que de l'autre il te souvienne ! "

"Farewell, thou ever pleasant land of France,
Beloved land of childhood's early day !
Farewell my France, farewell my happy
years !

QUEEN MARY'S BEDROOM, HOLYROOD PALACE.

" Ainsi perdra la France soucieuse
Son ornament, perdant la royauté.
Qui fut sa fleur, son éclat sa beauté ! "

" Like to the heaven when starless, dark,
Like seas dried up or sailless bark,
Like ring its precious pearl gone,
Mourns France, without thee sad and lone.
Thou wert her gem, her flower, her pride,
Her young and beauteous royal bride."

It was a company of adoring people who waved regretful adieus as her ship left the shores of France. Looking through her tears, she wrote these lines :

Though from thy shores I now am snatched away,
Thou still retainest half my loving heart,
The rest will ne'er forget thee though we part ! "

Mary arrived in Scotland on the 19th of August, 1561. A strong prejudice existed in the minds of the lords and Presbyterian part of the nation, but, trusting to the remoulding influences of time and circumstances, they joined in escorting the queen to Holyrood

with all royal honours. The canny Scots of Edinburgh, however, "surrendered at discretion," presenting the keys of the city with symbolic accompaniments which suggested conditional allegiance.

The "Diurnal of Remarkable Occurrents," published by the Maitland Club in 1833, gives the following quaint description of this part of the inaugural ceremony:

CHAPEL ROYAL, HOLYROOD, WEST FRONT.

"When her grace cam forward to the Butter Tron, the nobility and convoy precedand, there was ane port made of timber in maist honourable manner, coloured with fine colours, hung with sundry arms; upon whilk port was singand certain bairns in the maist heavenly wise; under the whilk port there was ane cloud opening with four leaves, in the whilk was put ane bonnie bairn. When the Queen's hieness was coming thro the said port, the cloud openit, and the bairn descendit down as it had been ane angel, and deliverit to her hieness the keys of the town, together with ane Bible ane Psalm-buik, coverit with fine purpour velvet. After the said bairn had spoken some small speeches, he deliverit also to her hieness three writings the tenor whereof is uncertain. That being done, the bairn ascendit in the cloud, and the said cloud steekit."

A conspicuous figure in the record of those stirring times is John Knox, who represented, what he called, religious liberty. A pamphlet, entitled, "First Blast of the Trumpet Against the Monstrous Regimen of Woman," had been his welcome to the regency of Marie de Lorraine, and her daughter's accession found him in the same attitude. Like the old prophets he used to spend much time in secluded spots, reading his Bible and planning the destruction of his own and the Lord's enemies.

Recognizing the wisdom of propitiating so formidable an opponent, the young queen invited Knox to the palace expressing the hope that her words might have some

effect upon him, and the welfare of the kingdom be advanced by a mutual understanding and friendship. But she found that she was not dealing with the poetic soul of a Ronsard who might, at least in theory, have enjoyed being burned if her fair hands were to kindle the fire. In his Calvinistic dress, with a Bible under his arm, Knox went, fortifying himself with the reflection that he who bore the lamp of God's truth was secure against the assaults of Satan. He assured the queen that merely human words were barren as the rock, but when inspired by God produced all virtue. A fresh outburst against woman's rule drove the queen to tears, which touched him but did not move him from his purpose. He continued to preach and to stir up the populace against the queen and the frivolities of the palace, declaring that French vices and Roman idolatries would speedily be the ruin of Scotland.

Mary next turned to the nobles for protection, placing the management of affairs in the hand of her half-brother, the Earl of Murray, under whose wise administration a measure of peace was established. But state duties formed too prosaic a life for one accustomed to the gaities of the French court and the ardent homage of a nation.

CHAPEL ROYAL, HOLYROOD, EAST FRONT.

Here begin the stories of Rizzio and Du Chatelard, illustrating Mary's light esteem for life and honour, which she sacrificed at the dictates of policy and passion. Du Chatelard, who had been sent to the Scottish court to watch over the fair queen in the interests of

Marechal de Danville, lost his heart, and finally, through his indiscretions, his head also.

But the queen's prime favourite was Rizzio, an Italian youth whose poetic and musical powers charmed his royal patroness and secured his promotion to positions of trust and honour. Whisperings in the palace soon reached the city, and presently all Scotland was in an uproar.

At this juncture, Elizabeth of England, looking toward the advantages of federation with Scotland, and fearing some fresh foreign alliance, suggested a marriage between Mary Stuart and Lord Darnley, son of the Earl of Lennox. Mary consented, and at first seemed thoroughly enamoured of her handsome young husband. But very soon she wearied of him and turned again to Rizzio, conferring upon him not only his familiar place in the palace but public honours due to her husband.

Unequal to the recovery of his own rights, Darnley consented to measures proposed by the nobles. One night, in March, 1566, Rizzio was surprised in the queen's apartments, and, in spite of his appeals to her for protection, and to his murderers for justice, was dragged into the ante-room where he fell "pierced through with fifty-five dagger wounds." A guard was placed over the queen, who gave way to boundless grief, indignation and vows of vengeance.

EDINBURGH CASTLE, FROM THE GRASS MARKET.

Finally, with a view to the last consideration, she controlled herself, and, feigning resignation, she again led captive the husband, whose passionate devotion condoned all offences for the sake of reconciliation. This apparent reconciliation blinded the eyes of the queen's revolted subjects. She and Darnley retired to Castle

JOHN KNOX PREACHING IN EDINBURGH.

Dunbar, raised an army, and, returning to Edinburgh, took possession of the castle and Holyrood palace. Certain of the conspirators against Rizzio were beheaded, and the body of her favourite was exhumed and buried with royal honours.

In a tiny chamber of the grimy old castle, overlooking the Grass-market, three hundred feet below, where the martyrs had glorified God in the flames, the little prince, who was to unite in his person the sovereignty of England and of Scotland, was born, and down the rugged cliffs, tradition avers, he afterwards escaped in a basket. The intelligence of the birth of the baby rival for her crown filled the heart of Elizabeth with jealousy and hate.*

Time wore on, the queen's growing aversion to her husband being increased by the power of a new love, the crowning passion of her life. The man who wielded this mysterious fascination was Bothwell, one of the lords who had responded to Mary's appeal from Dunbar Castle. An expirate, no longer young, and despoiled of an eye in one of his sea fights, he still retained a strong rugged type of manly beauty.

Again, finding himself held in open contempt by the queen and her favourite, Darnley retired to his father's home, consumed with jealousy and impotent rage.

* The little room only eight feet square, has still in the ceiling the quaint black letter inscription :

Lord Jesus Christ that crowned was with thorne
Preserve the bairn quha beir was borne.

Alarmed at this action, Mary consulted the lords, and to their proposed scheme, gave at least tacit consent. She visited her husband; renewed all her blandishments, arranged for his return and temporary residence in an isolated house called Kirk o' Field, which was soon after blown to atoms. Darnley and his page escaped from the house, but their bodies, foully murdered, were found in an orchard hard by.

Mary's espousal and defence of Bothwell rekindled the smouldering fires of indignation. In response to Bothwell's proclamation of death to any one who should speak against the queen, Knox poured out his final denunciation and then retired from Edinburgh. The pretended abduction of the queen by Bothwell, who kept her in his castle for a week, paved the way for the desired marriage. Mary thus voices her jealousy of Bothwell's repudiated wife :

" Ses paroles fardées,
Ses pleurs ses plaincts remplis d'affection
Et ses hauts cris et lamentation,
Ont tant gagné que par vous sont gardées
A ses ecrits encor foy vous donnez
Aussi l'aymez et croyez plus que moy.

Vous la croyez, las ! trop je l'apperceoy,
Et vous doubtez de ma ferme constance,
A mon seul bien et ma seule espérance,

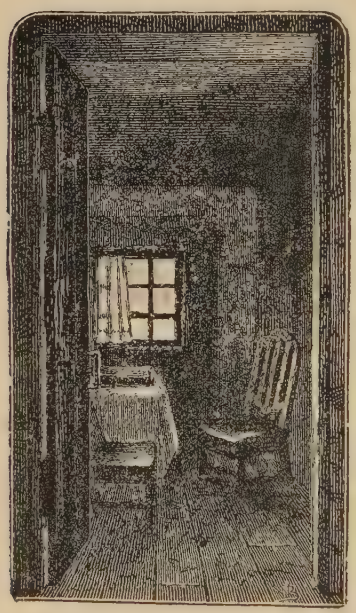
JOHN KNOX'S HOUSE.

Et ni vous puis asseurer de ma foy,
Vous m'estimez lêgère que je voy,
Et n'avez en moi nulle assurance,
Et soupceonnez mon cœur sans apparence
Vous défiant à trop grand tort de moy.
Vous ignorez l'amour que je vous porte,
Vous soupceonnez qu' aultre amour me transporte,
Vous estimez mes paroles du vent,
Vous depeignez decire elas ! mon cœur
Vous me pensez femme sans judgment,
Et tout cela augmente mon ardeur.

. . . . .

Non amour croist, et plus en plus croistra,
Tant que vivry."

"Her painted words, complaints and tears,
Her cries, her loud laments, her fears,
Though feigned, deceitful, every art,
Are cherished still within thy heart.
To all she writes full faith thou givest,
In her love more than mine thou livest.
Still, still thou trustest her too well, I see,
And doubted ever my firm constancy.
O, my sole hope! My solitary bliss!
Could I but show thee my true faithfulness,
Too lightly thou esteem'st my love, my pain,
Nor of my faith can full assurance gain.
With dark suspicion thou dost wrong my heart,
As if another in my love had part;



JOHN KNOX'S STUDY.

My words and vows seem but a fleeting wind,
Bereft of wit, a woman's idle mind!
Alas! all this increases but the flame
That burns for thee for ever and the same.

. . . . . .

My love still grows, and evermore will grow,
So long as life shall in this bosom glow!"

"Why, after such an avowal, carved in characters of poetic immortality," says Lamartine, "need we calumniate the queen who thus calumniates herself with her own hand?"

It was not long before the Scottish lords formed a league to avenge the dishonoured royal consort. On the 13th of June a battle was fought in which the troops of Mary and Bothwell were defeated. Riding up to the queen Bothwell bade her farewell, exacting her promise of fidelity, and then fled to his castle with only a dozen followers.

As the queen was escorted, a prisoner, to Edinburgh Castle, a banner was flaunted before her on which was represented little Prince James kneeling beside the bodies of his father and Rizzio, and praying for vengeance upon his mother. To Lord Lindsay, one of her escort, the queen said, "By this royal hand I'll have your heads for this!"

After repeated efforts on the part of the queen to soften the hearts of the nobles and induce them to allow her to rejoin Bothwell, she was finally removed to Lochleven, the home of Lady Douglas, mother of Lord James Murray.

The castle, or fortress, is described as "a massive block of granite, flanked by heavy towers, peopled by bats and owls, eternally bathed in mists, and defended by the waters of the lake." But feminine interests and occupations must at times have relieved the tedium, as illustrated by the following curious letter. The queen was more familiar with French than with the lowland Scottish tongue, and exhibits a right royal indifference to spelling and grammar:

"Robert Melwyne, ye sall nocht faill to send with this berar to me, half elle of incarnat satin, and half elle of blew satin. Als caus servais my conseirge send me mair twyned silk gif ther rests ony; and sewing quhyt satin, ane uther incarnat, ane uther of black satin, and the skirts with thame. Als ye sall send the gowne and the other clais that I bad the Lady Lidintoun gar send me. Als ye sall caus him send me all the dry damis

plowmis that he hes, togither with the peris he hes. Committand you to God. At Lochlewyn the iij of September, Marie R."

Even in Loch Leven's lonely isle Mary Stuart, as usual by her strange witchery, fascinated her keepers. She so befooled young George Douglas as even to let him dream of winning her hand after her marriage with Bothwell should be dissolved on the plea of force. He procured her escape in disguise in a small boat and himself rowed her ashore.* In a few days an army of six thousand men rallied under her standard. A battle was fought under Regent Murray at Langside, near Glasgow, in which Mary's followers were defeated. The fair, but sad enchantress embarked on board an open fishing boat from Galloway, and landed the same day within the English border.

Mary wrote pathetically to her royal cousin, Elizabeth, imploring her aid. The daughter of Henry VIII. proved her lineage. Acting the part of neither a generous friend nor an honourable foe, Elizabeth accepted the fugitive queen as a guest, appropriating Castle Carlisle to her use as a refuge, but really detaining her as a prisoner.

HOUSE OF CARDINAL BEATON AND THE COWGATE.

Then began that wearisome captivity of eighteen years, varied

* The key to Loch Leven Castle is still in existence. It was found in the lake, and is supposed to have been the one thrown in by the young Douglas when Mary Queen of Scots made her escape. The key was originally in the possession of Mr. William Hamper, who presented it to Sir Walter Scott, having first had an engraving made of it. The Castle of Loch Leven is situated on an island of about two acres, near the north-west extremity of the lake. Queen Mary attempted to escape from thence in the disguise of a laundress, but was frustrated. Soon after, however, while the family were at supper, George Douglas secured the keys of the Castle, and gave egress to the queen and her maid from the stronghold; then, locking the gates behind them to prevent pursuit, he placed the fugitives in a boat that lay near at hand, and rowed them to the appointed landing-place on the north side of the lake.

only by change of prison. The number of the queen's attendants was limited. She was permitted to attend religious service, but the rites of her own church were denied her. In some cases the apartments assigned her were contracted and even comfortless. Her health gave way, and her letters to the Cardinal de Lorraine and other friends are pathetic descriptions of her forlorn and destitute condition.

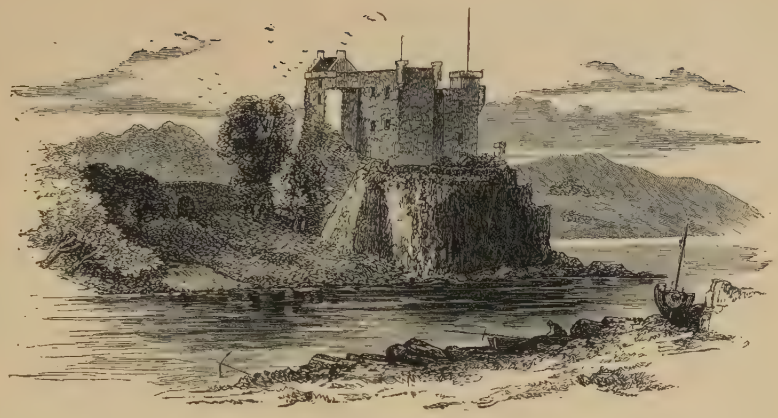
A BIT IN OLD EDINBURGH—BLACKFRIARS WYND.

During her residence at Bolton Abbey, her second English prison, a conference was called to investigate the whole case of the queen's crime and captivity, but without definite results. Meanwhile Murray, who had tried to govern wisely in Scotland, was assassinated, and the parties of James and his mother rivalled each other in wickedness. In England the two royal ladies vied with each other in dissimulation, for while Mary almost fawned upon Elizabeth, she was secretly trying to stir up France and Spain to the overthow of the English kingdom.

Finding in her prisoner an enchantress who captivated even her gaolers and used them as agents in conspiracy, Elizabeth, still feigning reluctance, yielded to the advice of her counsel for the immediate trial and execution of the Scottish queen. Mary's last hope in Elizabeth being blighted, she changed her policy and displayed the venomous side of her character, writing to the English queen a letter filled with exasperating insinuations.

About this time tidings came that after a renewal of his piratical exploits, Bothwell had died insane in a prison on the coast of Denmark. In an hour of restored reason he had dictated to his gaolers a statement exonerating the queen from the charge of complicity in the murder of Darnley.

The desired opportunity for bringing Mary to trial was soon furnished by the development of the famous Babbington plot, one object of which was the assassination of the English queen. The



BOTHWELL'S CASTLE.

plot was discovered through a system of spies organized by Walsingham, Elizabeth's chief councillor. The conspirators were tried and executed. Mary Stuart was brought to trial upon two charges, the invasion of the kingdom and conspiracy against the life of the English queen. In spite of her protestations of innocence regarding the second charge the report of the commission to the council resulted in sentence of death.

The queen's dramatic power is strongly portrayed in the accounts of this trial. Right eloquently she pleaded her own cause. Then, drawing off the ring which Elizabeth had sent to her as a pledge of friendship, she exclaimed,

"Look at this, my lords, and answer. During the eighteen years that I have passed under your bolts and bars, how often have your queen and the English people despised it in my person?"

Two ambassadors sent from Scotland to prevent the execution betrayed their trust. While the efforts of James on his mother's behalf were not what might justly be expected from a son, still the following extract from his letter to the English queen proves that he did make appeal :

"Quhat thing, Madame, can greatlier touche me in honoure, that both is a king and a soune, than that my nearest neighboure, being in straitest friendship with me, shall rigorouslie putt to death a free souveraigne prince and my naturall mother, alyke in estate and sexe to her that so uses her, albeit subject, I grant, to a harder fortune, and touching her nearlie in proximitie of bloode. Quhat law of God can permit that justice shall strikke upon thaime quhome he hes appointed supreame dispensatouris of the same under him quhome he hath called Goddis, and therefore subjected to the censure of none in earth ; quhose annointing by Godd cannot be defyled by man unrevenged by the authoure thairof. Quhat monstrous thing is it that souveraigne princes thaimselfis should be example-giueris of thaire ouen sacred diademon prophaining?"

The answer to this letter, sent after Mary's execution, shows that the woman whom we are wont to call "Good Queen Bess," was really a mistress of hypocrisy. She writes :

"I would you knewe (though not felt) the extreme dolor that overwhelmes my minde for that miserable accident which (farre contrary to my meanings) hath befallen. . . . I am not so baseminded that feare of any living creature or prince should make mee afrayde to doe that were just, or done to deny the same. I am not of so base a lineage, nor carry so vile a minde."

The strong nature of the Scot-

LOCHLEVEN'S ISLE.

tish queen was shown in her request for a public execution, lest she should be accused of cowardice. Poetic imagination could picture nothing more touching than the last hours of this remarkable life.

"Heaven forgive them," said Mary to her steward, Sir Andrew Melvil, "that have long desired my death, and have thirsted for my blood as the hart panteth after the water-brooks."

"I hope," she said, to the Earl of Kent, "that your mistress, being a maiden queen, would vouchsafe, in regard to womanhood, that I should have some of my own people about me at my death."

The Earl of Kent still refusing, her regal womanhood asserted itself.

"I am cousin to your queen," she cried, "and descended from the blood royal of Henry VII., and a married queen of France, and an anointed queen of Scotland."

Deeming that her approaching death was a martyrdom to the Catholic faith, the queen's letters to friends in France breathed the spirit of unfaltering devotion to the church. To the practical sympathy of the same friends she commended the interests of her faithful attendants. Amongst these companions of her perils and exile she divided her money and personal adornments. On the last night, as she partook of refreshment amid a circle of weeping attendants, she drank to their health, and asked them to drink to her salvation. They obeyed, their tears mingling with the wine they drank.

The remaining hours of the night were spent in short seasons of repose and in much prayer. A little silver lamp given her by Henry II. and which she had preserved through all her wanderings, shed a soft light upon the scene, "the twilight of her tomb." Morning dawned with cruel swiftness, and the appointed hour brought the officers of justice. All her attendants accompanied her to the upper

flight of stairs leading to the hall of death, but there the guards barred their passage. Finally the queen's eloquent appeal to the lords secured permission to have

READING THE DEATH WARRANT OF MARY STUART.

her women-in-waiting beside her "hard and last pillow."

How vividly the whole scene stands out before us! The hall draped in black; the ghastly preparations of block and axe, with executioners in sable garments; the suggestive carpet of sawdust; the bier lying in a shadowed corner; stern representatives of justice,

and the procession of weeping followers! Upon all the paraphernalia of death the queen gazed, pale but calm.

Gracefully acknoweledging the

courtesy of Sir Amyas Paulet who assisted her to mount the scaffold, she sat down. Repelling the aid of the executioner, she motioned for her maidens to remove her veil, and bare her beautiful neck for the cruel blow. Even as she laid her royal head upon the block it was for her to inspire self-control in the hearts of her friends, while the whole assembly noted upon her face a transcendent beauty never seen before, a reflection of that light which shines beyond the darkness.

"MARY STUART INSPIRED THE GREATEST DEVOTION IN THE HIGHLAND CLANSMEN."

Her last audible words were these: "Lord, into Thy hands I commend my spirit." Two strokes of the cruel axe, and the glory of that beautiful head was laid low. In this connection the Lansdowne MSS. relate a touching incident.

"Then her dressing of lawne falling off from her head, it appeared as gray as one of threescore and ten years old, polled very shorte, her face being so much altered from the forme she had when she was alive, as few could remember her by her dead face. Her lippes stirred up and downe a quarter of an hower after her head was cut off. . . Then one of the executioners espied her little dogg, which was crept under her clothes, and which could not be gotten forth but by force, yet afterward wold not depart from the dead corpse, but came and lay betweene her head and her shoulders, which, being imbrued with her bloode, was caryed away and washed, as all thinges ells were."

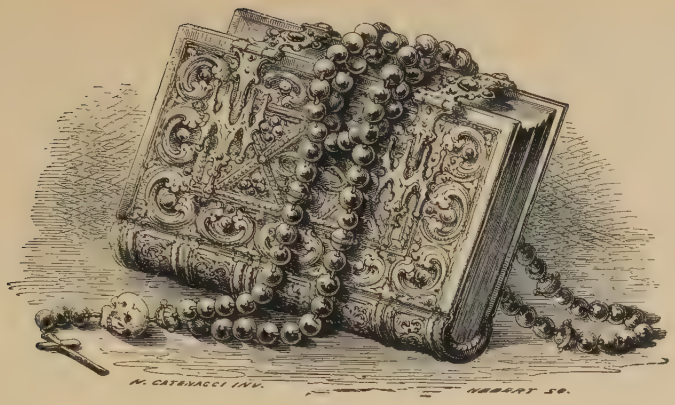
The queen's body was robed by her maids of honour, faithful in death as in life, but the melancholy satisfaction of sending it to France was denied. With solemn dirge and funeral pageant it was interred at Peterborough Cathedral. Twenty-five years later it was removed to Westminster and over it her son erected a costly monument.

A few paces distant, beneath a marble canopy, lie the remains of the proud Queen Cousin, who had relentlessly done to death her hapless kinswoman, estranged and alienated during life. Beneath the fretted vault of that "great temple of silence and reconciliation" through the centuries they sleep on side by side.

Taking a swift parting glance at the personality and career of Mary Stuart final judgment is reserved. For beauty, grace, and poetic power she has been called the Sappho of the sixteenth century. By her life she has gained the reputation of a Semiramis, while about her triumphant death there lingers the halo of martyrdom. In the words of the historian, "We judge not, we only relate."

In Mary Stuart's prayer-book was found written the following Latin invocation, which indicates much religious feeling as well as remarkable facility in the use of the Latin language:

"O Domine Deus, speravi in te!
O care mi Jesu, nunc libera me:
In dura catena
In misera pœna
Desidero te
Languendo,
Gemendo,
Adoro,
Imploro,
Ut liberes me."



MARY STUART'S PRAYER BOOK AND ROSARY.

"O Lord God of Hosts, I trusted in thee!
O Jesus beloved! now liberate me:
In fetters so galling,
In tortures appalling
I long after thee.

In moaning, in groaning,
On bent knee atoning,
I adore thee, implore thee,
To liberate me."

Peterborough, Ont.

"ALLONS DONC."

"'Allons donc,' she then said, and passing out attended by the earls, and leaning on the arm of an officer of the guard, she descended the great staircase to the hall."—*Froude on Mary Queen of Scots.*

"Go on!"—To that imperial throne
She made a glory and a shame?
No. Mary Stuart stood alone,
Her queenly crown an empty name.

"Go on!"—She waved her royal hand.
"Go where?"—to that dear distant land,
The loved, the lost, the joyous land,
Where once she led the song and dance?

On to that home where first her child,
Born in her grief the heir of tears,
Looked in his mother's face and smiled,
Unconscious of her foes and fears?

Ah, no! Her youth, her hope were dead;
Her boy a stranger far away;
The glamour of a crown had fled:
This was her last, her dying day.

She stood so calm, so still, so proud,
So firm amid a hundred foes,
So careless of that eager crowd,
So crowned anew with fatal woes,

So scornful of the cruel death
That waited, crouched beyond the door;
The ruthless jailers held their breath,
The vengeful warriors spoke no more.

"Go on!" And on the grim earls went;
There was the scaffold and the block;
The murderous axe against it leant,
They moved her not, her heart was rock.

The spirit of a kingly race
Inspired her soul and fired her eye.
A smile lit up her tranquil face:
"You thought a queen would fear to die?"

She clasped the cross against her breast—
"Oh, Lord! thine arms upon the tree
Spread for the world, now give me rest;
Forgive! redeem! I come to Thee."

Her maidens loosed the widow's veil,
And laid the sable robe aside;
Their cheeks were wet, their lips were pale,
But hers were red with scorn and pride.

Fair in her blood-red gown she stood;
So stands against the stormy skies
A rose, that in some solitude
Uplifts its stately head—and dies.

"Weep not; my ladies! weep no more;
Farewell, farewell! we meet again.
O Lord! amid my troubles sore,
I trust in Thee, nor trust in vain."

She laid her head upon the block,
And murmured low, "In Thee I trust."
Down fell the axe with thundering shock;
Mary the Queen was common dust.

The beauteous face, the smiling lips,
Wrinkled and set in aged gloom;
So from some tree a tempest strips,
In one brief gust, its leaf and bloom.

Leave her the peace that life denied;
Her sins and follies all are o'er.
A queen she lived, a queen she died;
Peace to her ashes! Ask no more.

—*Rose Terry Cooke.*

MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

I look'd far back into the past ; and lo ! in bright array,
I saw, as in a dream, the forms of ages pass'd away.
It was a stately convent, with its old and lofty walls,
And gardens with their broad green walks, where soft the footstep falls ;
And o'er the antique dial-stone the creeping shadow crept,
And all around the noonday light in drowsy radiance slept.
No sound of busy life was heard, save from the cloister dim,
The tinkling of the silver bell, or the sisters' holy hymn.
And there five noble maidens sat beneath the orchard trees,
In that first budding spring of youth, when all its prospects please ;
And little reck'd they, when they sang, or knelt at vesper prayers,
That Scotland knew no prouder names—held none more dear than theirs ;
And little even the loveliest thought, before the Virgin's shrine,
Of royal blood and high descent from the ancient Stuart line :
Calmly her happy days flew on, uncounted in their flight,
And, as they flew, they left behind a long continuing light.

The scene was changed.—It was the court—the gay court of Bourbon,
Where, 'neath a thousand silver lamps, a thousand courtiers throng ;
And proudly kindles Henry's eye, well pleased I ween, to see
The land assemble all its wealth of grace and chivalry :
Gray Montmorency, o'er whose head has pass'd a storm of years,
Strong in himself and children, stands the the first among his peers :
Next him the Guises, who so well Fame's steepest heights assail'd,
And walk'd Ambition's diamond ridge where bravest hearts have fail'd ;
There, too, the Prince of Conde wears his all unconquered sword ;
With great Coligny by his side—each name a household word.
And there walks she of Medici, that proud Italian line,
The mother of a race of kings—the haughty Catherine.

The forms that follow in her train a glorious sunshine make—
A milky way of stars that grace a comet's glittering wake ;
But fairer far than all the crowd who bask on fortune's tide,
Effulgent in the light of youth is she—the new-made bride !
The homage of a thousand hearts, the fond, deep love of one,
The hopes that danced around a life whose charms are but begun—
They lighten up her chestnut eye, they mantle o'er her cheek,
They sparkle on her open brow, and high-soul'd joy bespeak.
Ah ! who shall blame if scarce that day—through all its brilliant hours—
She thought of that quiet convent's calm, its sunshine and its flowers ?

The scene was changed.—It was a barque that slowly held its way ;
And o'er its lee the coast of France in the light of evening lay ;
And on its deck a lady sat, who gazed with tearful eyes
Upon the fast-receding hills that dim and distant rise.
No marvel that the lady wept :—there was no land on earth
She loved like that dear land, although she owed it not her birth :
It was her mother's land—the land of childhood and of friends ;
It was the land where she had found for all her griefs amends,—
The land where her dead husband slept ; the land where she had known
The tranquil convent's hush'd repose and the splendors of a throne :
No marvel that the lady wept—it was the land of France,
The chosen home of chivalry, the garden of romance !
The past was bright, like those dear hills so far behind her barque ;
The future, like the gathering night, was ominous and dark.
One gaze again—one long, last gaze : "Adieu, fair France, to thee !"
The breeze comes forth—she is alone on the unconscious sea.

The scene was changed.—It was an eve of raw and surly mood ;
And, in a turret-chamber high of ancient Holyrood,
Sat Mary—listening to the rain, and sighing with the winds,
That seemed to suit the stormy state of men's uncertain minds.
The touch of care had blanch'd her cheek, her smile was sadder now,—
The weight of royalty had press'd too heavy on her brow ;
And traitors to her councils came, and rebels to the field :
The Stuart sceptre well she swayed, but the sword she could not wield.

She thought of all her blighted hopes—the dreams of youth's brief day,
And summon'd Rizzio with his flute, and bade the minstrel play
The songs she loved in other years—the songs of gay Navarre—
The songs, perchance, that erst were sung by gallant Chastelard :
They half beguiled her of her cares, they soothed her into smiles,
They won her thoughts from bigot zeal and fierce domestic broils.
But hark !—the tramp of armed men ! the Douglas battle-cry !
They come, they come ! and lo ! the scowl of Ruthven's hollow eye.
Stern swords are drawn, and daggers gleam —her words, her prayers, are vain ;
The ruffian steel is in his heart—the faithful Rizzio's slain !
Then Mary Stuart brush'd aside the tears that trickling fell :
"Now for my father's arm," she said ; "my woman's heart, farewell !"

The scene was changed.—It was a lake with one small, lonely isle ;
And there, within the prison walls of its baronial pile,
Stern men stood, menacing their queen, till she should stoop to sign
The traitorous scroll that snatched the crown from her ancestral line.
"My lords, my lords !" the captive cried, "were I but once more free,
With ten good knights, on yonder shore, to aid my cause and me,
That parchment would I scatter wide to every breeze that blows,
And reign once more, a Stuart queen, o'er my remorseless foes !"
A red spot burn'd upon her cheek ; stream'd her rich tresses down :
She wrote the words—she stood erect, a queen without a crown !

The scene was changed.—A royal host a royal banner bore :—
The faithful of the land stood round their smiling queen once more :
She stay'd her steed upon a hill, she saw them marching by,
She heard their shouts, she read success in every flashing eye.
The tumult of the strife begins—it roars—it dies away ;
And Mary's troops and banners now, and courtiers—where are they ?

Scatter'd and strewn, and flying far, defenceless and undone :
O God ! to see what she has lost, and think what guilt has won !
Away ! away !—thy gallant steed must act no laggard's part ;
Yet vain his speed, for thou dost bear the arrow in thy heart.

The scene was changed.—Beside the block a sullen headsman stood ;
And gleam'd the broad axe in his hand, that soon must drip with blood.
With slow and steady step there came a lady through the hall,
And breathless silence chained the lips, and touched the hearts of all.
Rich were the sable robes she wore, her white veil round her fell,
And from her neck there hung the cross—that cross she loved so well !
I knew that queenly form again, though blighted was its bloom ;
I saw that grief had deck'd it out—an offering for the tomb !
I knew the eye, though faint its light, that once so brightly shone ;
I knew the voice, though feeble now, that thrill'd with every tone ;
I knew the ringlets, almost gray, once threads of living gold ;
I knew that bounding grace of step, that symmetry of mould.
Even now I see her far away, in that calm convent aisle,
I hear her chant her vesper-hymn, I mark her sunny smile ;
Even now I see her bursting forth, upon her bridal morn—
A new star in the firmament to light and glory born !
Alas, the change ! she placed her foot upon a triple throne,
And on the scaffold now she stands, beside the block, alone !
The little dog that licks her hand, the last of all the crowd,
Who sunn'd themselves beneath her glance, and round her footsteps bow'd !
Her neck is bared—the blow is struck—the soul has passed away !—
The bright, the beautiful, is now a bleeding piece of clay.
A solemn text ! Go think of it, in silence and alone ;
Then weigh against a grain of sand the glories of a throne !

THE CONQUERER.

O loyal heart and true
The struggle may be long ;
The triumphs may seem few,
And late the victor's song.

The world may press the thorn
Upon thine aching brow ;
As prophets knew earth's scorn
Of old, they know it now.

In paths thy feet have trod,
The world shall run to see
That he who works with God
Hath ever victory.

AN ANGLO-AMERICAN ALLIANCE.

BY REV. REUEN THOMAS, D.D.*

Great ideas are first of all in the souls of the best men in the nation. They are properly Divine inspirations. A great idea has been for long time past before the Christ-inspired men of the Anglo-Saxon world—the idea of a union for the highest ends known to man of English-speaking peoples. Such a union, it is assumed, would be for the good of the human race at large, inasmuch as it would tend to unite the forces which are in the van of the highest civilization the world knows. Everything most advanced in the words "humanity," "liberty," "fraternity," is found, so we assume, among the English-speaking peoples. They stand, so we say, for all that is best in the world's life. These peoples are better able to understand one another than are peoples of diverse language. The books and magazines and journals published in English have a much larger constituency than those published in any other language. Seventy-five per cent. of all letters passing through the world's postal system are in English. When we have the same mother tongue we are all children of one family. Oneness consists in oneness of idea, oneness of feeling, oneness of aim, oneness of purpose. In order to this the consists of oneness of idea, oneness necessary.

We may say that among all English-speaking peoples there is a union already established which does not and cannot exist between them and other peoples. Reading the same literature (for the English printed book has a wider circulation than books in any other language), the mind and heart of English-speaking peoples are leavened with the same leaven. And as ideas rule the world, the ideas dressed in English gradually dominate a larger number of people than ideas clad in any other drapery of human speech. This is one reason, and a very important reason, why that unity which is in a sort inevitable should, if possible, be made formal.

Much, also, has been made of the fact that those who are in the position of leadership among the Anglo-Saxon people are of the same blood. The home love was in the Teutonic races as hardly elsewhere, and is to-day—so that when they fought it was for their hearths and their homes, and nothing else would move them. Those beautiful words, "The Fatherland," as applicable to Germany, "The Motherland," as applicable to England, hide in themselves the secret of Teutonic influence in the world. We must remember that there are three branches of the Teutonic people—the German, the English, and the American—that the same blood runs in the veins of these peoples, and that the same great ideas have found a congenial home in this blood as never elsewhere—such ideas as humanity, legal equality, and personal freedom within the limits of the Divine law for man.

Those ideas may not seem to have the same free course in Germany as in England and the United States, but they are there cropping up every now and again irresistibly, overshadowed often by a despotic militarism. But Ger-

* An address delivered before the Boston Methodist Preachers' Meeting. Abridged from *Zion's Herald*.

many is the land of Luther, who shook it free from the despotism of the Latin ideas and forms. And in literature, philosophy and theology Germany has won her freedom to think. It is only in politics, controlled by militarism, that she must exercise herself in respectful cautiousness.

In bringing nations into co-operative unity these factors of blood and language have to be taken into account. They mean at least a predestined and natural adaptability to union. There is a kind of pre-established harmony which makes it easy for peoples thinking the same thoughts and speaking the same language to understand one another.

Much has of late been said of an Anglo-Saxon or Anglo-American Alliance. Ideas which have hitherto had their home in the brains of Christianized and other philanthropists, have at last got on to the tongues of politicians. This great idea of an alliance between all English-speaking peoples has its friends and its enemies. I cannot conceive of any blue-blooded American being its enemy —providing it means an alliance for the sake of arresting, as far as may be, those terrible tendencies to beastliness, savagery and inhumanity which occasionally show themselves in people cursed with some form of unreasoning fanaticism; an alliance in the interests of peace and progress, not of war and conquest; an alliance to defend and establish international political righteousness, and not to promote political supremacy merely; an alliance to lift off the load of cruel and unjust taxations on all industries—especially those enormous and unparalleled burdens which envy and hate and jealousy, organized in armies and navies, have made the millions of God's poor to groan under through these weary ages.

There is no vice, there is no corruption, there is no species of demoralization, there is no form of crime, there is no species of cruelty, which has not, at some time or other, been legalized and fostered by war. And over all there has been thrown a false glitter and glory which has dazzled the eyes of the best and purest, and made them think as did the old Hebrews that the Lord is not "a just God and a Saviour," but specially a man of war. The warrior may be on some occasions God's scourge, His instrument of punishment, but it would be horrible to think of him, in his capacity as warrior, as God's saint, and that the brightest crown in heaven will be on the brow of a Napoleon.

Something better than this was taught the Hebrews more than a thousand years before Christ when their great warrior prince was not allowed to build the house of God because he was a man of blood. Profoundly religious as David was, that forbiddance must have gone to the very heart of the man, and have taught him that some of the inspirations which he assumed to be divine had their origin in his own ambition.

An alliance between these Anglo-Saxon nations, if it should be simply and solely military, would be a curse rather than a blessing; but if it should be the massing of strength to stop persecution and make tyranny tremble; an alliance of the strong to protect the weak against their oppressors; an alliance to secure freedom of commerce throughout the world; an alliance in the name of humanity, of righteousness and of God—then there is nothing within the field of vision which would be so creditable to those who formed it, or so glorious in its results to humanity at

large. It would be one step nearer to that sublime condition which dawned upon the prophetic soul of Tennyson,—

> "When the war drum throbs no longer, and the battle flags are furled,
> In the parliament of man, the Federation of the world."

Of course such an alliance will have its enemies, for always a man's worst foes are they of his own household. The Irish people tell us they will oppose it to the death. But I shall be very much astonished if such a threat does not act as a boomerang and return on those who threw it. It is inconceivable that this proud, self-respecting Saxon blood will submit to dictation of that kind. It is incredible that they will allow this fair and fertile land to be sown with dragons' teeth from which, according to the old classic fable, will spring forth a crop of armed men. Revenge to some men is sweet, but never to the noblest of men.

But there are other peoples here who have no political axes to grind and no revenge to nurse—multitudes of industrious Germans and orderly Scandinavians in whose veins is kinship to the old honest Teutonic blood. To these such an alliance as that to which our attention is called must surely be welcome. When once they recognize what it means and the good which it will bring to the great toiling multitude, they will surely spring to it with resolute good will. It would be no great wonder if Germany herself should eventually crave a place in such a Teutonic confederacy. For surely her people must, ere this, have been feeling the dire and dreadful burden which is upon humanity when every man in Europe from his birth to his death is carrying around on his bent back a soldier. What wonder if they should take Paul's language and say, "Who shall deliver me from this body of death?" But I have great faith in the domestic qualities and in the common sense of that German people.

Still we have to recognize that all great ideas demand great leadership to bring them into proper appreciation. But this, I think, we can all see—that unity is better than division, that amity is better than hostility, that friendliness is better than enmity, that wise co-operation is better than ruinous competition, that love is better than hate. No one has taught us that in stronger words than our pure and gentle Longfellow,—

It is along these lines that the kingdom of God must come, if it is to come at all. The hypocrisy of praying in our churches, "Thy kingdom come," and then blocking the way of union between nations who are in blood and aim and speech one, is too black to be endured. The church on earth is for the sake of bringing on, and making real, the kingdom of God among men. If it does not do that, its claim on man's allegiance is baseless. It is little better than a wolf in sheep's clothing.

Such an alliance as that which animates the hopes and burdens the prayers of the wisest, most humane, and most unselfish men in America and England is indubitably a question in which the church and its ministry can fitly concern itself.

"Let us suppose," writes Dr. Abbott, "that Great Britain and the United States were to enter into an alliance involving these three elements: First, absolute reciprocity of trade; second, a tribunal to which should be referred for settlement, as a matter of course, all questions arising between the two nations, as now all questions arising between the various States of this Union are referred to the

Supreme Court of the United States; third, a mutual pledge that an assault on one should be regarded as an assault on both, so that as toward other nations these two would be as united as the various States of this Union stand toward all other States. This would create a new confederation based on principles and ideas, not on traditions, and bounded by the possibilities of human development, not by geographical lines."

Such a basis of alliance as this is certainly Christian in spirit and feeling and aim. Churches can pray for it; ministers can work for it.

I recognize that there is no little of ignorance and prejudice to be removed. The lie so industriously propagated for years and years that the English people had not fraternity of feeling towards the American people, has to be hunted down, killed, and buried. There has never been a time since George III. was king when three-fourths at any rate of the English people have not been the most sincere well-wishers the Americans have had. Commercial interests have sometimes acted selfishly there and here. An aristocracy of course does not admire a country without an aristocracy. All that. But who cares for these things? Ten per cent. of the people are not the people, I am speaking for the people, and I own that prejudices have been created here about the English people in their relation to America which are grossly unfair and unjust.

But part of the loyalty to Christ of Christian men, and especially Christian ministers, is to fight all unfairness and injustice and get truth and justice established. We cannot afford to live in these foggy valleys where we can see only a few yards ahead. We must climb the heights of vision. We must be seers. We must look ahead. We must make the future. The only way we can do it is by showing the world that Christianity is a practical force for unity in this world's life. And the Methodist Episcopal Church, especially in the West and South, can be an influence second to none in enlightening and educating the minds of the people. The cause is of the worthiest. Great causes give greatness to the men who advocate them. They lift up the people generally into a larger outlook and a fuller life. The time is favourable for an advanced movement in the world's life on Christian lines; and if the churches are asleep and fall away from leadership, then be sure they will be discredited. Deliverance will come from some other source.

Of course, now as ever, every insect will buzz, and every hedgehog will set up his quills, and every skunk will smell, but "'tis their nature to." All success along great lines is a question of the amount of manhood there is in men; and the amount of manhood is a question of the extent to which we have been inspired by the manhood of Christ. For myself, in thinking on this subject, I cannot consent to stand on any lower platform than that of its being Christian service. On the platform of military supremacy, or commercial expediency, or world-wide necessity, I cannot stand. "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and all these things shall be added." It is our mission as ministers to put first that which God has put first, and to keep it there. We can lead precisely to the extent we follow the Master. Our right to a hearing is that we are following the Christ, not merely professionally and ecclesiastically, but for the purposes of pure patriotism and world-wide cosmopolitanism. —Zion's Herald.

A MYSTERIOUS MURDER.

BY THE REV. ARTHUR BROWNING.

Murders were not uncommon things in the early days of British Columbia. I saw two gamblers trying to kill each other in broad daylight on the principal street in Victoria. I was near enough to come within range of their bullets, and the crack of the loaded cane on the skull of one of them is heard again by me as I write this article. It sounded like the blow of a hammer on a hard stone. I was within earshot of a pistol which killed one of my best friends and my clothing was bespattered with his blood. I knew what it was again and again to bury murdered men, the secret of their taking off being as silent as the lips of the victims.

But one murder seemed more horrible and for a while more inscrutable than them all. On one of the main streets of Victoria a man going to his early morning work came across the dead body of a murdered miner. No sound had been heard, no signs of a struggle were visible. The dead man lay just as he fell, with a knife wound piercing his heart. As it was almost under the shadow of our parsonage that the crime was committed, our feelings were not altogether of the most comfortable sort.

There was one slight clue to the murderer. The miner was known to wear a very costly ring and this ring was missing from his finger. But it was a search for the proverbial needle in a haystack to find that ring in the mixed multitude of a population of almost every people under the sun.

There were camped in my parsonage yard at this time two Indians from the mainland. They had come with letters of commendation from Rev. Mr. White, of Westminster, and were very regular in their attendance on both class and prayer-meeting. Jim, the elder, was a chief of his tribe. Tom, the younger, was a most plausible and unctuous brother, and to a keen observer of character it would seem as if he would bear watching.

Jim was an Indian in the full retention of the wide awakeness which concealed under a seeming carelessness, has deceived so many white men often to their death. These two Indians and I talked over the murder. But, like the police authorities, we were all at sea, and concluded that the murderer with the ring would never turn up until all was forgotten in the rush of changes passing around us.

One morning (oh, how vivid it is now !) Jim and Tom came to say they were going home. But they had no money and no food and none of their tribe were in the city to help them. They had only one resource and that was a ring. This ring Tom had given him in Westminster by a captain whom I knew well. He had no money to pay Tom his wages and in lieu thereof he had given him this ring. From my knowledge of the captain I knew that this was well within the bounds of probability. They were unwilling to sell the ring themselves lest they should be cheated, but if I would sell it for them they would secure its full value. It was a most plausible and seemingly most proper proceeding, and as Tom laid it out before me, what else could I do than to fall in with the rascal and consent to sell the ring. For this ring, mark you, was the one worn

by the murdered miner and stolen from his finger the night of his terrible death.

I took the ring and the Indians left, to call again when I had sold the ring. As I looked it over and over the thought came to me, "Is this my friend's ring? And are these Indians his murderers?" To attempt to sell the ring and be found out would be possibly my own arrest as an accomplice in the murder. But if it was not the stolen ring, then I was condemning innocent men, and the Indians far and near would be told of my suspicious imprudence.

Fortunately I knew a friend of the dead man, and to him I went with the ring. He recognized it at once, and we went together to police headquarters to secure the arrest of my quondam brethren, Jim and Tom. They came according to appointment, and the look of offended honesty on the part of Tom and the silent haughtiness of Jim was a study for us all.

They, of course, were innocent, for they were on the parsonage grounds the night of the murder, and the ring was just what Tom had said. How they upbraided me with being false to them, Tom with his tongue and Jim with his eyes, and I feared his eyes far more than Tom's tongue.

They went to prison, and in a day or two Tom sent for me. He was as oily as ever and declared he was a poor persecuted Indian. Jim was the man who murdered the miner and who stole his ring. He followed his victim from street to street like a shadow, and, springing on him, buried his knife in his heart. Tom looked on. There was no cry from the miner's lips, and after robbing him, they returned to their tent as silently as they went out to their deed of blood. They held back the ring until the miner was buried, and the deed, as they thought, forgotten, and then planned to make me their agent in getting rid of their spoil.

Tom seemed to have no remorse over his share in the crime and I imagine chuckled to think how nearly he had brought me into his net.

Jim heard of Tom's confession with disdain and disgust. He knew it might hang him and let Tom go scot free, but he spoke not a word.

At the trial Tom was the same shifty scoundrel as he had been all through. He said enough, if fully believed, to send Jim to the gallows, but prevaricated enough to save his own neck. The verdict against both was guilty, but Judge Begbie, the least lenient of all judges, sent Jim to prison for life and Tom to imprisonment for some years. What else could he do on the evidence of the most consummate hypocrite that ever stood in a felon's dock?

But I was yet to see more of Jim and Tom. The chief of police came to me one day to consult me about Jim. He was starving himself to death, and from some sign in his eyes, when I was named, the officer concluded that the poor wretch wanted to see me.

I found him a mere skeleton with his jaws rigid and set and his coal-black eyes flaming in their sockets as if they would look me through and through. I patted his cheeks and spoke soothingly to him. I assured him of my full forgiveness and that God had love enough to forgive him too. Then I pried open his jaws and forced some nutriment into his mouth, and from that moment Jim began to come back to life.

Once again I was called to see him and to minister to him, and the proud, haughty chief was as a little child. He told me enough to let me know that Tom was not so innocent as he asserted, and

gave me an inkling of things which only the Judgment Day will disclose.

Tom was discharged at the end of his term. He was as suave and oily as ever, but he never prayed in prayer-meeting nor spoke in class-meeting again. They have both long since gone to their account. In the day of final separation I fear Tom will be conspicuous among the goats, but somehow or other I have an expectation of seeing Jim among the sheep.

IN HIS STEPS.

BY CHARLES M. SHELDON.

Author of "The Crucifixion of Phillip Strong."

CHAPTER IX.

"Master, I will follow thee whithersoever thou goest."

The Saturday matinee at the Auditorium in Chicago was just over; and the usual crowd was struggling to get to its carriage before any one else. The Auditorium attendant was shouting out the number of different carriages and the carriage doors were slamming as the horses were driven rapidly to the curb, held there impatient by the drivers who had shivered long in the raw east wind, and then let go to plunge for a few minutes into the river of vehicles that tossed under the elevated railway and finally went whirling off up the avenue.

"Now then, 624!" shouted the Auditorium attendant; "624!" he repeated, and there dashed up to the kerb a splendid span of black horses attached to a carriage having the monogram, "C. R. S." in gilt letters on the panel of the door.

Two girls stepped out of the crowd towards the carriage. The older one had entered and taken her seat, and the attendant was still holding the door open for the younger who stood hesitating on the curb.

"Come, Felicia! What are you waiting for! I shall freeze to death!" called the voice from the carriage.

The girl outside of the carriage hastily unpinned a bunch of English violets from her dress and handed them to a small boy who was standing shivering on the edge of the sidewalk, almost under the horses' feet. He took them with a look of astonishment and a "Thank ye, lady!" and instantly buried a very grimy face in the bunch of perfume. The girl stepped into the carriage, the door shut with the incisive bang peculiar to well-made carriages of this sort, and in a few moments the coachman was speeding the horses rapidly up one of the boulevards.

"You are always doing some queer thing or other, Felicia," said the older girl as the carriage whirled on past the great residences already brilliantly lighted.

"Am I? What have I done that is queer now, Rose?" asked the other, looking up suddenly and turning her head toward her sister.

"Oh, giving those violets to that boy. He looked as if he neded a good hot supper more than a bunch of violets. It's a wonder you didn't invite him home with us. I shouldn't have been

surprised if you had. You are always doing such queer things, Felicia."

"Would it be queer to invite a boy like that to come to the house and get a hot supper?" Felicia asked the question softly and almost as if she were alone.

"Queer isn't just the word, of course," replied Rose indifferently. "It would be just what Madam Blanc calls 'outre.' Decidedly. Therefore, you will please not invite him, or others like him, to hot suppers because I suggested it. Oh, dear! I'm awfully tired!"

She yawned and Felicia silently looked out of the window in the door.

"The concert was stupid, and the violinist was simply a bore. I don't see how you could sit so still through it all," Rose exclaimed a little impatiently.

"I liked the music," answered Felicia quietly.

"You like anything. I never saw a girl with so little critical taste."

Felicia coloured slightly but would not answer. Rose yawned again, and then hummed a fragment of a popular song. Then she exclaimed abruptly,

"Felicia, you never can reform the world. What's the use? We're not to blame for the poverty and misery. There have always been rich and poor. And there always will be. We ought to be thankful we're rich."

"Suppose Christ had gone on that principle," replied Felicia with unusual persistence. "Do you remember Dr. Bruce's sermon on that verse a few Sundays ago: 'For ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that though he was rich, yet for our sakes he became poor, that ye through his poverty might become rich?'"

"I remember it well enough," said Rose with some petulance. "And didn't Dr. Bruce go on to say that there was no blame attached to people who have wealth, if they are kind and give to the needs of the poor? And I am sure the Doctor himself is pretty comfortably settled. He never gives up his luxuries just because some people in the city go hungry. What good would it do if he did? I tell you, Felicia, there will always be poor and rich in spite of all we can do. Ever since Rachel has written about the queer doings in Raymond, you have upset the whole family. People can't live at that concert pitch all the time. You see if Rachel doesn't give it up soon. It's a great pity she doesn't come to Chicago and sing in the Auditorium concerts. I heard to-day she had received an offer. I'm going to write and urge her to come. I'm just dying to hear her sing."

Felicia looked out of the window and was silent. The carriage rolled on past two blocks of magnificent private residences and turned into a wide driveway under a covered passage, and the sisters hurried into the house. It was an elegant mansion of grey stone, furnished like a palace, every corner of it warm with the luxury of paintings, sculpture, art and modern refinement.

The owner of it all, Mr. Charles R. Sterling, stood before an open grate fire smoking a cigar. He had made his money in grain speculation and railroad ventures, and was reputed to be worth something over two millions. His wife was a sister of Mrs. Winslow, of Raymond. She had been an invalid for several years. The two girls, Rose and Felicia, were the only children. Rose was twenty-one years old, fair, vivacious, educated in a fashionable college, just entering society and already somewhat cynical and indifferent. A very hard young lady to please, her father said, sometimes play-

fully, sometimes sternly. Felicia was nineteen, with a tropical beauty somewhat like her cousin, Rachel Winslow, with warm, generous impulses just waking into Christian feeling, capable of all sorts of expression, a puzzle to her father, a source of irritation to her mother, and with a great, unsurveyed territory of thought and action in herself of which she was more than dimly conscious. There was that in Felicia that would easily endure any condition of life, if only the liberty to act fully on her conscientious convictions were granted her.

"Here's a letter for you, Felicia," said Mr. Sterling, taking it out of his pocket.

Felicia sat down and instantly opened the letter, saying as she did so, "It's from Rachel."

"Well, what's the latest news from Raymond, asked Mr. Sterling, taking his cigar out of his mouth and looking at Felicia as he often did, with half-shut eyes, as if he were studying her.

"Rachel says Dr. Bruce has been studying in Raymond for two Sundays, and has seemed very much interested in Mr. Maxwell's pledge in the First Church."

"What does Rachel say about herself?" asked Rose, who was lying on a couch almost buried under half a dozen elegant cushions.

"She is still singing at the Rectangle. Since the tent meetings closed, she sings in an old hall until the new buildings her friend Virginia Page is putting up are completed."

"I must write Rachel to come to Chicago and visit us. She ought not to throw away her voice in that railroad town upon all those people who don't appreciate her."

Mr. Sterling lighted a new cigar and Rose exclaimed.

"Rachel is awful queer, I think. She might set Chicago wild with her voice if she sang in the Auditorium. And there she goes on, throwing her voice away on people who don't know what they are hearing."

"Rachel won't come here unless she can do it and keep her pledge at the same time," said Felicia after a pause.

"What pledge?" Mr. Sterling asked the question and then added hastily, "Oh, I know; yes. A very peculiar thing, that. Powers used to be a friend of mine. We learned telegraphy in the same office. Made a great sensation when he resigned and handed over that evidence to the Interstate Commerce Commission. And he's back at his telegraph again. There have been queer doings in Raymond during the past year. I wonder what Dr. Bruce thinks of it on the whole. I must have a talk with him about it.'

"He preaches to-morrow," said Felicia. "Perhaps he will tell us something about it."

There was silence for a minute. Then Felicia said abruptly, as if she had gone on with a spoken thought to some invisible hearer. "And what if he should propose the same pledge to the Nazareth Avenue Church?"

"Who? What are you talking about?" asked her father a little sharply.

"About Dr. Bruce. I say, what if he should propose to our church what Mr. Maxwell proposed to his, and ask for volunteers who would pledge themselves to do everything after asking the question, 'What would Jesus do?'"

"There's no danger of it," said Rose, rising suddenly from the couch as the tea-bell rang.

"It's a very impracticable movement, to my mind," said Mr. Sterling sharply.

"I understand from Rachel's letter that the church in Raymond

is going to make an attempt to extend the idea of the pledge to the other churches. If they succeed, they will certainly make great changes in the churches and in people's lives," said Felicia.

"Oh, well, let's have some tea first," said Rose, walking into the dining-room. Her father and Felicia followed and the meal proceeded in silence. Mrs. Sterling had her meals served in her room. Mr. Sterling was preoccupied. He ate very little and excused himself early, and although it was Saturday night he remarked as he went out that he would be down town late on some special business.

"Don't you think father looks very much disturbed lately?" asked Felicia a little while after he had gone out.

"Oh, I don't know. I hadn't noticed anything unusual," replied Rose.

Felicia went up to see her mother.

"Tell Clara to go out," exclaimed Mrs. Sterling, as Felicia came up to the bed and kneeled by it.

Felicia was surprised, but she did as her mother bade her and then inquired how she was feeling.

"Felicia," said her mother, "can you pray?"

The question was so unlike any her mother had ever asked before, that Felicia was startled. But she answered,

"Why, yes, mother. What makes you ask such a question?"

"Felicia, I am frightened. Your father—I have had such strange fears about him all day. Something is wrong with him. I want you to pray."

"Now? Here, mother?"

"Yes. Pray, Felicia."

Felicia reached out her hand and took her mother's. It was trembling. Mrs. Sterling had never shown much tenderness for her younger daughter, and her strange demand now was the first real sign of any confidence in Felicia's character.

The girl still kneeled, holding her mother's trembling hand, and prayed. It was doubtful if she had ever prayed aloud before. She must have said in her prayer the words that her mother needed, for when it was silent in the room the invalid was weeping softly and her nervous tension was over.

Felicia stayed some time. When she was assured that her mother would not need her any longer, she rose to go.

"Good night, mother. You must let Clara call me, if you feel bad in the night."

"I feel better now." Then, as Felicia was moving away, Mrs. Sterling said, "Won't you kiss me, Felicia?"

Felicia went back and bent over her mother. The kiss was almost as strange to her as the prayer had been. When Felicia went out of the room, her cheeks were wet with tears. She had not cried since she was a little girl.

Sunday morning at the Sterling mansion was generally very quiet. The girls usually went to church at eleven o'clock service. Mr. Sterling was not a member but a heavy contributor, and he generally went to church in the morning. This time he did not come down to breakfast, and finally sent word by a servant that he did not feel well enough to go out. So Rose and Felicia drove up to the door of the Nazareth Avenue Church and entered the family pew alone.

When Dr. Bruce walked out of the room at the rear of the platform and went up to the pulpit to open the Bible as his custom was, those who knew him best did not detect anything unusual in his manner or his expression. He proceeded with the service as usual. He was calm and his voice was

steady and firm. His prayer was the first intimation the people had of anything new or strange in the service. It is safe to say that the Nazareth Avenue Church had not heard Dr. Bruce offer such a prayer during the twelve years he had been pastor there. How would a minister be likely to pray who had come out of a revolution in Christian feeling that had completely changed his definition of what was meant by following Jesus? No one in Nazareth Avenue Church had any idea that the Rev. Calvin Bruce, D.D., the dignified, cultured, refined Doctor of Divinity, had within a few days been crying like a little child, on his knees, asking for strength and courage and Christlikeness to speak his Sunday message; and yet the prayer was an unconscious involuntary disclosure of the soul's experience such as Nazareth Avenue people seldom heard, and never before from that pulpit.

In the hush that succeeded the prayer, a distinct wave of spiritual power moved over the congregation. The most careless persons in the church felt it. Felicia, whose sensitive religious nature responded swiftly to every touch of emotion, quivered under the passing of that supernatural power; and when she lifted her head and looked up at the minister there was a look in her eyes that announced her intense, eager anticipation of the scene that was to follow.

And she was not alone in her attitude. There was something in the prayer and the result of it that stirred many and many a disciple in Nazareth Avenue Church. All over the house, men and women leaned forward; and when Dr. Bruce began to speak of his visit to Raymond, in the opening sentences of his address which this morning preceded his sermon, there was an answering response in the church that came back to him as he spoke, and thrilled him with the hope of a spiritual baptism such as he had never during all his ministry experienced.

"I am just back from a visit to Raymond," Dr. Bruce began, "and I want to tell you something of my impressions of the movement there."

He paused, and his look went over his people with yearning for them and, at the same time, with a great uncertainty at his heart. How many of his rich, fashionable, refined, luxury-loving members would understand the nature of the appeal he was soon to make to them? He was altogether in the dark as to that. Nevertheless, he had been through his desert and had come out of it ready to suffer. He went on now, after that brief pause, and told the story of his stay in Raymond. The people already knew something of that experiment in the First Church. The whole country had watched the progress of the pledge as it had become history in so many lives. Henry Maxwell had at last decided that the time had come to seek the fellowship of other churches throughout the country. The new discipleship in Raymond had proved to be so valuable in its results that Henry Maxwell wished the church in general to share with the disciples in Raymond. Already there had begun a volunteer movement in many of the churches throughout the country, acting on their own desire to walk closer in the steps of Jesus. The Christian Endeavour Societies had with enthusiasm, in many churches, taken the pledge to do as Jesus would do, and the result was already marked in a deeper spiritual life and a power in church influence that was like a new birth for the members.

All this Dr. Bruce told his people simply and with a personal interest that evidently led the way to his announcement which now followed. Felicia had listened to every word with strained attention. She sat there by the side of Rose, in contrast like fire beside snow, although even Rose was as alert and excited as she could be.

"Dear friends," he said, and for the first time since his prayer the emotion of the occasion was revealed in his voice and gesture, "I am going to ask that Nazareth Avenue Church take the same pledge that Raymond Church has taken. I know what this will mean to you and me. It will mean the complete change of very many habits. It will mean, possibly, social loss. It will mean very probably, in many cases, loss of money. It will mean suffering. It will mean what following Jesus meant in the first century, and then it meant suffering, loss, hardship, separation from everything un-Christian. But what does following Jesus mean? The test of discipleship is the same now as then. Those of you who volunteer in the Nazareth Avenue Church to do as Jesus would do, simply promise to walk in His steps as He gave us commandment."

Again Rev. Calvin Bruce, pastor of Nazareth Avenue Church, paused, and now the result of his announcement was plainly visible in the stir that went over the congregation. He added in a quiet voice that all who volunteered to make the pledge to do as Jesus would do, were asked to remain after the morning service.

Instantly he proceeded with his sermon. His text was from Matthew viii. 19, "Master, I will follow thee whithersoever thou goest."

It was a sermon that touched the deep springs of conduct; it was a revelation to the people of the definition their pastor had been learning; it took them back to the first century of Christianity; above all, it stirred them below the conventional thought of years as to the meaning and purpose of church membership. It was such a sermon as a man can preach once in a lifetime, and with enough in it for people to live on all through a lifetime.

The service closed in a hush that was slowly broken. People rose here and there a few at a time. There was a reluctance in the movements of the people that was very striking.

Rose, however, walked straight out of the pew, and as she reached the aisle she turned her head and beckoned to Felicia. By that time the congregation was rising all over the church.

Felicia instantly answered her sister's look.

"I'm going to stay," she said, and Rose had heard her speak in the same manner on other occasions and knew that Felicia's resolve could not be changed. Nevertheless, she went back into the pew two or three steps and faced her.

"Felicia," she whispered, and there was a flush of anger on her cheeks, "this is folly. What can you do? You will bring disgrace upon the family. What will father say? Come."

Felicia looked at her but did not answer at once. Her lips were moving with a petition that came from a depth of feeling that measured a new life for her. She shook her head.

"No, I am going to stay. I shall take the pledge. I am ready to obey it. You do not know why I am doing this."

Rose gave her one look, and then turned and went out of the pew and down the aisle. She did

not even stop to talk with her acquaintances. Mrs. Delano was going out of the church just as Rose stepped into the vestibule.

"So you are not going to join the Doctor's volunteer company?" Mrs. Delano asked in a queer tone that made Rose redden.

"No, are you? It is simply absurd. I have always regarded the Raymond movement as fanatical. You know Cousin Rachel keeps us posted about it."

"Yes, I understand it is resulting in a great deal of hardship in many cases. For my part I believe Dr. Bruce has simply provoked a disturbance here. It will result in splitting Nazareth Avenue Church. You see if that isn't so. There are scores of people in the church who are so situated that they can't take such a pledge and keep it. I am one of them," added Mrs. Delano as she went out with Rose.

When Rose reached home her father was standing in his usual attitude before the open fireplace, smoking a cigar.

"Where is Felicia?" he asked as Rose came in alone.

"She stayed to an after-meeting," replied Rose shortly. She threw off her wraps and was going upstairs when Mr. Sterling called after her,

"An after-meeting? What do you mean?"

"Dr. Bruce asked the church to take the Raymond pledge."

Mr. Sterling took his cigar out of his mouth and twirled it nervously between his fingers.

"I didn't expect that of Dr. Bruce. Did many of the members stay?"

"I don't know. I didn't," replied Rose, and she went upstairs leaving her father standing in the drawing-room.

After a few minutes he went to the window and stood there looking out at the people driving on the boulevard. His cigar had gone out but he still fingered it nervously. Then he turned from the window and walked up and down the room. A servant stepped across the hall and announced dinner, and he told her to wait for Felicia. Rose came down stairs and went into the library. And still Mr. Sterling paced the drawing-room restlessly.

He had finally wearied of the walking, apparently, and throwing himself into a chair was brooding over something deeply when Felicia came in.

He rose and faced her. Felicia was evidently very much moved by the meeting from which she had just come. At the same time she did not wish to talk too much about it. Just as she entered the drawing-room, Rose came in from the library.

"How many stayed?" she asked. Rose was curious. At the same time she was skeptical of the whole movement in Raymond.

"About a hundred," replied Felicia gravely. Mr. Sterling looked surprised. Felicia was going out of the room. He called to her.

"Do you really mean to keep the pledge?" he asked.

Felicia coloured. Over her face and neck the warm blood flowed as she answered, "You would not ask such a question, father, if you had been at the meeting." She lingered a moment in the room, then asked to be excused from dinner for a while and went up to see her mother.

No one ever knew what that interview between Felicia and her mother was. It is certain that she must have told her mother something of the spiritual power that had awed every person present in the company of disciples from Nazareth Avenue Church who faced Dr. Bruce in that meeting after the morning service. It is

also certain that Felicia had never known such an experience and never would have thought of sharing it with her mother, if it had not been for the prayer the evening before. Another fact is also known of Felicia's experience at that time. When she finally joined her father and Rose at the table, she seemed unable to tell them much about the meeting. There was a reluctance to speak of it, as one might hesitate to attempt a description of a wonderful sunset to a person who never talked about anything but the weather. When that Sunday in the Sterling mansion was drawing to a close and the soft, warm lights throughout the dwelling were glowing through the great windows, in a corner of her room, where the light was obscure, Felicia kneeled, and when she raised her face and turned it towards the light, it was the face of a woman who had already defined for herself the greatest issues of earthly life.

That same evening, after the Sunday evening service, the Rev. Calvin Bruce, D.D., of Nazareth Avenue Church, was talking over the events of the day with his wife. They were of one heart and mind in the matter, and faced their new future with all the faith and courage of new disciples. Neither was deceived as to the probable results of the pledge to themselves or to the church.

They had been talking but a little while when the bell rang, and Dr. Bruce going to the door, exclaimed as he opened it, "It is you, Edward! Come in!"

There came into the hall a commanding figure. The Bishop was of extraordinary height and breadth of shoulder, but of such good proportions that there was no thought of ungainly or even of unusual size. The impression the Bishop made on strangers was, first, that of great health, and then of great affection.

He came into the parlour and greeted Mrs. Bruce, who after a few moments was called out of the room, leaving the two men together.

The Bishop sat in a deep, easy chair before the open fire. There was just enough dampness in the early spring of the year to make an open fire pleasant.

"Calvin, you have taken a very serious step to-day," he finally said, lifting his large, dark eyes to his old college classmate's face. "I heard of it this afternoon. I could not resist the desire to see you about it to-night."

"I'm glad you came." Dr. Bruce sat near the Bishop and laid a hand on his shoulder. "You understand what this means, Edward?"

"I think I do. Yes, I am sure." The Bishop spoke very slowly and thoughtfully. He sat with his hands clasped together. Over his face, marked with lines of consecration and service and the love of men, a shadow crept, a shadow not caused by the firelight. Again he lifted his eyes towards his old friend.

"Calvin, we have always understood each other. Ever since our paths led us in different ways in church life, we have walked together in Christian fellowship."

"It is true," replied Dr. Bruce with an emotion he made no attempt to conceal or subdue. "Thank God for it. I prize your fellowship more than any man's. I have always known what it meant, though it has always been more than I deserve."

The Bishop looked affectionately at his friend. But the shadow still rested on his face. After a pause he spoke again.

"The new discipleship means a crisis for you in your work. If you keep this pledge to do all

things as Jesus would do—as I know you will—it requires no prophet to predict some remarkable changes in your parish." The Bishop looked wistfully at Bruce and then continued. "In fact, I do not see how a perfect upheaval of Christianity, as we now know it, can be prevented if the ministry and churches generally take the Raymond pledge and live it out." He paused as if he were waiting for his friend to say something, to ask some question. But Bruce did not know of the fire that was burning in the Bishop's heart over the very question that Maxwell and his friend had fought out.

"Now, in my church, for instance," continued the Bishop, "it would be rather a difficult matter, I fear, to find very many people who would take a pledge like that and live up to it. Martyrdom is a lost art with us. Our Christianity loves its ease and comfort too well to take up anything so rough and heavy as a cross. And yet what does following Jesus mean? What is it to walk in His steps?"

The Bishop was soliloquizing now, and it is doubtful if he thought for the moment of his friend's presence. For the first time there flashed into Dr. Bruce's mind a suspicion of the truth. What if the Bishop should throw the weight of his great influence on the side of the Raymond movement? He had the following of the most aristocratic, wealthy, fashionable people, not only in Chicago but in several large cities. What if the bishop should join this new discipleship!

The thought was about to be followed by the word. Dr. Bruce had reached out his hand and, with the familiarity of life-long friendship, had placed it on the Bishop's shoulder and was about to ask him a very important question, when they were both startled by the violent ringing of the bell. Mrs. Bruce had gone to the door and was talking with some one in the hall. There was a loud exclamation and then, as the Bishop rose and Dr. Bruce was stepping toward the curtain that hung before the entrance to the parlour, Mrs. Bruce pushed it aside. Her face was white and she was trembling.

"O Calvin! Such terrible news! Mr. Sterling—Oh, I cannot tell it! What a fearful blow to those two girls!"

"What is it!" Dr. Bruce advanced with the Bishop into the hall and confronted the messenger, a servant from the Sterlings. The man was without his hat and had evidently run over with the news, as the Doctor lived nearest of any friends of the family.

"Mr. Sterling shot himself, sir, a few minutes ago! He killed himself in his bedroom! Mrs. Sterling—"

"I will go right over. Edward," Dr. Bruce turned to the Bishop, "will you go with me? The Sterlings are old friends of yours."

The Bishop was very pale, but calm as always. He looked his friend in the face and answered, "Aye, Calvin, I will go with you, not only to this house of death, but also the whole way of human sin and sorrow, please God."

And even in that moment of horror at the unexpected news, Calvin Bruce understood what the Bishop had promised to do.

God is not dumb, that He should speak no more;
If thou hast wanderings in the wilderness
And find'st not Sinai, 'tis thy soul is poor.
—*Lowell.*

THE DEPTHS OF THE EARTH.

BY PROF. NATHANIEL S. SHALER.

The depths of the sea and the abyss of the sky alike appeal to fancy. The plummet sinks into the one and the eye ranges through the other so that we obtain some measure, however imperfect, of their immensities. It is otherwise with the spaces of the under-earth; that realm, because of its solidity, defeats the imagination. Although it affords an ampler field for speculation than any other except the illimitable depths of the heavens we do not often turn to it.

The deepest mine does not go down to the depth of a mile, and no well-boring extends farther toward the centre. In other words, we have by our arts penetrated hardly one-four-thousandth of the distance from the surface to the centre of the globe. What there is below is revealed to us not directly, but in a rather round-about way, by what we learn from ancient rocks which have been deeply buried in their time; by volcanoes; by earthquakes; and by the knowledge which astronomers have gained concerning the usual history of the celestial spheres, and the relations of such bodies to one another.

Those who would obtain an idea of the depth of the earth should begin the task by endeavouring to form some image of its shape and size. Even where we have the intellectual understanding of its roundness the instinctive impression is apt to remain to hinder our thinking. After a person has come to feel the earth as a sphere, the next point is to be able to picture it as hung in space, spinning around on the polar axis. It is easy enough to accept the statement that it does so, but to obtain so clear an idea of the fact that it stays in the mind is rather difficult.

To most persons the moon appears to be small; to few does it appear larger than a dinner-plate, and it generally seems to be flat. By often looking at the moon with the knowledge that it is about two thousand miles in diameter, we can in some degree come to realize its vastness. It requires the exercise of the imagination to do this, but by remembering that the smallest crater which we can see with the aid of an opera-glass is about ten miles in diameter, it can be done.

We can get rid of the false impression of the moon's flatness most easily by noting the orb when it is, as is often the case, in plain view in the daytime; it then is likely to appear in its true quality of a vast sphere floating in the space of the sky. It is worth while to seek this impression, which is one of indescribable grandeur.

Having so helped himself to the image of a globe, the observer will do well to imagine himself standing on the surface of the moon while the earth is in the heavens before him. The time should be in the dark of the moon, for then the side of the earth turned toward him would be in the full sunlight and thus brilliantly illuminated. This great orb, about four times the diameter of its satellite, would disclose, even to the unaided eye, all its greater features—its continents, seas, lakes, larger rivers and mountain ranges as it rolled around on its axis; all the great terrestrial panorama would pass in view in the course of twenty-four hours.

In considering the conditions of

the earth's interior we may well begin by noting that the mass is very heavy and evidently exceedingly compact. We know in a very accurate way by various tests that the sphere as a whole weighs about two and a half times as much as if it were composed of the most solid kinds of rock, such as granite. So,—unless the central parts are made up of heavier metals, such as iron, which there is no reason to believe,—we have to suppose that the mass is squeezed together by its own weight, and so is made heavy. This is the view which is safest to take; it agrees best with all else we know of the sphere.

Shallow as our deepest mines are as compared to the distance from the surface to the centre, they show us that even in their trifling depths the rocks exposed in the workings, except the very strongest, begin to crush or even to flow from the weight which is upon them. Thus, in many coal-mines the beds of shale which appear as tolerably hard rock are squeezed into the galleries so that the mass has often to be cut out.

At the depth of about five miles it is certain that all rocks are so weighed upon by the part of the earth which is above that a mine could not be kept open. We thus see that there can be no caverns in the deeper earth; it is doubtful, indeed, if at three miles beneath the surface there is a trace of a crevice or chamber which would be visible to the naked eye; thence to the centre it must be perfectly compact.

There is a common notion that water is limited to the earth's surface or to the shallower portion of the crust; but in the deepest mines the rocks contain much water, and in the lava which comes forth from volcanoes we find great quantities in the form of steam; in fact the quantity is so large and comes from such a depth that water must be regarded as an element in the structure of the earth to a great distance from the surface. How far down it extends is not known.

There are several ways in which water may have entered this sphere: It may have been built into the mass as it gathered to its present form from the vaporous or dust-like condition of the earth materials before they collected into the solid globe. In part the fluid creeps down through the small crevices of the rocks, impelled toward the centre by the great pressure which acts in this, as in any other long pipe. In perhaps larger part it finds its way into the interior by burial in the rocks as they are formed.

On the bottoms of seas and lakes there is constantly forming a deposit of sand, mud or gravel, usually mixed with the skeletons of animals or plants. As this deposit is laid down it is not compact; there are spaces between the bits which are filled with water. As other layers are formed on the top of that just noted, this buried water is sealed into the newly formed rock. In course of time such buried water may be covered to the depth of many miles below the surface.

By far the most interesting and important feature of the earth's interior is the great heat which exists there. It has long been known that the depths of the earth are very hot; this is shown by many springs which have a high temperature, often so high that their water comes forth in the form of steam; by volcanoes which pour forth melted rock, and by the baked and otherwise changed character of the beds which have been deeply buried and afterward exposed to view.

The only serviceable way we have to determine how fast the heat increases as we go downward

in the crust is by observing the temperature of the rocks which are penetrated in mining. This has been done at a great many places, and the result is that the increase as we go down from the surface is on an average of about one degree to each fifty feet of distance, or, say, one hundred degrees to the mile as we penetrate to the interior.

If this rate were continued to the centre, we should have a temperature of four hundred thousand degrees; it is not likely that any such intense heat exists there.

It is pretty certain that the heat of the inner earth came to it when the ancient dust or vapour of which it was made was gathered from the cloud-like to the fluid state—fluid by heat. For a time this mass was throughout glowing with heat, after the manner of the sun; but in time the outer part yielded up its caloric to the cold spaces of the sky, and became frozen. Under these conditions we should confidently expect that in going downward the amount of the increase would grow less for each mile in depth until, beyond a hundred or so miles, the gain in temperature would be very slow all the way to the centre.

The quantity of the earth's heat is a matter of great importance, for on the continuance of the outflow of the heat depends that shrinking of the sphere which uplifts the continents and the mountains, and so keeps the land from disappearing before the action of the rain and the waves which are ever wearing them away. If the heat should cease to go forth from the hot central parts of the globe, these agents of destruction would in time reduce its surface to the state of a universal ocean.

Long ago, when the evidence that the earth was excessively hot within was understood, it came to be generally believed that the greater part of the mass was molten; a thin crust, perhaps less than one hundred miles in thickness, floating as a frozen coating on a fiery sea. Of late, evidence has accumulated to show that the interior of the globe must be as rigid as ordinary hard rock, and may be as rigid as steel.

But how can the earth be solid when it is heated to a temperature which would melt any known substance? To this pertinent question it may be answered that the pressure on the depths of the earth is so great that the particles of matter are forced, despite their heat, into the rigid state. They cannot expand in the way earthy materials do in order to become fluid.

Our studies of the earth lead to the startling conclusion that if we could examine into the cubic foot of matter at the centre, we should find it at a temperature of many thousand degrees, yet of rock-like hardness. If we could by some means bring this mass suddenly to the surface, the restraining pressure withdrawn, it would, because of its excessively heated condition, fly into vapour with the energy of exploding gunpowder.—Youth's Companion.

QUID LEONE FORTIUS?

The night is full of darkness and doubt,
The stars are dim and the Hunters out;
The waves begin to wrestle and moan;
The Lion stands by his shore alone
And sends, to the bounds of Earth and Sea,
First low notes of the thunder to be.
Then east and west, through the vastness grim,
The whelps of the Lion answer him.

—*R J. Alexander.*

RHODA ROBERTS.

A WELSH MINING STORY.

BY HARRY LINDSAY.

Author of "Methodist Idylls," etc.

CHAPTER XXXII.—Continued.

FLIGHT.

For some few seconds the countryman stood gazing after the quickly flying figure of the horseman as if unable to understand the sudden departure, and wondering what had caused it.

But Stephen Grainger was in no humour for nicieties of etiquette, and at that moment he had far more serious things upon his mind. Clearly he saw that something unexpected (at least to him) had happened, and that some damaging discovery had been made of his life's secret. Else what was the meaning of the arrest of his friend the landlord of Trethyn Arms, of Detective Carlyle in disguise, of Edward Trethyn's sudden appearance —reappearing under the very nose, and probably enough under the patronage, of the detective? Whatever else it meant, he felt it meant danger to him, and his only course was in flight—flight, he tried to persuade himself, only for a few days, until these strange things had passed away.

By the time he had come to this decision he had arrived at the door of his own house. Stephen Grainger hastened into his house, barred and bolted the door behind him, and then sought his wife.

"I'm going away for a few days," he said tersely. "If I'm asked for, say I'll be back soon."

"Stephen," she said piteously, "tell me what has happened."

"Nothing has happened," he curtly replied, and was striding off towards his private room, but his wife quickly detained him.

"Oh, Stephen!" she cried, "something has happened, I can see that;" and she threw her arms round his neck, refusing to let him thus depart. "Won't you tell me? Won't you confide in your wife?"

"Don't you know the trouble?" he asked, vainly endeavoring to disentangle himself from his wife's embraces.

"What trouble?" she queried.

"You've surely heard of this morning's explosion in the big pit?"

"Yes, yes," she persisted, "but what else is there? The explosion cannot account for your going away so suddenly as this. The explosion would rather keep you here, one would think. Tell me all, Stephen; tell me all."

"All that I can now tell you," he replied sulkily, "is that I am going away on business."

"And leave me here alone?" she urged, rightly guessing that the word business implied a hidden meaning, a meaning which her husband plainly feared to reveal. "Oh, Stephen, surely you can trust me?"

"You can trust me," he said, "not to leave you alone for long. I shall make arrangements for you to follow me soon. I will write."

"Oh, Stephen, Stephen!" she cried, almost heart-broken now. "What is the meaning of all this mystery?"

"The fact is," he said, still shamelessly lying, "they're blaming me for the explosion."

"But it is false," she cried.

"Yes, false," he said, "but what's the good of endeavoring to appease angry and desperate men with saying it? They say that I have kept the pits so long idle that the explosion is the result of it."

"But the miners themselves struck work."

"True, but that fact does not weigh with them in the least, and I'm blamed. Therefore I'm going out of their reach; and I can't stay now to talk longer, but I'll arrange for you to join me in a few days."

She was only momentarily appeased, and the next moment she realized what he said was only meant to put her off.

Leaving his wife, however, in this dilemma, Stephen Grainger hastened into the little room where he was ac-

customed to do all his writing, and quickly opened all the drawers of his secretaire. From one little drawer he took out a small roll of bank-notes, but not more in value than fifty pounds. These he put into his letter-case, and placed it in his pocket. Next he began to sort his papers, many of which he threw in the firegrate, and then lighted them with a match. Several bundles of letters, however, in official-looking envelopes, he placed into a small portmanteau with the evident purpose of carrying them away with him. Soon every drawer and every pigeon-hole were empty, and then Stephen Grainger sat down at his desk with his open cheque-book before him—rather with Lady Trethyn's cheque-book before him, but the one he was entrusted with as agent of the estate.

"I must be careful not to excite suspicion," he said, "therefore I'll only draw a cheque out for £100, and when I get to London I can perhaps cash another there."

Hastily coming to this decision he wrote out a cheque for one hundred payable to "Self," and endorsed it on the back. Then he snapped the fastenings of his bag together, and quietly left the house—left it without another word to his wife, not even saying good-bye.

Very different was his manner now to what it had been an hour ago. Then he had galloped boldly through the town; now he went shrinking through the bye-streets, and by a circuitous route, until at length he reached the Trethyn Bank. Casting fugitive glances from side to side, and stealing unobserved into the bank, he quickly approached the counter and tendered his cheque. The manager of the bank, Mr. Mills, was out at that moment, but the only clerk kept, quite a young fellow, came forward and took up the agent's cheque. He read it leisurely, and with grave and solemn-looking face.

"For self?" he asked somewhat mechanically, and perhaps for want of something better to say.

"Yes, and as I am in a hurry, please look sharp."

"I'm afraid," said the clerk slowly, "you'll either have to call again or send."

"Why?" demanded Stephen Grainger.

"Because Mr. Mills is out just now," he replied, looking up at the clock as he spoke. "He may be back in half an hour's time. Can you call again?"

Never had Stephen Grainger been treated thus before at the bank, and this self-same clerk, who now refused to cash his cheque, had cashed for him scores and scores in times past. What was the meaning of it all?

"Pray, tell me," he demanded angrily, "why you can't cash it? Why should I have to wait here for Mr. Mills?"

"I have orders, sir," replied the clerk, "to cash no cheques over five pounds in value until Mr. Mills' return."

"What an extraordinary thing!" cried Stephen Grainger indignantly. "Is the bank in difficulties?"

"I don't think so, sir," smiled the clerk.

"You don't think so?"

"Well, as far as I know there are no such difficulties as you suggest."

"Then why these senseless, irritating orders?"

"I can't tell. In fact, I really don't know. All I do know is that those were my instructions, and I must carry them out."

At that juncture another gentleman entered the bank, one of the local tradesmen, and handed a cheque for twenty pounds, some odd shillings, to the clerk.

"Will you kindly endorse it?" said the clerk after reading it. The tradesman immediately did so, and without further parley the clerk counted out the amount of the cheque, and handed it to the tradesman.

"You said," cried Stephen Grainger, who had stood watching this transaction, "that you were under orders not to cash any cheques above five pounds. How is it then that you've cashed this one?"

For a few moments the clerk did not answer.

"Do you hear?" said Stephen Grainger; "I demand to know the reason of this sir."

"Perhaps you had better ask Mr. Mills, sir."

"No; you said you were under orders not to cash any cheque over five pounds in value, and what I want now to know is the reason you

cashed that gentleman's cheque. You can answer that without waiting for Mr. Mills."

"Do you really desire me to answer you, sir ?"

"Certainly, I do. I demand it."

"Well, then, I may tell you that I purposely deceived you——"

"You did !"

"I did. Out of respect for your feelings. My orders only referrred to cheques that you might present, and to no others."

Stephen Grainger stared stupidly at the clerk, who quietly observed him with a self-satisfied smile.

"You dare tell me this," cried Stephen Grainger, presently recovering himself.

"Well, you would have the truth, you know," replied the clerk complacently.

Fuming with rage the foiled agent turned on his heel to depart, muttering words of dark and sinister meaning, and vowing vengeance upon the bank clerk who had spoken so "discourtesly" to him. But as he went out he suddenly encountered Mr. Mills, who was at that moment returning to the bank.

"Look here, Mills," he said abruptly, "what is the meaning of these strange orders you have given to your clerk ? Not to cash my cheque. Why ?"

"His orders," replied Mr. Mills, nodding towards the clerk, and speaking in a wonderfully self-composed manner, "are also mine. Mr. Edward Trethyn called here yesterday and told us to make no further payments to you out of the Trethyn estate account."

"But——"

Mr. Mills held up his hand.

"I know what you are going to say," he continued, "but when I also tell you that Mr. Jeffries is now managing the estate until——"

"But I've had no intimation of this."

"Probably not."

"Why not ?"

"I can't say. All I know I've told you, and you must see that we have no alternative in refusing to cash your cheque."

"It is scandalous conduct," exclaimed the disappointed agent, "and very humiliating indeed to an old and faithful servant. But I will at once see Lady Trethyn about the matter."

On that proposition Mr. Mills did not feel called upon to make any further comment, and Stephen Grainger the next moment strode haughtily and angrily away.

Haughtily. But that was only his assumed manner before the bank manager, and very different indeed was his manner when he was well beyond observation. Then he was as one almost scared out of his senses, and stole along the streets with furtive glance, first to the right, then to the left, and then behind him, as if he were a pursued criminal. Nor did he carry out his bold proposition of at once seeing Lady Trethyn concerning the matter. Instead he made his way stealthily, through the back streets, and by a circuitous route towards the railway station, with the object of taking the first train to London to see Mr. Arthur Bourne Trethyn, and to acquaint him of all that had happened. But before he reached the Trethyn Station, Stephen Grainger somewhat altered his mind and changed his direction.

"Under present circumstances," he whispered to himself, "it will never do to expose myself to chance of being arrested, and goodness knows who may be awaiting by arrival at Trethyn Station. I think I will therefore go on to the next station ; it's only five miles away."

He was very footsore and tried long before he reached there, but he managed to book unobserved to Euston, and similarly to take his seat in the carriage. Soon he was speeding away to that mighty refuge of scores of other questionable characters such as he himself was, and as the train rattled along, his rapidly-following thoughts kept tireless measure to the beat and throb of the remorseless engine. What would Arthur Bourne Trethyn say ? How would he receive him ? How would the expectant heir meet the narration of his reverses ? What would come out of all this trouble and worry ?

Ah ! what could Stephen Grainger expect to come out of it ? There is an old Book which says, "As a man sows, so also must he reap," and Stephen Grainger had all through his life neglected that natural low of the moral as well as of the physical world, and now a great and terrible harvest was in store for him.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

CONFEDERATES.

Having arrived safely in London, Stephen Grainger at once hailed a hansom and drove to Arthur Bourne Trethyn's lodgings. Mr. Arthur Bourne Trethyn was not at home. Grainger, after depositing his portmanteau, sallied forth in search of the young gambler.

Arthur Bourne Trethyn's habits being so well known to Stephen Grainger, the first thing that gentleman did was to go the round of all the clubs. It was near midnight before he found him, and then it was only by the merest chance. He was passing underneath the Holborn Viaduct when he suddenly came upon two men standing in the dark shadows of the arch, and in the darkness he stumbled up against them. The mischance drew a fearful oath from one of the men, and instantly Stephen Grainger recognized the voice as Arthur Bourne Trethyn's.

"Arthur," he cried, "why, I've been looking for you half over London."

"Well, I'm blessed!" exclaimed that young gentleman, "It's you, is it? Well, you do amaze me. My friend, Mr. Brookes—Mr. Grainger, my agent at Trethyn."

"Much pleasure in making your acquaintance, Mr. Grainger," said Mr. Jabez Brookes. "I hope you're well, sir."

Mr. Stephen Grainger said something about being fairly well, but he made no show of pleasure at meeting Mr. Brookes. The fact was, Stephen Grainger at once recognized the name of Brookes as that of a well-known London book-maker, to whom more than once he had been obliged to forward sundry cheques on behalf of Mr. Arthur Bourne, and not until Mr. Brookes had bade them good-night did he broach the business that had brought him to London .

"You've seen the evening papers, I suppose?" he asked Arthur Bourne by way of a preliminary.

"Yes; I've the pink ones in my pocket now. I've lost a hundred sovereigns on Flitcher."

"Haven't you noticed anything startling in the papers?"

'Rather," answered Arthur Bourne; "Majesty isn't going to run. Supposed that some fellow or other has drugged her. I say, Steve, that's a dastardly act, you know, and the fellow should be flogged when he's caught. I had a 'pony' on her."

"What I refer to is Trethyn news. Haven't you noticed anything startling from Trethyn?"

"Not a word. To tell you the truth, Steve, old man, I never read anything in the papers but the sporting news."

"It's in all the papers," said Stephen Grainger.

"Well, what is it?"

"There's been a frightful explosion in the Big Pit."

"You don't mean it?"

"I do mean it," replied Stephen Grainger, solemnly; "and the worst of it is, I believe every man and boy in the mine have perished."

"Well, this is startling news! How did it happen? Who is to blame? Tell me all about it."

"Very well; let us walk a little slower, and then I will tell you all." Stephen Grainger then told Arthur Bourne Trethyn his version of the story of the explosion.

"How many men were in the mine?" asked Arthur Bourne.

"I really can't say exactly," replied Stephen Grainger; "but there would be nearly two hundred.

By this time they had arrived at Arthur Bourne's "diggings," and having let themselves in with a latch-key they were soon seated by the smouldering fire, and with decanter and glasses on the table beside them.

"But, Steve," said the young gambler, suddenly, "is it this explosion that has brought you to London? One would think that you would be specially needed there just now."

For a few moments Stephen Grainger was silent and thoughtful. How should he begin to tell the real object of his mission?

"I say, Steve, how's my aunt getting on? Any chance of her pegging out yet?"

"It'll never matter to you," said Stephen Grainger, "when she does."

"How's that?"

"Because—Edward Trethyn is not dead, but living."

"Not dead!" exclaimed Arthur Bourne, springing to his feet in amazement and gazing at his companion in consternation.

"Not dead," repeated Stpehen Grainger.

"But he was drowned in the Avon," persisted Arthur Bourne.

Stephen Grainger sadly shook his head.

"That's what you've always told me," said Arthur Bourne.

"And what I've always believed," replied Stephen Grainger, "but it is not true, for he's living now, and is this moment in Trethyn. It is this that has brought me to London, and if you will listen a moment I will tell you all I know about it."

Once more Stephen Grainger commenced his story, telling it, however, this time in a fearfully agitated manner.

"Well, I can't understand it," said Arthur Bourne presently; "it's a complete mystery to me."

"But I'm still the heir," said ger; "the key to it all is that Thomas, the butler, has played me false, and that now the situation has become really dangerous."

"But I'm still the heir," sair Arthur Bourne, after a little thought. "The will is in my favor. Edward Trethyn was disinherited, and his home-coming makes no difference to me."

Stephen Grainger looked at him in blank surprise.

"Are you mad?" he asked.

"Mad! Not I; I'm sane enough."

"You speak like a madman. Surely you would not venture to endeavor to establish a claim to Trethyn now?"

"Why not?"

"Do you ask? Surely you know you could never now have any chance of sustaining your claim. It was only while we thought Edward Trethyn dead that the thing could have been risked."

"I don't see that the risk is greater now than then," replied Arthur Bourne.

"Infinitely greater," said Stephen Grainger. "Before there was no one to contest your claim; now it will be thoroughly sifted to the bottom. Do you think Edward Trethyn would allow his father's patrimony to pass away from him without a struggle?"

"But the will—the will," urged Arthur Bourne.

"It isn't worth the paper it is written on for your purpose."

"Then why did you send for me to come from abroad? I was doing well enough out there, and now to be told that my chances are all gone of getting the Trethyn estate—well, to say the least, it's rather galling. Have you been deceiving me all these years?"

"Come, Arthur, you must be reasonable, you know. What were the terms of my letter?"

"You said that the Trethyn estate was at last willed to me, after years of patient scheming on your part. You——"

"Hush; don't use the word scheming. It's an ugly word, you know. And, whatever you do, don't raise your voice so loud. The very walls may have long ears, you know."

"Well, ar'n't I right?"

"These were the terms of my letter," said Stephen Grainger; "I will read them to you, I've got them in my portmanteau," opening it and drawing forth a large sealed envelope from one packet of letetrs. "I've kept a copy of that letter by me for years, sealed as you see. From the day I sent you the duplicate of this, this envelope has never been broken open."

As he spoke Stephen Grainger broke open the seal, and spread out the letter on his knees.

"Here it is," he said. "Listen:

"Trethyn Lodge.

"Dear Arthur,—At last! You will at once guess all that those words imply; and the details by which I have arrived at these words need not now be written here. Sufficient to tell you not that my innuendoes, carefully-dropped words of suspicion as to Edward Trethyn's conduct (especially as towards the collier's daughter, Rhoda Roberts) and many other little circumstances too numerous to mention, have at last so worked upon the Squire that he has altered his will, naming you his heir; that is, naming your future personality as his heir; and hence you will see the reason of my addressing you in this letter with your new name. From henceforth there will remain only one difficulty in the way of our plans, and that (E. T. himself) seems at present almost insuperable to me, but everything comes to him that waits, so doubtless something will turn up in time to shift him from our plane of operations. However, you had better now come to London, where I could see you and consult you often, and there wait the turn of events.—Yours sincerely,

"STEPHEN GRAINGER."

"P.S.—You must not forget, if you write, to address me as per above.—S. G."

"Now, that's the letter."

"And it doesn't alter what I said one iota."

"P'r'aps not, but it brings the agreement back to our minds. You see now that I told you even then that Edward Trethyn was the great difficulty in the way of the accomplishment of our plans. And so he is now. Believe me, Arthur, you haven't a ghost of a chance now."

"Am I not a Trethyn ?"

"In one sense you are ; in another you are not. You are not Mortimer Trethyn's (the squire's brother's) son, though you are the child of Mortimer Trethyn's wife."

"But still I'm a Trethyn. My mother was the wife of a Trethyn, and her name therefore was Trethyn."

"There's no use talking like that. You are the child of her second husband, and you are not the real Arthur Bourne Trethyn. True, you've always borne the surname, borne it from your birth through a little pardonable pride on your mother's part, but you are not the one designated in Squire Trethyn's will as the heir."

"But who knows that here ?"

"I tell you, Arthur, the matter would be thoroughly investigated if you were now to put in a claim. Before, no one had any interest in contesting it ; but with Edward Trethyn now living the thing has assumed quite a different aspect."

"Then what do you advise me to do ?"

"To start back to Australia with me, and leave them to it."

"Never," exclaimed the young man; "I like London too well for that. But really," he said, hesitatingly, p'r'aps it'll be best under the circumstances ; indeed, I think I must. At all events I'll have to clear out from here."

Stephen Grainger looked at him inquiringly.

"The fact is," said Arthur Bourne, drawing his chair closer to his companion's, "I've mortgaged the estate."

Stephen Grainger stared, and grew terribly agitated at the words.

"I had to do it," continued the young man ; "I was in tremendous difficulties, and I couldn't see any way out of it otherwise."

"But you faithfully promised me not to do so," said Stephen Grainger, "and you will remember that I drew you out a cheque in Lady Trethyn's name to prevent you doing so."

"I know, but when Cripps came—"

"Cripps ! Was that the man you referred to when I was here ?"

Arthur Bourne nodded assent.

"Why, I'm amazed ! He's one of the 'cutest fellows in London in the money-lending line, and I couldn't have conceived it possible for him to run so great a risk."

"But it is as I tell you—practically, there's no risk, for no one knows that I am not the real Arthur Bourne Trethyn, and therefore——"

"Therefore," interrupted Stephen Grainger, "he's burnt his fingers. I'm not the least sorry for him, but he puts you into a serious difficulty."

"And that's why," replied Arthur Bourne, "I think I shall take your advice and bolt."

"How much did you mortgage the estate for ?"

"Twenty thousand pounds."

"Whew !" cried Stephen Grainger. "And he was to inherit instead of you ?"

"Yes."

"And had you first made provision for my annuity ?"

"What annuity ?"

"You promised me a splendid annuity when I was last here."

"What if I did ? You couldn't claim it now."

"No, but your neglect to make it shows what little consideration you had for me. You mortgaged away the whole estate and you leave me penniless. But didn't I tell you that the estate was worth much more than £20,000 ?"

"It was all I could get from him."

"Then you've actually received the money ?"

"Not all of it—a portion only."

"What portion ?"

"A fourth of it."

"Five thousand pounds ?"

"Yes ; that is, I've given Cripps a receipt for £5,000."

"What do you mean ?"

"Well, I owed him a trifle, and he gave me the difference between my debt to him, and the £5,000."

"Just what I told you," smiled Stephen Grainger in a sickly manner. "He's a 'cute fellow, and knows how to finger the money. But why didn't he pay you the whole ?"

"The agreement was that it should

be paid in instalments, though he has not kept to the amount agreed upon."

"Certainly not," said Stephen Grainger, "and had you known the man as well as I do you would never have expected him to do so. He's a born financier."

Arthur Bourne Trethyn opened his eyes widely at this remark.

"He's a born cheat more likely," he said.

Stephen Grainger smiled.

"Exactly; but Cripps would doubtless much prefer my more charitable way of putting it. But how much money have you now?"

"None. I'm cleaned out. I was just booking a few bets with Brookes when you met us to-night. I paid him my last sovereign."

Stephen Grainger stared at him incredulously.

"It's a fact," said Arthur Bourne.

"And how are you going to manage to-morrow?"

"Well, I was going to Cripps again for another instalment of the mortgage, but you'll have to help me now."

"That I can't do," said Stephen Grainger. "I've only a few pounds in the world, and I'll have to economise for the present."

Just then the clocks of the city struck the hour of three, Big Ben booming out loudly over the others.

"That's three o'clock," said Stephen Grainger; "I propose we go to bed now, and discuss our plans after we've had some sleep."

"I shall not go to bed," said Arthur Bourne, "I shall just stretch my legs in this chair; you can lie on that couch if you like."

"Very well."

Only a few moments sufficed for Arthur Bourne to "catch" his sleep. Not so his companion. Until daylight Stephen Grainger lay sleepless and tossing on the couch. He himself was in personal danger, and at any moment might be arrested, for, well he knew, that Mr. Detective Carlyle would not let the grass grow under his feet, and perhaps even now was on his track.

And such indeed was the fact. After satisfying himself that the agent was of no service at the mine, and then discovering that he had mysteriously left the scene of the explosion, Mr. Carlyle had drawn his men aside and whispered to them to make the arrest.

"But he is gone," said Constable Churchill.

"Only from this spot," replied the detective; "you will doubtless find him in the general offices. Come, I will go with you."

But Stephen Grainger was not in the general offices, and Detective Carlyle at once became alarmed.

"Surely the bird hasn't flown?" he said. "Quick! let us scour the town."

Hastily the three officers ran down the hill, unconsciously taking the very same road which Stephen Grainger had taken. As they passed the stables the solitary ostler was standing at the door.

"What be up?" he asked, observing the haste the officers were in.

"Has Mr. Grainger passed this way?" said the detective.

"Yea, he be gone from here more'n half an hour ago."

"Which way did he go?"

"Yon," pointing in the direction of Netton.

"Towards Netton?"

"Yea."

"Was he on horseback?"

"He were," replied the man; "he borrowed the grey mare from the stable here, although I told him as how it were no kind of animal for a gen'l'man to ride upon. But as he said at such times as these one mustn't be pertickler, and so I saddled him the grey mare."

"This means flight," said Detective Carlyle, whispering to his officers. "He's plainly suspected our move, and has taken himself off. What a fool I was not to arrest him at once. However, we must at once get on his track. You, Churchill, shall take a horse from these stables and follow him to Netton, and you," speaking to the other constable, "will hasten to Trethyn railway station and intercept him there should he attempt to get away by train. Let me see, the next train doesn't leave Trethyn for an hour and a half yet, and he couldn't possibly have caught the earlier one, for he was at the pit's brow when it went out. I will go over to his house, and will meet you at the station in half an hour's time. And you, Churchill, wire to the superintendent at once

if you hear anything of him. Now, then, you understand ?"

"Yes."

"Ostler ! have you a good horse you can spare ?"

The man shook his head. "Stephen Grainger took away the only one that could go it."

"But, surely, you've some kind of a trotter amongst the eight or nine horses now in the stables ?"

"They're all cart horses, as you can see for yourself if you will take the trouble to look."

"Whatever are we to do ? Hello ! here's the superintendent. Look how he's running. Something's up, else he would not race like that. Let's hasten to meet him. P'r'aps he's boned our gentleman for us."

"Stephen Grainger's off !" breathlessly exclaimed the superintendent as he approached. "As I was coming along Mills, of the bank, overtook me and told me that the agent had been to the bank to cash a cheque, and that he carried a portmanteau with him."

"How long ago is it since you heard this, Mr. James ?"

"Five minutes ago, and I at once set out to meet you. Now, what are we to do ?"

"Our action is plain. We must go to the railway station at once. Come along."

Quickly followed by the two constables, Mr. Detective Carlyle made his way to Trethyn Station, and waited an hour there in the secrecy of the station-master's room, who every minute was on the alert for the coming of Grainger.

"It wants half an hour to the time yet," said the detective, "but I would have judged that he would have arrived here earlier than this."

Suddenly the station-master came from the platform into his private room again, and closed the door behind him.

"He's come at last !" cried the detective.

The station-master shook his head. "No, nor is he going to come here. He's gone on to Avonlwyd."

For a few moments the officers of the law stood astounded. They had made certain of capturing their man at Trethyn, and it had never occurred to them that he might craftily escape them in such a simple way as this.

"Ill-luck seems to dodge all our endeavours with this fellow."

"And it's too late to pursue him now," said Constable Churchill.

"But it's not too late to intercept him," exclaimed the detective. "We must wire."

"That's just what you can't do," said the station-master.

"Why ?"

"Because the telegraph wires have been cut, and there's no communication possible with the outer world until they're repaired."

This indeed was news, and the officers exchanged both surprise and suspicious glances.

"Who has cut them ?" demanded Detective Carlyle.

Again the station-master shook his head.

"We don't know. We don't even know where they are cut. We've only just made the discovery. But can't you guess ?"

"Guess ? You suspect Stephen Grainger, then ?"

"In view of your pursuit of him, I do suspect him, most assuredly. What other person could have any motive in doing it ?"

At that moment the train arrived, and the station-master had to go out on to the platform again. Mr. Detective Carlyle and his officers took advantage of the commotion to steal away unobserved. They had been outwitted.

"I will follow him to London," said Carlyle to his officers, as he went along.

"To London ?" said Constable Churchill.

"Yes, that's where he's gone, I'm certain of it," answered the detective ; "and I know where he is likely to make for."

"Indeed ?"

"Yes," he said, "I know. He's been hand in glove with the young fellow who has been calling himself heir of Trethyn."

"Mr. Arthur Bourne Trethyn ?" asked Constable Nelson in surprise.

"Yes !"

"And isn't he the heir ?"

"He thinks he is. But you saw that Edward Trethyn had returned. Didn't you see him at the pit ?"

"Yes ; but he was disinherited."

"That's a point yet to be inquired into," said Detective Carlyle, sig-

nificantly; "but we shall see—we shall see."

The next train to London was the midnight mail, and Detective Carlyle spent the interval of waiting in calling upon Mrs. Grainger and making inquiries respecting her husband.

"All I know," she persisted, "is that he's gone away on business. As to the nature of it, I know nothing."

"He took a portmanteau with him?"

"I don't even know that. He went away without a word of good-bye to me, and I didn't see him depart."

The poor woman was crying bitterly, and it required all the detective's tact to induce her to tell him this much.

"I have a warrant here," presenting it, "to seize all his papers—that is, those relating to the Trethyn estate—so p'r'aps you won't object to my stepping inside?"

How could she object in the face of the warrant? And if she could, she had no heart to resist the detective's intrusion. Poor thing, she was scared almost out of her life, and consequently allowed the detective to pass into the house without a word of protest.

"Hello! What have we here?" cried the detective, on entering into the room which Stephen Grainger had left earlier in the morning. The secretaire was open, the drawers were all empty, a litter of things covered the floor, and the room showed evident signs on all sides that Stephen Grainger had circumscribed his flight with security, at all events as far as any damaging papers were concerned. Detective Carlyle was amazed, and stood in the middle of the room nonplussed. Presently his eyes fell upon the firegrate, and he poked the ashes with his stick. As frequently happens when a heap of papers are placed upon the fire, they were not burnt through, and the detective was able to rescue one partially burnt paper from the black embers. This he took to the window, and read it (as much of it as he could) carefully. A grim satisfaction overspread his countenance as he read it, and then he as carefully folded it together and placed it in his pocket-book. A few moments afterwards he took his departure from Trethyn Lodge.

By the night mail Detective Carlyle went to London. He did not, however, start from the Trethyn Station, but rode over to Avonlwyd and booked from there. His object in doing this was to question the station people at Avonlwyd as to whether or not they had booked Stephen Grainger that day as a passenger to London. No one, however, knew, and all he could ascertain was that only one ticket for London had that day been issued, and that that ticket was issued to a gentleman.

The news in no way, however, discouraged the detective, and he accordingly took his seat in the train with a ticket in his pocket for Euston.

NOT FORSAKEN.

BY AMY PARKINSON.

Thou shalt cry, and He shall say, Here I am.—Isa. lviii. 9.

Here I am, close bending o'er thee;
None beside was e'er so near;
Speak but in thy weakest whisper—
Every word will reach My ear.

Yes, I see that thou art weary:
Lean thy head against My breast;—
I will give thee now a foretaste
Of the future's endless rest.

No, not here thou comprehendest
Why I let thee suffer so,
When I love thee; but hereafter
'Twill be granted thee to know,—

And amid the joys supernal,
Which thou soon with Me shalt share,
Thou wilt praise Me for each sorrow
That it now is thine to bear.

Oh, be patient. Do not murmur.
Tell Me all thy troubles, though;—
Antepasts of heaven's own comfort
E'en on earth I can bestow.

Here I am: My arms are round thee.
Child, I ne'er have left thy side—
And will never leave, but bring thee
With Myself for aye to abide.

AGGRESSIVE METHODISM—THE FORWARD MOVEMENT.

The strategic points for the conquest of the world for Christ are the cities. More and more the population of the country has been focused in these centres. Here the mighty forces for good and for ill have their supreme conflict. The progress of religion in the cities has not kept pace with their progress in population and wealth. Indeed, it has relatively fallen far behind. The Sunday newspaper, the Sunday saloons, the Sunday cars, the Sunday theatres, and the large foreign population in the great cities of the United States have made the battle of the churches all the more strenuous, yet all the more necessary.

It is felt that a more aggressive warfare must be waged if these cities are to be conquered for Christ. Methodism in Great Britain has awakened to the importance of this fact. The Forward Movement under Price Hughes, Bowman Stephenson and others has already done much and gives promise of doing much more. In London, Leeds, Manchester, Birmingham, and elsewhere aggressive and institutional churches have seized upon the very strategic points of these cities. In New York, perhaps more than anywhere else in the world, is such a forward movement needed. We quote as follows from the anniversary report of the Metropolitan Temple in that city :

"The second city in the world, the first in this hemisphere, it affords difficulties and and opportunities in equal measure, and of a character peculiar to itself. Some of its most congested blocks contain 3,000 souls, speaking thirty-eight different languages and dialects. Four-fifths of its inhabitants are foreign born or born of foreign parentage. Every eighth person you meet is a Jew. Men of all nationalities throng its streets and the confluent stream of Eastern and Western life mingles in this cosmopolitan centre as it has not done elsewhere since the days of ancient Rome.

"Not as armies flushed with triumph over a conquered territory, but as beleaguered fortresses manned by a few heroical defenders do our Methodist Churches operate here to-day. A great incoming of purely material achievement, and an immense immigrant population have found us insufficient and unprepared in temper and organized ability to deal with them to the highest advantages of righteousness.

"These causes, and others beside them, have separated the majority of New York's artisans and professional men from the Church of God. When not controlled by the Roman Church, they are largely alienated altogether. The tone of resistance to the church among workingmen is increased by their sullen conviction that she has no message for three-fourths of their daily life. We need not return railing for railing, rather let us in the spirit of loving persuasiveness and instruction correct their deflected vision. For not among workingmen, nor the immigrants, do we find the greatest difficulty. They are quick to appreciate the majesty of the Christ and the authority of His Gospel. His power to ease their pain and free them from the bitter masteries of sordid vice is in daily manifestation among us. And when we consider them, scattered in multitudes over this metropolis, enduring (often with rare patience and fidelity) the life that now is in its scantiest, saddest and most impoverished form, we can only hope to win them by tenderly repeating the words of their Elder Brother, 'Come unto Me, all ye that labour and I will give you rest.'

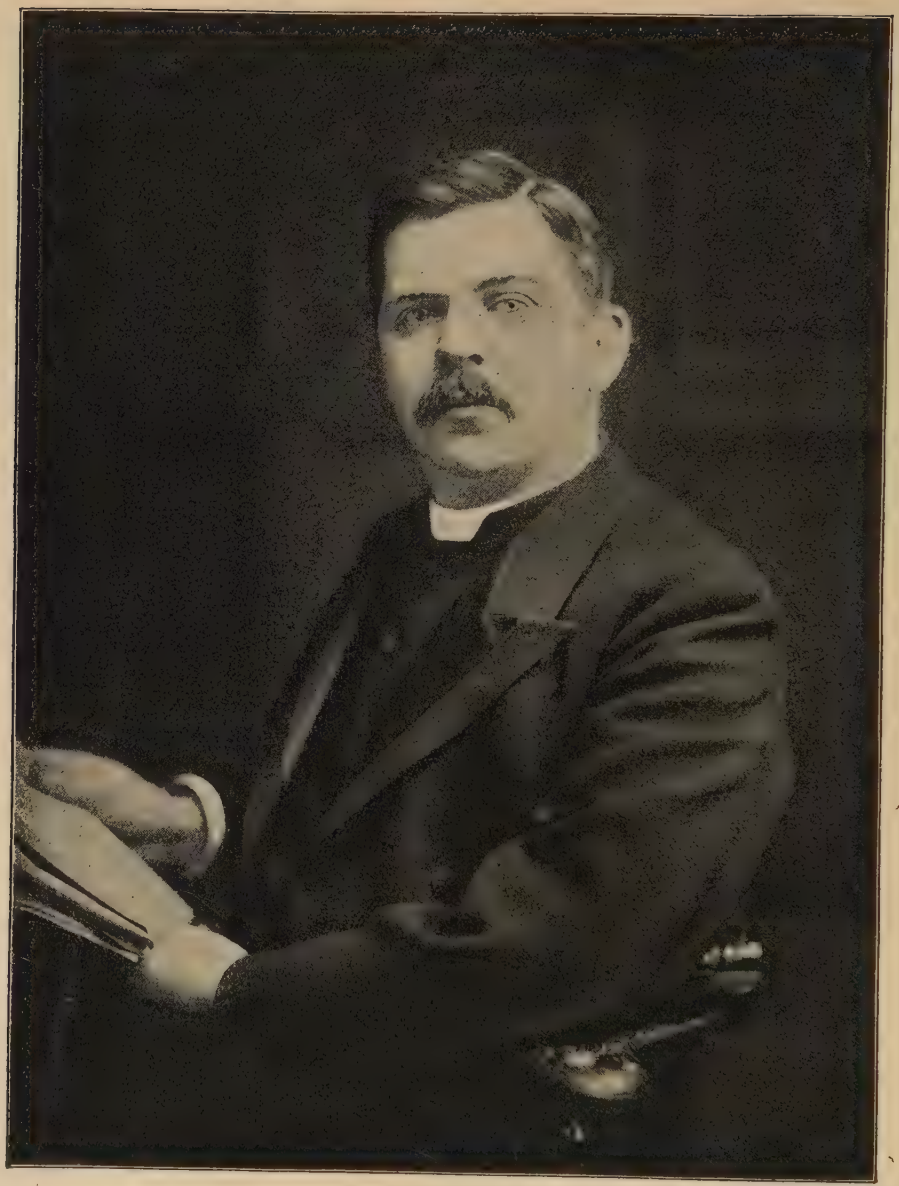
"Thank God! the Church in New York City was never so possessed with the spirit of her Lord as she is now and here. In all churches alike, up-town and down-town, there is an awakening, an eagerness, a disposition toward deeper life in God and more complete service for man, which are full of rich promise."

The Forward Movement in New York has undertaken to meet this pressing problem of the times. When the saloons and theatres are ablaze with light every night it will not do for the churches to be closed. The workers of the Metropolitan Temple recognize this, and on one of the busiest streets of lower New York—at the corner of 14th Street and 7th Avenue—an institutional church offers a hearty service and warm welcome to the passer-by every day of the year.

Three or four years ago this was a down-town church, which seemed to be overwhelmed with the tide of worldliness around it. In three years of aggressive work it has become one of the greatest powers for good and for God in that city. From its last report we glean some striking items :

During the year 1897 there were held 2,007 services, with a total attendance of not less than 350,000 souls. In two years about 800 persons have been received into church membership, and new members have been received on every Lord's Day.

The white front of the Temple, looming up at night, and bright with the two



REV. S. PARKES CADMAN,
Pastor of the Metropolitan Temple, New York.

great electric lights, attracts many within. The doors are generous in width, easy to open, and reveal a tempting interior of warmth and dignity combined. The inscriptions upon the pillars of the vestibules bid the stranger enter and rest and worship.

It is very difficult for a stranger to enter and leave the Temple without being accosted by one of the cordon of workers maintained at the doors. This organized band wins adherents to Christianity in almost every service where they are present. The week evening services are specifically intended to win non-church-goers.

On Monday night questions of public interest and morality, or problems in modern life, which affect individual character and the well-being of the community, are freely canvassed. It is a goodly sight to look into the earnest faces of these men, chiefly lawyers, physicians, businessmen and artisans. The council generally ends with an earnest appeal to all present to follow their Great Teacher, the Christ.

On Tuesday night an attractive lecture course is maintained by the pastor and able specialists. On Wednesday night a large number of classes meet at 7.30—there are sixteen in all—an hour before the prayer-meeting. This service 500 persons attend every week. On Thursday night there is an earnest evangelistic service. Friday night is question night, when the pastor answers written questions of the people, chiefly those referring to the future life and personal religion. On Saturday night a high-class concert is held, which has been attended by 60,000 persons during the year. The character of the music always befits the house of God, and free contributions to the amount af $1,500 have been received. There has been a persistent setting forth of the Lord Christ as the personal Saviour of all who believe, and five distinctly evangelistic services a week offer men the opportunity of seeking Him. By enlisting the voluntary worker, a thousand calls a week can be made at any time. The members are assigned to active duty; when unemployed they are liable to back-slide. No matter how small the task it is treated as an honourable obligation upon their part, and they are asked to labour as those who must give an account.

The Rev. R. P. Bowles, B.D., writing of this movement, says :

"Perhaps the most striking feature in the working of this church is that its doors are always open, and every night service of some kind is held. The order of service on Sunday is peculiar to this church. A choir of over one hundred voices, composed of scholars from the Sunday-school, uniformed in black gowns, begin with a processional, entering two by two from the rear of the church. (I would say let no one condemn this who has not seen and felt its effect on the service.)

"The choir is selected from the ranks of the Sunday-school and the congregation, and they deem it an honour to be permitted to enter this popular organization. Two girls walk from a distance of five miles that they may be present at the call of duty."

The vested choir and processional singing are apt to excite prejudice as savouring of ritualism, but it is defended on the ground that while some of its members belong to wealthy families, others are poor, and that this neat and seemly vestment enables the rich and poor to meet together on a common level and in a common garb. It gives an *esprit de corps* and a moral earnestness to the service which it would not otherwise possess.

We have mentioned only part of the many organizations of this church which seeks to carry out the maxim, "All at it, and always at it." There is a brotherhood of Andrew and Philip with the motto, "For God and the Kingdom." These are the minute men of the Temple. They supply it with its ushers, choristers, and young men who are leaders in every department of the church. There is a great Sunday School organized in three divisions under competent superintendents and teachers. There is a reading room with 600 volumes of the best literature, as well as religious and secular papers and magazines, open every night save Wednesday and Sunday. There is a sewing school and junior Epworth League of nearly a hundred boys and girls, who are taught to sing and sew. There is a millinery and dressmaking class.

"A perplexing problem in the life of a working girl in this city is how to dress tastefully and well upon small earnings. Many a poor creature has started downward through a desire for dress which could not be legitimately obtained. And a slovenly, badly dressed girl is shamed into non-attendance at church, the beginning of worse happenings to come. These young ladies work in stores, factories and shops, are confined for many hours, and seemingly debarred from any self help in this direction so dear to a woman's heart."

There is a Happiness Circle of Kings Sons and Daughters, a literary department, a social club, Chautauqua Circle, and theological class. There is a bureau of help which finds employment for the out-of-works, seeks those who have gone astray, and gives tempoaary aid to deserving poor. There are several benevolent societies, Ladies' Aid, Woman's Missionary Society, King's Daughter Chapter, with its Fidelity Circle, the Whatsoever Circle, the Happiness Circle, the Pastor's Circle, the Flower Circle, the Choir Circle, the Deaconess Aid Society. There is a Frœbel Institute and Kindergarten, in which English, French and German teachers are employed.

It will thus be seen what a humming

hive of religious activity the Metropolitan Temple is. It is now enlarging its scope to co-operate with three neighboring churches having eighteen hundred members and four ministers.

The heart and soul of this forward movement is the Rev. S. Parkes Cadman, well known in Canada from his visits to Montreal and Toronto. Mr. Cadman is the son of an English Wesleyan minister, and was himself trained at the Richmond Wesleyan Theological College. He is a man of immense energy and consecrated zeal. For so young a man—he is little over thirty years—he is a marvel of cultured eloquence, all the more remarkable because, like some of the grandest preachers Methodism has ever known, for some years he earned his living by the labour of his hands.

We are not sure that a course of manual training, such as the wise Hebrews, and as some of the royal houses of Europe demand for their children, would not be the very best kind of training for our theological students to learn to work—to work hard is the best qualification for success that any man can have.

Mr. Cadman throws himself with energy into every department of this aggressive Methodism. His preaching rings with a fearless denunciation of sin and charms and fascinates with a presentation of the excellence of religion and the beauty of holiness.

There is a lesson for us in Canada from this forward movement of our English and American friends. We may not have the pressing problems of New York or London, but we have need for aggressive Christian work. Our splendid churches in Montreal and Toronto are admirably adapted for such work. They are both, in a sense, down-town churches. They are surrounded by a dense population, many of whom neglect God's day and house. They have earnest pastors and preachers and splendid choirs and musical directors.

We believe that these churches should be open every day and every night of the year with a bright attractive service that shall minister to the salvation of all who attend. The great Sunday congregations that fill these churches furnish grand material for evangelistic effort.

But the pastors alone can no more carry on an aggressive campaign against a tide of worldliness than can a single officer capture a fortress unless backed by valiant soldiers. Our leagues and schools and class leaders form a splendid nucleus for such a band of workers, and are already doing much in this line.

These churches, and others too, should be open all day and every day all the year round. Many hundreds of young people in city boarding houses have no place for retirement, for meditation, or for prayer. Roman Catholic churches are always and everywhere open for this purpose. A Protestant church caretaker was asked if any person came in to pray. "I catched one of them at it, but he won't do it again," he said. Let this not be the attitude of the church to those who wish to breathe its religious atmosphere and hold communion with God.

These churches represent a large investment of money—too great to be used only for a few hours in the week. They should be well lighted within and without, and the approaches made conspicuous, and a hearty invitation should be extended to all to come. A warm supporter of the Metropolitan said that there ought to be a wide path from the front of the church to the Queen Street gates, which should be kept open, though they are now always locked, except for a wedding or a funeral. The people should be made to feel that it is God's house, open to all of God's children, where a warm welcome from deaconess or lay brother awaits all who will enter its doors.

Of course this means the expenditure of money and thought and toil, but that is what churches are for, and we believe that even in a financial sense, to say nothing of the harvest of souls, it would abundantly pay for all the effort expended.

A PRAYER FOR PEACE.

Be not afraid to pray; to pray is right.
Pray, if thou canst, with hope; but ever pray,
Though hope be weak or sick with long delay;
Pray in the darkness, if there be no light.

Far is the time, remote from human sight,
When war and discord on the earth shall cease;
Yet every prayer for universal peace
Avails the blessed time to expedite.

MASSACRE OF MISSIONARIES AT SIERRA LEONE.

One of the saddest aspects of mission work is the occasional outbreaks of barbarism among savage races who have been partially brought under the influence of the Gospel. An instance of this is the recent brutal murder by the natives of Sierra Leone of several American United Brethren missionaries. Sierra Leone is an important coaling station, half-way between England and the Cape. The harbour is large and safe for ships of every tonnage. The works of defence are in active progress protecting the place.

SIERRA LEONE.

The British settlements on the west coast of Africa date from 1672, when the British African Company was first formed. The British protectorate is estimated to extend over 3,000 square miles. Freetown, the capital, is built on a peninsula about eighteen miles long. The town is backed by mountains of considerable elevation, richly wooded and beautiful in outline. The houses are of wood and the

roadways are unpaved. The population is 37,000.

At Sierra Leone, the Church of England is strongly supported by the Church Missionary Society. It has a large body of adherents and is the see of a bishop. It has a college, affiliated to the Durham University, which has turned out coloured students of distinguished ability. Mr. Blyden, author of "Christianity, Islam and the Negro Race," is a distinguished leader of the higher culture among the negro race.

The capabilities of the coloured races are nowhere seen to greater advantage than at Sierra Leone. They supply the official staff of the Government. A coloured barrister of marked ability is the leader of the bar, and makes a professional income of £3,000 a year. The trade of Sierra Leone, in common with that of the Gold Coast generally, consists mainly in the exportation of the palm kernel, from which an oil much used in the manufacture of soap and candles is extracted.

About four months ago, says the *Outlook*, the natives became not unnaturally restive under the imposition of what is known as the "hut tax." This had been imposed by the British Governor, Sir Frederick Cardew, who had thereby become so unpopular, so it is said, as to be hissed whenever he appeared in public. One English missionary has been murdered, and the natives refused to sell food at any price to the missionaries, believing them also at fault. They looked upon the Americans as enemies as well; in fact, they fancied all white people in some way responsible for the infliction of the obnoxious ordinance. Then came the awful onslaught on the United Brethren missionaries. Five of them were slaughtered; five succeeded in making their escape, enduring perilous adventures and privations before reaching Freetown; and one, an unmarried woman, who happened to be alone in a mission house, was rescued by a boat's crew from a British warship just in time to prevent her from being massacred. The infuriated natives, besmeared with the blood of their earlier victims, had already surrounded the mission when the soldiers arrived on the scene. The part of Sierra Leone where these occurrences took place was the home of cannibalism as late as 1870. This latent savagery as a foundation, the rum introduced by unscrupulous traders as a constant inciter to brutality, and, lastly, an injudicious ordinance, have induced a carnival of blood which must excite horror everywhere.

Certain powerful native secret societies, with which all West Africa is honeycombed, agreed upon a joint rising on May 1st, with the object of killing every white person, and every black English-speaking person in the protectorate, and plundering their goods.

It is stated that several missionaries fell upon their knees in prayer, though not to the fiends surrounding them. It is alleged that at one point a chief's son, who for fifteen years had been in training under this very mission, was the foremost leader in the murders, and took an active part in all the atrocities which were committed. When the natives had vented their rage upon their defenceless victims, they burnt their dead bodies. The gunboat *Fox*, it appears, succeeded in rescuing eighty persons, including twenty-five from Mansh.

VICTORIA.

BY AMY PARKINSON.

Sovereign revered; Queen, in thy subjects' hearts
So steadfastly enthroned; true, tender friend,
With gentlest sympathy who oft dost bend
The couch of pain above, whose quick tear starts
—Sure as from loosèd string the arrow darts—
At sorrow's tale; thou in whose Person blend
All courtliest kindnesses:—On thee descend
(Frail though the lips from which the fond prayer parts,
It yet will reach to heaven), more and still more,
His gifts of grace, Who hath, in blessing thee,
Thy people blessed. And, when the time is o'er
For which thou wear'st this transient sovereignty,
Bright be the diadem by Hand Divine
Placed on thy brow, there evermore to shine!

LOWELL ON WAR.

James Russell Lowell, America's greatest humorist, as well as one of her noblest poets, moralists and diplomats, strongly expressed his abhorrence of war in the following lines :

" Ez fer war, I call it murder,—
There you have it plain an' flat ;
I don't want to go no furder
Than my Testyment fer that ;
God hez sed so plump an' fairly,
It's ez long ez it is broad. . . .

" 'Taint your eppyletts an' feathers
Make the thing a grain more right ;
'Taint afollerin' your bell-wethers
Will excuse ye in His sight ;
Ef you take a sword and dror it,
An' go stick a feller thru,
Guv'ment ain't to answer fer it,
God'll send the bill to you.

" Wut's the use o' meetin'-goin'
Every Sabbath, wet or dry,
Ef it's right to go amowin'
Feller-men like oats an' rye ?
I dunno but wut it's pooty
Trainin' round in bobtail coats,
But it 's curus Christian dooty
This 'ere cuttin' folks's throats. . .

" I'll re urn ye good fer evil,
Much ez we frail mortils can,
But I wun't go help the Devil
Makin' man the cus o' man ;
Call me coward, call me traiter,
Jest ez suits your mean idees,—
Here I stand, a tyrant-hater
An' the friend o' God an' Peace !"

With scathing satire he puts in the mouth of Birdofredom Sawin the following words concerning the Mexicans :

" Afore I come away from hum I hed a strong persuasion
That Mexicans worn't human bein's—an ourang outang nation,
A sort o' folks a chap could kill an' never dream on 't arter.

" Our nation's bigger 'n theirn, an' so it's rights air bigger,
Ninepunce a day fer killin' folks comes kind o' low fer murder. . . .

" There's sutthin' gits into my throat that makes it hard to swaller.
It comes so nateral to think about a hempen collar ;
It's glory—but, in spite o' all my tryin' to git callous,
I feel a kind o' in a cart, aridin to the gallus."

The following poem of Lowell's was a great favourite with President Lincoln :

" We were gittin' on nicely up here to our village,
With good old idees o' wut's right an' wut ain't,
We kind o' thought Christ went agin war an' pillage,
An' that eppyletts worn't the best mark of a saint ;
But John P.
Robinson, he
Sez this kind o' thing 's an exploded idee.

" Parson Wilbur sez he never heerd in his life
Thet th' Apostles rigged out in their swaller-tail coats
An' marched round in front of a drum an' fife,
To get some on 'em office, an' some on em votes ;
But John P.
Robinson, he
Sez they didn't know everythin' down in Judee."

Lowell makes the simple-minded old Parson Wilbur express the following reprobation of the pernicious sentiment, " Our country, right or wrong " :

" It is an abuse of language to call a certain portion of land, much more certain personages elevated for the time being to high station, 'our country.' We are inhabitants of two worlds, and owe a double, but not a divided, allegiance. In virtue of our clay, this little ball of earth exacts a certain loyalty of us, while, in our capacity as spirits, we are admitted citizens of an invisible and holier Fatherland. There is a patriotism of the soul whose claim absolves us from our other and terrene fealty. Our true country is that ideal realm which we represent under the names of religion, duty, and the like.

" Our true country is bounded on the north and the south, on the east and the west, by Justice, and when she oversteps that invisible boundary-line by so much as a hair's breadth, she ceases to be our mother, and chooses rather to be looked upon *quasi noverca*. This is a hard choice when our earthly love of country calls upon us to tread one path and our duty points to another. We must make as noble and becoming an election as did Penelope between Icarius and Ulysses. Veiling our faces, we must take silently the hand of Duty to follow her."

We are in danger, says Mr. Mead, in the *New England Magazine*, of missing the meaning of patriotism. " Patriotism is love of country ; and the truest patriot is he who seeks to keep his country truest to her own ideals and to the service of mankind. Congress, 'in a great wave of patriotism,' appropriates fifty million dollars for gunboats and torpedoes. No 'wave of patriotism' is reported when Massachusetts appropriates a million dollars for good roads, when New York appropriates five million for new school-houses."

A MORE EXCELLENT WAY.

THE WASTE AND WOE OF WAR.

"Cross against corselet,
Love against hatred,
Peace-cry for war-cry!
Patience is powerful;
He that overcometh
Hath power o'er the nations.

"Stronger than steel
Is the sword of the Spirit;
Swifter than arrows
The light of the Truth is;
Greater than anger
Is Love, and subdueth!"

Amid the excitement of the war with Spain, amid the intoxication of victory or the madness of defeat, like a voice crying in the wilderness, is one who protests against the carnage of battle, the waste and woe of war. Although we sympathize profoundly with the generous purpose of our American kinsmen in their chivalrous effort for the liberation of Cuba, we have also a profound conviction that their methods are a dreadful mistake, that their beneficent object might have been far better secured by peaceful means. We regard the war spirit as utterly opposed to the spirit of Christ. His kingdom cometh not with observation, not with the blare of trumpets, the throb of drums and the roar of cannon; not in the earthquake and the tempest; but in the still small voice speaking inly to the soul.

We fail to see the relevancy of an appeal to the stern *lex talionis* of a barbaric age, to the sanctions of war in the Old Testament. Yet even under the old Hebrew economy God set the seal of His reprobation of war by refusing David permission to fulfil his heart's desire of erecting a temple at Jerusalem, for which he had accumulated such treasure—because he was a man of blood. "Thou hast shed blood abundantly and hast made great wars: thou shalt not build a house unto my name, because thou hast shed much blood upon the earth."

Christ came to teach nobler ideals and holier methods. His kingdom is not of this world. Though He could have summoned twelve legions of angels to overcome His foes, He chose rather to die for their salvation. "Put up thy sword in its sheath," He said to Peter. And we think He says so to us.

Most of the wars of Christendom have been accounted by those who waged them as just, and even holy, crusades. The blessing of the "God of Battles" has been invoked on both sides, and Te Deums sung for the slaughter of their foes. But the verdict of history has been that most of those wars have been unnecessary, reckless, cruel and criminal.

England went with a light heart into the Crimean war; only a few Cassandra voices were raised in solemn protest. But all men now feel that these voices spoke truth—that the war was a mistake, if not a crime. In the House of Commons, John Bright raised his voice in prophet-like rebuke of that war, which clothed in mourning almost every household in England. "The Angel of Death," he said, "has been abroad throughout the land; you may almost hear the beat of his wings. There is no one, as when the first-born was slain of old, to sprinkle with blood the lintel and the two sideposts of our doors, that he may spare and pass on. He takes his victim from the castle of the noble, the mansion of the wealthy and the cottage of the poor and lowly, and it is on behalf of all these classes that I make this solemn appeal."

War may sometimes call forth many heroic virtues, much sublime valor, much sacred self-sacrifice; but it often kindles the fires of hate and sets loose the passions of hell. It may seem chimerical and Quixotic, but we solemnly believe that if the great Republic had sent her ships to bombard Havana, not with shot and shell, but with food and medicines, and had permitted Clara Barton and the brave soldiers of the Red Cross to continue their ministration of love, had reinforced them with all the resources of the nation, had preached the Gospel of forgiveness alike to Spaniards and Cubans, and besieged the throne of Divine grace for their conversion from the error of their ways, it would have accomplished its generous purpose more surely, more grandly than it ever can by force of arms.

When poor, proud Spain, decrepit and exhausted, bleeding at every pore, is brought to her knees and forced to yield to the strong young giant of the West, there must still be arranged the terms of surrender and of reconstruction in Cuba, which could all the more easily have been secured before angry passions were enflamed and the dragon's teeth of bitter hatred sown.

What a sad spectacle at the close of the nineteenth century, that all the resources of civilization and science should be exhausted for the battering of forts, the destruction of ships, the slaughter of men fighting bravely, even though for a bad cause. What an opportunity was lost of showing the world the methods of a higher Christian civilization in redressing wrong. The portals of the twentieth century might swing wide "on golden hinges turning," ushering in the dawn of the millenium, the reign of the Prince of Peace, instead of like Milton's gates of hell "grating harsh thunder" with the deep and deadly thunder of the cannonade. What a sublime example might have been set to the war-worn nations of Europe—the young Republic of the West, like a beautiful tall angel, a messenger of mercy and of peace, pouring out her treasures like water to save life, not to kill; sending her bravest men and women to heal the sick, to feed the hungry, to teach the sinning, to succor the sorrowing, to save the lost! What though a few scores or hundreds should perish of fever! Their death would be a blessed martyrdom, a testimony of the love of Jesus that would have melted the hearts of the reconcentrados and their persecutors alike, and would have ushered in the dawn of a new day to the world.

"A single million, or a few millions," said the Hon. E. J. Phelps, late American minister in London, "out of the many hundreds of millions that war would cost us, would amply answer the purpose. The humanity of peace is better and more fruitful than the humanity of war."

The Church of God in the United States, in Canada, and in all Christian lands, has a solemn obligation resting upon it. It should stand—like the high priest of old—between the living and the dying. It should pray earnestly for the spirit of wisdom, of love, of a sound mind. It should repent of the sin of any complicity with the spirit of war, revenge and hate. "Vengeance is mine, I will repay," saith the Lord. It should besiege the throne of grace that God may make the wrath of man to praise Him, and that the remainder of his wrath He may restrain, that He would turn the hearts of the children of men to peace and love and brotherhood. If ever the time shall come when nations shall beat their swords into plowshares and their spears into pruninghooks, and learn war no more, it will be by the prevalence of this spirit of Christ.

The blood-stained warriors of the past, the Rameses and Sennacheribs, the Alexanders and Cæsars and Napoleons of mankind are remembered as a hideous dream. But the holy and blessed martyrs for the truth, who fought not with the sword of steel but with the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God, the Perpetuas and Polycarps, a Telemachus and a Savonarola, the Latimers and Ridleys, the Tyndales and Coverdales, the Argyles and the Sidneys, the Russells and the Vanes—these mark the progress of humanity through the ages with their bleeding feet. These have advanced the civilization of the world, these have secured the rights of man, these have established the kingdom of righteousness and peace beyond all the warriors who ever fought.

"Careless seems the great Avenger; history's pages but record
One death-grapple in the darkness 'twixt old systems and the Word;
Truth forever on the scaffold, Wrong forever on the throne—
Yet that scaffold sways the future, and, behind the dim unknown,
Standeth God within the shadow, keeping watch above His own.

"By the light of burning heretics Christ's bleeding feet I track,
Toiling up new Calvaries ever with the cross that turns not back,
And these mounts of anguish number how each generation learned
One new word of that grand Credo which in prophet-hearts hath burned
Since the first man stood God-conquered with his face to heaven upturned.

"For humanity sweeps onward; where today the martyr stands,
On the morrow crouches Judas with the silver in his hands;
Far in front the cross stands ready and the crackling fagots burn,
While the hooting mob of yesterday in silent awe return
To glean up the scattered ashes into history's golden urn."

The great curse of Europe for centuries has been its deadly wars. The page of history is like the prophet's scroll, written within and without with lamentation, and weeping, and great woe.

"I hear even now the infinite fierce chorus,
The cries of agony, the endless groan
Which through the ages that have gone before us
In long reverberations reach our own.

"The tumult of each sacked and burning village,
The shout that every prayer for mercy drowns;

The soldier's revels in the midst of pillage,
The wail of famine in beleaguered towns;

"The bursting shell, the gateway wrenched asunder,
The rattling musketry, the clashing blade;
And ever and anon, in tones of thunder,
The diapason of the cannonade."

The London *Daily Mail* estimates the world's loss of lives in war at the bewildering figure of seven billions, of whom four billions have been killed since the beginning of the Christian era.

The blood-stained nations of Europe, groaning beneath the debt of age-long wars, and by their very armed truce adding to the intolerable burden, look across the sea at the nation which God had set on this broad continent to keep it as a heritage for the oppressed and perpetual abode of peace, and say, "How art thou fallen, oh Son of the Morning! Art thou become like unto us?"

If the golden age of peace is ever to dawn upon our world it must be largely by the ministration of the Church of Christ. It must teach, and preach, and work, and pray for the coming of the time when

"The warrior's name shall be a name abhorred;
And every nation that shall lift again
Its hand against a brother, on its forehead
Shall wear for evermore the curse of Cain!

"Down the dark future, through long generations,
The echoing sounds grow fainter and then cease;
And like a bell, with solemn, sweet vibrations,
I hear once more the voice of Christ say, 'Peace!'

"Peace! and no longer from its brazen portals
The blast of war's great organ shakes the skies!
But beautiful as songs of the immortals
The holy melodies of love arise."

True Patriotism.

Since the above was written we have read the address on "True Patriotism," by Prof. Norton, of Harvard University, given in a Congregational church at Cambridge, Mass. From this we make a few extracts:

"'There never was a good war,' said Franklin. If a war be undertaken for the most righteous end, before the resources of peace have been tried and proved vain to secure it, that war has no defense; it is a national crime.

"But the war is declared; and on all hands we hear the cry that he is no patriot who fails to shout for it, and to urge the youth of the country to enlist, and to rejoice that they are called to the service of their native land. Stop! A declaration of war does not change the moral law. 'The Ten Commandments will not budge' at a joint resolve of congress. No! the voice of protest, of warning, of appeal is never more needed than when the clamour of fife and drum, echoed by the press and too often by the pulpit, is bidding all men fall in and keep step and obey in silence the tyrannous word of command. Then, more than ever, it is the duty of the good citizen not to be silent, and spite of obloquy, misrepresentation, and abuse, to insist on being heard, and with sober counsel to maintain the everlasting validity of the principles of the moral law.

"My friends, America has been compelled against the will of all her wisest and best to enter into a path of darkness and peril. Against their will she has been forced to turn back from the way of civilization to the way of barbarism, to renounce for the time her own ideals. It depends on the virtue, on the enlightened patriotism of her children whether her future steps shall be upward to the light or downward to the darkness."

It required a good deal of moral courage to utter such unpopular sentiments—a good deal of the spirit of the old Hebrew prophets. It brought down upon him a perfect avalanche of vituperation, of which the following, from the Rochester, N.Y., *Democrat*, is a specimen:

"A little more than a century ago the author of such sentiments would have been hanged to a convenient tree. Later in our history he would have been carried about on a rail; now he is left to stew in his own littleness."

To-morrow you will live, you always cry;
In what fair country does this morrow lie,
That 'tis so mighty long ere it arrive?
Beyond the Indies does this morrow live?
'Tis so far-fetched, this morrow, that I fear
'Twill be both very old and very dear.
"To-morrow I will live," the fool does say:
To-day itself's too late;—the wise lived yesterday.

Current Events.

THE ALTARS, CUBA.

Progress of the War.

The south-eastern coast of Cuba presents a rugged and mountainous front to the sea. It is indented with deep bays running far into the mountains like those at Santiago and Guantanamo. Its interior is an almost pathless tropical jungle with only a few mule tracks over the hills—an exceedingly difficult country in which to conduct modern military operations. The guerrilla methods of the Spaniards and the Cubans are largely caused by the nature of the country in which they fight. Our initial cut gives a glimpse of the coast line, mentioned in the press despatches, having in the foreground the curious flat-topped rocks named Los Altares, or The Altars, and in the interior the serrated and chapperal covered mountains. This place was one of the first bombarded by the Americans in landing, "The first offering on the 'Altars' for the appeasement of the god of war," writes the correspondent of the *Globe*, "was some poor man's home." It is curious that the same epithet occurs in Virgil's Æneid :

Those hidden rocks th' Ausonian sailors knew ;
They called them Altars when they rose in view,
And showed their spacious backs above the flood.

Instead of the thrumming of the light guitar, supporting our picture, is heard the deadly hum of the Mauser bullet.

Admiral Sampson made the charge, which was re-echoed by the whole American press, that the Spaniards had barbarously mutilated the American dead. This charge which greatly exasperated the nation the Admiral has withdrawn. It was all the work of the horrible Mauser missiles.

It was no light achievement to convey 16,000 men two thousand miles by land and a thousand by sea, and to land them without mishap on a hostile shore. The advance over the rugged hills beset like an *abbatis*, with thorns and thickets, prickly pears, and sword plants which cut like a knife, under a tropical sun and tropical storms, in the face of a watchful and relentless foe, whose tactics were more like those of the aboriginal Indians than of modern warfare, exhibited the greatest pluck and daring. But the Cuban insurgents were even more wily in this guerrilla fighting than the Spaniards and proved invaluable scouts to the American troops. The miles of barb wire fences offered a novel but futile opposition to the inventive American genius, which quickly cut the wires, battered the fences to pieces, and gallantly charged against the Spanish entrenchments.

But the pity of it is that the loss of

many brave men on both sides will carry sorrow to many an American and Spanish home, will leave immedicable wounds, which not the triumph of victory nor the anguish of defeat can make cease to bleed. We totally reject the Jesuitical doctrine that "the end sanctifies the means." We regard it as forever opposed to the will of the loving All-Father that His children, though of different race and creed, should thus slay and destroy one another. The only excuse—if it be an excuse—for such bloodshed, and for the sending of an American fleet across the sea to harry the seaboard of Spain, is the hope that the agony may the sooner be over, that a speedy and permanent peace may be secured.

Supping on Horrors.

The war news in the mornings' papers is very painful reading to any one with humanitarian instincts. War in its essence is a relapse into barbarism, the awaking of the savage instincts of the cave men of the stone age, the use of brute force instead of reason. It is not pleasant to think of civilized men stripping half-naked, whetting their swords and machetes, and lying in wait for the chance to slaughter one another. It is hard to read of brave men knocked over "like jack rabbits," or blown to pieces by dynamite shells. It is painful to contemplate the sufferings of the innocent women and children and noncombatants in Santiago famishing of thirst in that torrid climate, their supply of water being cut off by a much belauded military dash. This may be war, but it is not chivalry. It must, we think, estrange the humane sympathies of the generous American people and of the civilized world. It is a strange comment on the words of our Lord, "If thine enemy hunger feed him, if he thirst give him drink."

If it be demoralizing to read of murder and crimes of violence, it must be still more so to read daily of wholesale slaughter by the deadly enginery of war, and to hear it glorified as the highest expression of patriotism.

It may be sweet and noble to die for one's country—*dulce et decorum*—as Curtius and Winklereid did. It is noble to perish in saving life, as many a physician fireman, sailor and engine driver has done. But to kill as many of one's fellow men as possible with overwhelming force and superior weapons, and with as much safety to one's self as can be secured, is not so heroic. Yet these are the rules of war.

Noble Ideals.

The American Republic entered upon the present war for the liberation of Cuba with high and Christian ideals. The better sentiment of that country still insists on their maintenance to the end. On the question of indemnity the New York *Independent* takes this high ground:

"The carrying out of these noble principles will forever stop the mouths of cavillers who affirm that the war had its origin in a

greed for gain, and will set such an example of high-souled honour and chivalrous self-sacrifice as the world has never seen before. We have declared, and truthfully, that we have not entered upon it for the purpose of conquest. The purpose was to deliver Cuba from intolerable oppression. We were not hunting for spoil; we were not fishing for indemnity. We are fighting for nothing but philanthropy; and this fact the Christian church must insist upon, and it must require our people to go no further. While Christianity forbids us to take Spain's territory for the purpose of indemnity, still more would it forbid us to demand a money indemnity for the expense of the war. Doubtless precedent would allow it, not Christianity. When the war ends the United States will be strong and rich; Spain will be weak and poor. We shall be aggrandized; Spain will be humiliated. What credit would we deserve for philanthropy if we demanded pay for it? What Christianity would there be in compelling Spain, already nearly bankrupt, with her people already crushed with taxes, to pay many millions of dollars to ease our lighter burdens? It would be a crime before God. Would that be the way to obey the command "Love your enemies?" It might be the manner of war; it would not be the manner of Christ."

We are sorry to see this noble ideal repudiated by some American journals. The San Francisco *Argonaut* says:

"As for this folly of promising to wage a foreign war for the profit of an alien people, such a promise binds only the Congress which made it. That Congress is now dying, and will soon be dead. With its death its foolish promise dies."

Nevertheless, the Cubans will hold the nation to its promise. Col. F. Figuerido writes to the *Independent:*

"We recall your solemn pledges. The United States Congress has declared that the people of the Island of Cuba should be free and independent. The United States has solemnly promised not to exercise sovereignty or control except for pacification. We have the fullest confidence in the American Government, to believe that these pledges will be carried out to the letter."

Victories of Peace.

Lord Salisbury has been a good deal carped at by British jingoes because he did not go to war with Russia or Germany on the Chinese question, or with France about the Niger Hinterland. Bismarck, the man of "blood and iron," sneered at him as a lath painted to look like a sword. It is greatly to his credit that he has secured the "open door" in China, and the settlement of the Niger question by peaceful diplomacy, without invoking the dreadful and uncertain arbitrament of war. Better carry to his grave such a record as is his and Gladstone's, in favour of peace, rather than the blood-stained history of the Iron Chancellor. It is said that our peace-loving Queen has resolved that, so far as she can prevent it—and her influence is most potent—there shall be no great war during her life. Thank God for the wise instincts alike of the sovereign and of the woman. May her life long be spared to maintain in the future, as she has for so many years in the past, the victories of peace instead of the atrocities of war.

Oiling the Bearings.

The payment by the United States to Canada of the large award, due for the Behring Sea claims, and the prospective removal of other causes of estrangement, are an omen of more kindly relations in the future. "For years past," says Mr. Stead, "the relations between the Dominion and the Republic have been somewhat of a hedgehoggy order. There were any number of prickly points, prompting friction and irritation which at any moment might develop into an angry sore. Previous efforts to adjust these points of difference had failed. It is now said that owing to the more cordial feeling that exists between the two great branches of the English-speaking race, all the outstanding difficulties have been satisfactorily dealt with. Several of them have been settled for good, while in the case of others a workable *modus vivendi* has been arrived at. Cordiality between nations is like oil in machinery—it keeps the bearings from heating and makes it possible for the engine to work."

We thank God that both the first of July in Canada and the fourth of July in the United States, our respective national birthdays, are being celebrated with far more Christian spirit and international good will than has ever been the case before. Instead of re-vamping worn-out stories of war and conflict, they are being devoted to kindly appreciation of the ties of brotherhood, a bond of peace. One of the significant indications of this is the Fourth of July number of *Forward*, the official young people's paper of the Presbyterian Church of the United States. This paper, is very largely made up of articles highly appreciative of Canada and its people, with a capital picture of our Parliament buildings at Ottawa.

The Joint Commission.

The Appropriations Committee of the United States Senate—the body that almost stampeded the country into war with Great Britain two years and a half ago, the body that thwarted the arbitration movement a year ago, that precipitated the Spanish war two months ago—is reported to have refused the grant of fifty thousand dollars to pay the expense of the joint commission to settle outstanding matters of dispute with Canada. Such a malice makes that body contemptible in the eyes of its own country and of the world. It is like Mrs. Partington trying to sweep back the Atlantic. It will be impossible thus to dam the rising tide of good will between the kindred nations.

"The Colossus of Rhodes."

The star of Mr. Cecil Rhodes, that maker of empire in Africa, is again in the ascendant. His far-reaching plans for linking Cairo and the Cape by telegraph and rail are rapidly developing. He is transporting the whole Fingo tribe from the south to the mining districts of Mashonaland. "The first instalment," says the *Outlook*, "will consist of about ten thousand persons. Each head of a family is to receive ten acres of land on condition of his furnishing a certain number of days of free labour. It is also announced that Mr. Rhodes has bought thirty ranches in Cape Colony, the smallest of which contains eight thousand acres. Here, relying on favourable climate and soil, he will try fruit-growing for the British market, the crops ripening about January 1. This last scheme may prove not only a commercial but a political success; it may result in Mr. Rhodes's return to the Cape Premiership."

Mr. Gladstone at Work.

The indefatigable energy of the grand old man is humorously indicated in the above cartoon from *Punch*. It would seem impossible that one pair of hands could write all the letters and post cards that came from his busy pen, to say nothing of the tree-felling, both literal and metaphorical, in which he was engaged. He accomplished his great work, not by being in a hurry and flurry—for this he never was—but by his rigid economy of time and by his method in work. When he was visiting at a country house, for instance, after dinner, in the evening, in conversation and repartee, he took a prominent part, he would retire to his room and resume his reading "like a student," says a narrator, "cramming for an examination."

The Hon. J. A. Chapleau.

The death of the Hon. Joseph A. Chapleau removes an eminent French-Canadian statesman. He had a distinguished career, both in Provincial and Dominion politics. In 1867, with only ten shillings in his pocket, he ran for a seat in the local Legislature. His eloquence captured the admiration and votes of the electors of his native Province. He entered the Quebec Legislature in 1867, became Solicitor-General in 1873, and subsequently Provincial Secretary, and in 1879, Premier of his native Province. Entering Dominion politics he held the office of Secretary of State, and for a brief period Minister of Customs. In 1892 he became Lieutenant-Governor of Quebec. He was a very eloquent speaker, and was sometimes called the "Gambetta of Canada."

MR. GLADSTONE AT WORK.
(*Punch's Idea.*)

Uniting the Flags.

For many years at the international conventions of the Christian Endeavor, Epworth League, Chautauqua Assembly, and other Christian institutions the Union Jack and Stars and Stripes have twined their folds together. These have prepared, in large degree, the way of the strong tie of brotherhood which unites

the kindred people, which have so many of the noblest elements of nationhood in common. It is most gratifying to the patriot and lover of his kind to see these emblems of law and order and liberty gracefully wreathed together. The celebration of the Queen's birthday by American troops at Tampa, and the visiting boys in blue at Kingston, Niagara Falls and elsewhere, is an augury, let us hope, of that broader brotherhood, of that international peace and good will, which we hope will soon engirdle the world. Our genial humorist, Mr. J. W. Bengough, has in one of his cartoons superimposed the Union Jack upon the Stars and Stripes, and one of our public buildings in Toronto has for weeks flung to the breeze a gigantic flag on which the Royal Standard of England is quartered on the flag so dear to our American kinsfolk. God grant that more and more these nations, which more than any others represent the higher Christian civilization of the twentieth century, may abide in love and brotherhood, and lead the van in the march of progress through the ages.

A Wonderful Fourth.

In the brilliant days of William Pitt, Britain's great Commoner, who declared that "England should moult no feather of her crest," Horace Walpole used to say—one must ask every day what new victory there is." But never in the history of Great Britain nor of any other country has one day brought intelligence of so many important events from many parts of the world as the forever-historic Fourth of July, 1898.

The investment and victories at Santiago, the destruction of the Spanish fleet, the capture of Admiral Cervera with 1,600 prisoners, would seem triumph enough. But from Manila comes, the same day, the tidings of the strong reinforcement of Dewey with ships and stores and men, and the capture of the *Ladrones*. These achievements should show poor, proud, decrepid Spain the futility of further struggle and should lead to a speedy and permanent peace.

The heavy losses of the United States should temper victory with regret,

> "The tumult and the shouting dies—
> The captains and the kings depart—
> Still stands thine ancient Sacrifice,
> An humble and a contrite heart.
> Lord God of hosts, be with us yet,
> Lest we forget—lest we forget!"

This memorable Fourth will bring sad thoughts to many besides the friends of the slain Spaniards and Americans. The loss of the Bourgogne—one of the most dreadful sea tragedies on record—should make us all realize on what a slender tenure hangs everlasting things.

Rallying for the Campaign.

The Plebiscite Temperance Convention in this city early in July was a very noteworthy rally. It gave no uncertain sound on the great moral issue before the country. It was almost like a Methodist Conference, so many of our ministers and laymen were present. We rejoice that our church is practically a unit in favor of prohibition of the drink traffic—a traffic in the bodies and the souls of men—a slavery of the mind and heart and will; worse than the African slavery of the thews and sineues.

We rejoice that the overwhelming weight of influence in all the churches is in favor of the greatest of moral reforms. With a combined and hearty effort, with a long pull, a strong pull, and, above all, a pull altogether, victory is sure to follow the plebiscite campaign of 1898.

It is an inspiring thought that while the sounds of war are abroad, our country is engaged in a great moral crusade, the weapons of which are not bullets but ballots—not the sword of the flesh, but the sword of the Spirit—the word of the living God. The appeal is not to brute force, but to reason and righteousness. This is the only appeal that is availing; nothing is settled till it is settled right.

In this moral crusade there may be room for greater courage, for more heroic moral daring, for nobler endeavor than in seeking the bubble reputation at the cannon's mouth. From beginning to end it is a subline endeavor to save the lives and souls of the future generations of our beloved land. May God's blessing rest abundantly upon the labours of his servants.

Important Oriental Find.

Every biblical scholar, says the *Independent*, knows that the Hebrew account of the deluge found in Genesis has been paralleled by two Babylonian accounts, one that of Berosus, a Babylonian historian, whose narrative has been handed down to us by early Greek Christian writers; and the other, that found on Assyrian tablets by George Smith. Both resemble, and yet both differ from the Genesis story. Biblical critics have dif-

fered as to the age of the biblical story, the more conservative holding that, being written by Moses, it is older than his time and was incorporated by him into the book of Genesis, while the newer school of critics were, until the discovery of the Tel-el-Amarna tablets, inclined to believe that the story was borrowed from Nineveh or Babylon at the time of the captivity, or not long before it, at which time the book of Genesis was written.

The discovery by George Smith of a full poetical account of the deluge, on tablets in King Assurbanipal's library at Nineveh, was of immense interest ; but it did not assure us of the age of the deluge story among the inhabitants of the Euphrates valley ; for it was on tablets written in Assurbanipal's reign, that is scarce 600 years before Christ. To be sure, these were said to be copied from tablets in Babylonian libraries, but we did not know how old these original tablets were. Besides the deluge story was on the 11th tablet in a long poem, compiled in twelve books, one for each month, in a quite artificial way, and might belong to a comparatively late period of religious and literary syncretism. The original Babylonian tablets, from which the Assyrian copies were made, were much desired.

Now Pere Scheil has made the discovery. To be sure, the record on the tablet does not amount to much, it is such a fragmentary bit ; but it is large enough to make sure that the tablet contained the story of the deluge, and, most fortunately, the most important part of all is preserved, the colophon, with the date. It is dated in the reign of Ammi-zaduga, King of Babylon, and we know that he reigned about 2140 B.C. That is we have here a precious bit of clay on which was written a poetical story of the deluge seven centuries before Moses and about the time of Isaac and Jacob. That is enough to make the discovery memorable. We learn positively that the story of the deluge was familar to the common people of Babylonia, and therefore of all the East from Syria to Persia.

This text is in poetry. It proves that the poetic construction was fixed more than 2,000 years before Christ. Each line is divided into two hemistichs, as in Hebrew poetry. The fragment is large enough to show that it is a poem full of polytheistic version and has been thoroughly purged, giving mythical details, of which the genesis is a tale purely monotheistic, absolutely ethical, and fit to give religious instruction to an un-scientific people in the infancy of civilization.

Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

The reception of Chancellor Burwash and Principal Shaw, fraternal delegates from our General Conference to the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, was an exceedingly interesting occasion. Dr. Burwash, with his Scottish antecedents and upbringing on the Shorter Catechism, had a distinct advantage. But Dr. Shaw, with his wide culture and genial sympathies, was not far behind. They both captured the hearts of the Assembly. Our affinities and affiliations with the Presbyterian Church are closer than that of any other. These fraternal greetings do much to knit more closely the bonds of brotherhood between these kindred brigades of the same great army.

The *Presbyterian Review* makes the significant statement that graduates of Union Seminary, New York, are finding increasing difficulty in securing settlements. Before the Briggs agitation, 75 per cent. of them usually had calls before graduation day. This year, out of twenty-seven Presbyterians in the graduating class, only four are placed. At Princeton over 50 per cent. of the class are virtually settled, and at Auburn every man is already taken up. The prejudice against Union men is becoming so great that not a few of her students now prefer taking their final year elsewhere to avoid it. The McGiffert agitation is not likely to improve the situation.

President Eliot says that Boston University (Methodist) has made greater progress in its twenty-five years than did Harvard in its first two hundred. In all departments, last year, the number of its students was nearly fifteen hundred.

Bishop Earl Cranston, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, has sailed from Vancouver, B.C., for an episcopal visit to Japan, Korea and China. He expects to visit the Conferences and missions of the

Methodist Episcopal Church in those countries.

Dr. Carman has been writing a very interesting series of letters on his visit to Japan in the *Evening News*. We reprint some of these in *Onward*.

The Methodists have the largest Christian church in Corea and in China.

Another Gospel car has been purchased by the English Wesleyan Home Mission Department, making nine in all. It is intended to increase the number to twelve.

The anniversary of Hugh Price Hughes' West London Mission, this year, is said to have eclipsed all former anniversaries. About £3,000 was raised for the work. The church membership at the mission is 1,514, the largest in its history.

The membership of the British Wesleyan Methodist Church, as appears from the official returns made to the synods, now stands at 442,258, an increase of 3,299 on last year ; 44,160 new members have been received during the new year, so that the "leakage" amounts to 11,216 members.

According to late official returns there are in Canada 99.304 Indians. Of these 70,394 are classified as belonging to various religious denominations. The greater number, 41,813, are Roman Catholics ; 16,129 are Anglicans ; 10,273, Methodists ; 807, Presbyterians, and 13,062 belong to other Christian bodies. The religion of 12,300 is unknown, and 16,677 are pagans.

Advices brought by steamers from China, says the *North-Western Christian Advocate*, report that food riots occurred last month in the upper Yang-tse-Kiang valley. These riots have greatly enhanced the danger of a general outbreak in Central China against the Peking Government and foreigners. Chow Han, a mandarin of Hunan, has excited his ignorant and suspicious people by an address in which he declared that the time has come "to exterminate the foreign hogs and goats in China and all converts to their religion." His utterances are the most bitter anti-foreign utterances ever heard in China. Missionaries through the Yang-tse-Kiang valley have been warned of danger and to keep out of the new districts.

On the Samoan Islands two hundred native churches support their own preachers.

There are at present eighty-six missionaries, men and women, labouring among Mohammedans in Morocco, Algiers, Tunis and Tripoli.

The China Inland Mission has received a splendid gift. A legacy of $900,000 has been left to Mr. J. Hudson Taylor for its work.

There are now upwards of 1,000 schools for natives in China under foreigners. They range from the village day school up to high schools and colleges. In this empire there are no schools for girls, except those founded by the missionaries.

As an illustration of the progress of self-support in India, in the mission of the Lutheran General Synod, while the expenses of village congregations have advanced in ten years from $4,500 to $6,451, the receipts from the natives have increased from $158 to $2,806.

The Emperor of China has sent to the British and Foreign Bible Society's bookstore for 400 foreign books translated into the Chinese language.

The missions of the foreign stations of the Wesleyan Church reports 43,845 full members. The first year's missionary collection of the Wesleyan Church was $250, and the present year's, $699,630.

"During my residence in China," says Rev. J. Southy, "I have never seen an indecent picture of any kind. The Chinese would not tolerate some of the pictures that are exhibited in tobacconists' shops in this country."

The Religious Tract Society of England issued during its ninty-ninth year nearly 60,000,000 books and other publications. The combined trade and missionary income was $666,135. The centenary fund of $250,000 is approaching completion, $170,000 having been raised. The number of languages and dialects in which the Society has publications is 229.

According to a newspaper paragraph, Rev. W. H. Morrison, of Manchester, N.H., has voluntarily relinquished $500 of his $2,000 annual salary because of the cut of 20 per cent in the wages paid at the mills and the consequent hard times in the parish and the town.

A curious spectacle is to be witnessed on Sundays in the pretty little church of Hampden—always associated with the memory of John Hampden—for there are to be seen a peer of the realm, his wife, and the stone-breaker to the parish council, all assisting in divine worship. The Earl of Buckingham reads the lessons, the Countess plays the organ, while the stone-breaker plays the useful part of verger.

The Michigan *Christian Advocate* says :

"Of 1,955 Baptist ministers in Great Britain and Ireland, 1,556 are reported to be total abstainers. Out of 2,847 Congregational ministers in England and Wales, 2,364 abstain from strong drink. In some of the Methodist bodies the percentage of total abstainers is still larger. Out of 17,468 ministers in the M. E. Church, how many are total abstainers? We think about 17,468."

Mr. Alfred Lee says that among the islands of Malaysia there is "no spot of like dimensions whose people are so well taught, so intelligent and well behaved, whose villages are so well ordered and clean, whose houses are so well built and kept in such good repair, and whose women and children are so well cared for, as in Celebes."

Dr. T. J. Scott, of Bareilly, India, says: "Within a few years more than 100,000 souls from among the sweeper caste of this country have been gathered into the Christian community. For centuries the name of Jesus and something of his teaching have been known in India apart from the direct work of the missionaries. There is a tradition that a sweeper was the means of restoring to life a hero of the Sikhs, Guru Govind Sing. The hero saint immediately said:

"Come thou Saviour of the world, Jesus.
Under thy sway shall flowers and betel leaf fall from heaven.
All men shall gather together and cry in joy;
All hail thou Ruler of the universe,
Vanquisher of foes and fosterer of the poor."

A meeting in Borneo in May, 1859, was the means of starting the Sumatra Mission. There are now nineteen missionary stations in Sumatra in a population of 3,000,000, with twenty-two European missionaries and 21,799 church members. Dr. Schrieber, the foreign secretary of the Rhenish Mission, says: "I do not know if there is any other part of the mission field, with the exception of some part of Java, where such large numbers of Mohammedans have been won for Christ as among the Battaks of Sumatra."

Return of Dr. Carman.

We are glad to learn of the safe return to Canada of our beloved and honoured General Superintendent, Dr. Carman, from his visitation to our missions in Japan. That visitation will be of great service in two ways: It will result in inspiration and consolidation of our work in the Kingdom of the Rising Sun; it will bring our home work into closer touch and more vital sympathy with our first foreign mission, which has just reached its silver jubilee.

Death of Rev. D. C. McDowell.

The Rev. D. C. McDowell died at his residence, Bowmanville, July 3, after a brief illness from paralysis. He was seventy-five years of age, and entered the ministry in 1846, being superannuated eight years ago. Since then he had resided in Bowmanville. He led a very active and useful life, was honoured by his brethren by several responsible positions and was highly respected by all favoured with his acquaintance. His widow and seven children survive him. His principal fields of labour were Richmond, St. Andrews, Matilda, Toronto East, Perth, Kemptville, Prescott, Pembroke, Smith's Falls, Barrie, Owen Sound and Bowmanville.

Rev. John Holmes.

"This beloved brother was," writes Dr. Ryckman, "one of the best of men, a faithful pastor and successful worker for thirty-six years. He suffered much, but was wonderfully sustained and cheered, and the end was perfect quietness and peace." He was received on trial at Kemptville in 1861 and attended for a time Victoria College. His appointments were chiefly in Lower Canada: Smith's Falls, Lanark, Harrowsmith, Winchester, Richmond, Arnprior, Bolton, Ormstown, and others. Failing health led to his superannuation, and the later years of his life were spent in Kingston, Ontario. A good man, one that feared God and wrought righteousness.

Rev. W. G. Hudgins.

We learn from the *Christian Guardian* that the Rev. W. G. Hudgins, a superannuated Methodist minister, died at his residence, in Belleville, at noon on Saturday, July 2. Deceased was fifty-nine years of age. The immediate cause of his death was blood poisoning. He leaves four daughters. Mr. Hudgins held a number of charges prior to coming to this city, and since that time did considerable circuit work in the northern part of this county. At the Conference just closed, however, he finally retired from the active list. He was a man of strong convictions and great force of character, and was well known throughout the district.

Book Notices.

Dreamers of the Ghetto. By I. Zangwill. New York: Harper & Bros.; Toronto: William Briggs. Price, $1.50.

The influence of Hebrew thought on literature, science, art, politics and religion would be a fascinating subject for a book or essay. A strong reason for the jealousy exhibited toward the Jewish race is its predominant influence in journalism and finance and politics in Central Europe. In the serene regions of philosophy and poetry the same jealousy does not exist.

In this book a Son of Israel, proud of the traditions of his race, gives a series of brief biographies treated in the form of romantic sketches. The Ghettos and Judengasses, in which the Jews from time immemorial have been confined in the cities of Europe, are made to yield their striking stories of the strange Hebrew people.

"They lived in narrow streets and lanes obscure,
Ghetto and Judenstrass, in mirk and mire;
Taught in the school of patience to endure
The life of anguish and the death of fire.

"For in the background figures vague and and vast
Of patriarchs and of prophets rose sublime,
And all the great traditions of the past
They saw reflected in the coming time."

Among these figures are the philosopher Spinosa, the poet Heine, Acosta, Sabbatai Zevi, the Turkish Messiah and others. The sketches, we judge, are historically correct. The author gives their subjects a sympathetic interpretation. There is a vein of pensiveness, almost of sadness and pessimism in these dreamers —these gropers after truth who often fail to find it. The book throws considerable light on Jewish character. Rejecting the true Messiah and devoting such time and thought to the lying legends of the Talmud, their judgment has been sadly perverted, and, to use the poet's words again, they misread the whole history of their race and of the world,

"And thus forever with reverted look
The mystic volume of the world they read,
Spelling it backward, like a Hebrew book,
Till life became a legend of the dead."

Through the Gold Fields of Alaska to Behring Straits. By Harry de Windt, F.R.G.S., author of "A Ride to India," etc. With a map and illustrations. Pp. xii., 314. 8vo, cloth, ornamental. New York: Harper & Bros.; Toronto: William Briggs. Price, $2.50.

This is an account of an English traveller with a foreign-looking name through the regions which have become famous throughout the world as the Arctic Eldorado. It describes not only the Klondike, but the little known region stretching on to Behring Straits. The intrepid explorer had many painful experiences and adventures, which are vividly recorded in this book. "It will hold the attention," says the *Christian Intelligencer*, "as the best novels do." "Not many recent successes in the way of recent travel" says the London *Chronicle*, "equal it in grim human interest." The book is gotten up in the admirable style of the Harper's Publishing House. It has excellent maps and numerous full-page illustrations. A valuable appendix gives detailed information as to routes and rates, costs of stores, etc. We shall give this book fuller notice later.

Hassan: A Fellah. A Romance of Palestine. By Henry Gillman. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; Toronto: William Briggs.

The writer of this book was for some years United States Consul at Jerusalem. He writes with an intimate knowledge of the peasants of Palestine, and with keen sympathy with their humble joys and sorrows. He has also made a special study of the ancient and modern history of the country, of its archæology, ethnology, geography and topography. On these subjects his story throws much light. Many who would not study these subjects in a systematic treatise will be beguiled into reading them when interwoven with a story. The almost unchanged manners and customs of Palestine to-day make it, as it has been well said, a Fifth Gospel and a perpetual commentary on the Scriptures.

Much human interest is given to this tale by the simple love story of Hassan and Hilwe—a shepherd lad and a village maid. But their villages have a blood feud, which verifies the adage, "The

course of true love never did run smooth." The writer is not skilled in the literary art, and his style is rather redundant and florid. The book has won the following striking commendation by the accomplished critic of the New York *Independent:*

"One thing is all but perfect in Mr. Gillman's book—the effect we call 'atmospheric.' It is like the aerial illusions in painting, and while we read we are far away. We are taken up in a dream, and

'Pause on the goat-crags of Tabor to see
The gleam of thy waters, O dark Galilee.'

A biblical, patriarchal, pastoral spirit pervades it. Indeed, the whole book is saturated with the author's reverence for the Holy Land, its legends, traditions, glory, misery—its romance, in a word, and its one supreme glory, the impress of the Chosen of God and of the Master who walked among them."

Dawn. By H. Rider Haggard, author of "King Solomon's Mines," etc. New edition. Longman's Colonial Library. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co. Pp., 371. With sixteen full-page engravings.

This is a reprint of Haggard's first story. It has all the characteristics of its many successors, the vivid description, the breathless interest, the involved plot, the happy *denouement.* It has been many times reprinted, and is one of the most popular of his tales. The high-priced, three volume edition is here compressed into a convenient sized book for summer reading. It may beguile a holiday in the hammock.

How the Dutch came to Manhattan. Penned and Pictured by Blanche McManus. New York: E. R. Herrick & Co. Toronto: William Briggs.

This is a companion book to the "Voyage of the *Mayflower,*" not long since reviewed in these pages. At the mouth of the Hudson is situated the second largest city in the world. The story of the beginnings of this great city, and the voyage of Hendric Hudson in the *Half Moon* up the noble river that bears his name, is a very noteworthy one. Washington Irving's history of Diedrich Knickerbocker is too much the creation of romance for busy people wishing to learn the facts of history. This little volume is "a noble tale well told of valiant deeds well done." Odd pictures of the old Dutch town of Manhattan and its people, with their queer costumes, its shipping, its windmills and its odd houses, lend interest to the volume.

The King's Jackal. By Richard Harding Davis, with illustrations by C. D. Gibson. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

Mr. Davis's "Soldiers of Fortune" was one of the most successful books of last year. It described one of those South American revolutions which so frequently occur—clearing the political atmosphere as the cyclone clears the sultry air. His last book, "The King's Jackal," describes the attempt made by one of the petty kinglets of southern Europe to recover his forfeited throne. The king is a scoundrel, and his jackal is not very much better, but in comparison with the king seems quite reputable. Miss Carson, an American heiress from California, a zealous Romanist, is induced by Father Paul, an insinuating priest, to help the movement with her millions for the sake of the church and the salvation of the king's sixty thousand subjects. But Mr. Gordon, a shrewd American newspaper man, frustrates the king's little game, and justice is administered all round. The story is very cleverly told, and Gibson's illustrations make you feel that you know the actors in it.

The Bibliotheca Sacra, now in its sixty-eighth year, announces that Rev. N. D. Hillis, D.D., and Rev. F. W. Gunsaulus, D.D., of Chicago, become associate editors with the July number. This is one of the oldest, as well as one of the strongest of the religious quarterlies. The book reviews by Dr. Holbrook are of special value.

Falling asleep awhile, I dreamed of fragrance,
Then waking, at my pillow found a bunch
Of roses sweet, brought by a loving friend,
Half flushed with glowing pink and half were drest
All in pure white.
Oft through the night of earth
We dream of heaven, and many a token find
That our Best Friend Himself has been beside us.
—*Parkinson.*

Still more perilous, if possible, is the work of the dory mates in their small and fragile-looking boats, launching forth for the capture of their finny prey. It is cold, wet, hard work in fog, in rain, and sometimes in sleet, to haul the line and handle the ice-cold fish.

Not infrequently the dories drift away beyond sight or sound of the schooners to which they belong. The dory mates, if not picked up by a passing steamer or pilot vessel, may drift to sea, or sink to the bottom and never be heard of again. It makes one think of the Breton fisherman's song,

> "Our boat, O Lord, is very small. Thy sea is very vast."

When they do regain the fishing schooner, laden with the finny spoil of ocean, scarce less arduous is the task of cleaning and salting the fish upon a rolling sea, where even the oldest tar can scarce retain his equilibrium. Perhaps it is this continual contact with the great elemental forces of nature which makes the fisherman the devout as well as brave and noble-hearted man he is. Fearless of danger, willing to risk life and limb to rescue a shipwrecked mariner or fellow-fisherman, generous to a fault, they make some of the noblest-hearted Christians we have ever met.

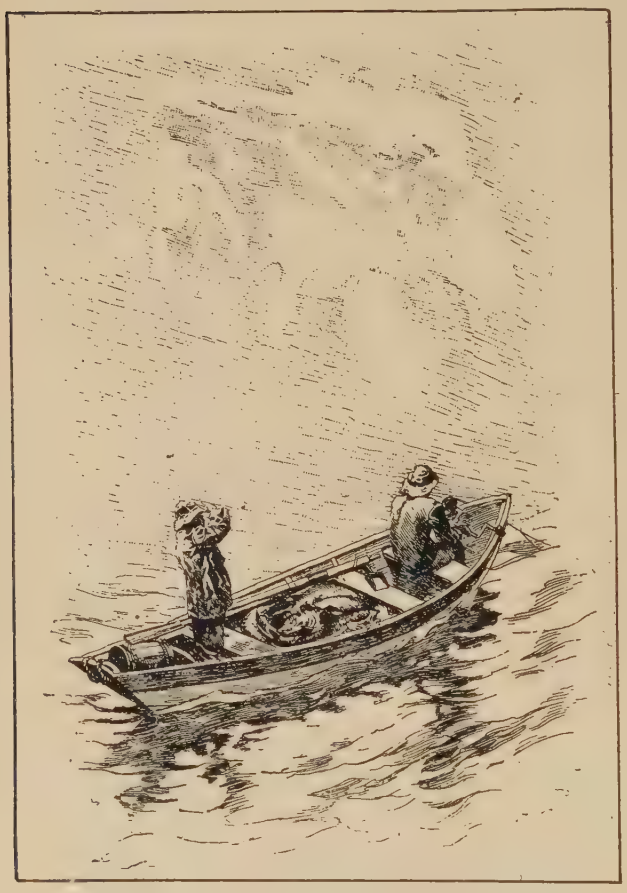
FISHING SCHOONER IN TUMBLING SEA.

As we sailed along the Newfoundland coast the fishermen were always ready for a religious service at any hour of the day or night. As our steamer came in the church bell rang, and from near and far the people gathered and listened with eager ears to the Word of Life. If there was time for only a few words of prayer and a brief song service, they thoroughly enjoyed it. And how they did sing. It seems that battling

with the storm and hurricane gives them voices like veritable sons of thunder. The way in which they rolled the chorus of the grand old Methodist hymns was something to remember.

The most vivid description of fishing life on the Grand Banks that we have read is Rudyard Kipling's stirring book, "Captains Courageous," from which we borrow some of the illustrations of the present article. Another graphic book is Monroe's "Dory Mates," which describes the perils and the heroism of these sons of the sea. Among these hardy fishermen is the grandest school in the world for training the seamen of her Majesty's navy—men whom no danger can daunt, whom no fatigue can wear out.

Harder to endure than the perils of the sea is the weary watch from the shore of the fishermen's wives and families. When the storm howls aloof, and day after day no sight nor sound of the fisher folk is seen or heard, then, indeed, "hope deferred maketh the heart sick." Sometimes the sad heart is never gladdened again by the return of those lost at sea. In Gloucester, Mass., there is an annual funeral service for those whose number sometimes runs up into the hundreds.



FISHING DORY AND ICEBERG IN FOG.

But how gladsome is the welcome when, weather-beaten and well-nigh shattered with the storm, with tattered sail and battered hull, the fishing boats like sea birds beat their way to land.

Whittier's vigorous "Song of the Fisherman" describes some of the hardships and perils encountered by these brave toilers of the sea.

Now, brothers, for the icebergs
Of frozen Labrador,
Floating spectral in the moonshine,
Along the low, black shore!

Where like snow the gannet's feathers
On 'Brador's rocks are shed,
And the noisy murr are flying,
Like black scuds, overhead;

Where in mist the rock is hiding,
And the sharp reef lurks below,
And the white squall smites in summer,
And the autumn tempests blow;
Where through gray and rolling vapour,
From evening unto morn,
A thousand boats are hailing,
Horn answering unto horn.

There we'll drop our lines, and gather
Old ocean's treasures in,
Where'er the mottled mackerel
Turns up a steel-dark fin.
The sea's our field of harvest,
Its scaly tribes our grain;
We'll reap the teeming waters,
As at home they reap the plain!

Our wet hands spread the carpet,
And light the hearth of home;
From our fish, as in the old time,
The silver coin shall come.
As the demon fled the chamber,
Where the fish of Tobit lay,
So ours from all our dwellings
Shall frighten want away.

Though the mist upon our jackets
In the bitter air congeals,
And our lines wind stiff and slowly,
From off the frozen reels;
Though the fog be dark around us,
And the storm blow high and loud,
We will whistle down the wild wind,
And laugh beneath the cloud!

In the darkness as in daylight,
On the water as on land,
God's eye is looking on us,
And beneath us is His hand!
Death will find us soon or later,
On the deck or in the cot;
And we cannot meet Him better
Than in working out our lot.

The following is a graphic sketch of the incidents of fishing life on the British coast by Alfred T. Story:

Few can have heard the popular ballad "Caller Herrin'" without being struck by the line, "We ca' them the lives o' men," which crystallizes into a phrase the pathos and tragedy of a nation's chief industry. The song, of course, is Scotch, and in no country in the world, perhaps, is so large a proportion of the people engaged in the herring fishery as in Scotland, where it has been estimated that twice as many fish are caught as in England. North of the Tweed the herring fishery is conducted in a different manner from what it is in England. For one thing, the boats are smaller, and on that account the more dangerous. If a storm comes on, everything depends on their ability to get into a place of safety, their frail open craft being ill-fitted to weather a severe gale. Should they be too far from shore, or the tempest too sudden in its descent, the tale of boats that returns is not the same as that which went out, and there is mourning under many a lowly roof-tree.

In Scotland the herring fishery begins at the island of Lewis, in the Hebrides, in the month of May, and goes on as the year advances, till in July it is being prosecuted off the coast of Caithness. This continues till well on into the summer, when it suddenly ceases.

For weeks before the commencement all along the East Coast there is such a repairing of boats, such preparations of gear generally, that the whole shoreside, from Wick to Crail, is like a disturbed ant-house. What hopes are raised, what speculation is rife! If the fishing prove productive!—so many things turn on that "if."

Murdock and Jock, maybe, will be able to buy a boat of their own, for these herring outfits are frequently family concerns; Donald and Janet will be able to marry; the wee callants, so active in their bare feet, will have their new winter shoon, their new Sunday breeks—if! Few can imagine what a good fishing season means to these water-side folks. It means comfort and plenty where otherwise want and wretchedness would prevail. For a bad season tells of storms, lost nets and

gear, wrecks : "We ca' them the lives o' men."

A bad season, however, is not always synonymous with tempestuous weather. There is much fluctuation in the quantity of fish caught. Some places where formerly great quantities were got much mystery. Its favourite home is in the depths of the sea, beyond the reach of net or line; but these depths it leaves for the shallower coast-bottoms during the spawning season. These are the times, of course, when it is caught in such prodigious quantities.

"DRESSING DOWN."

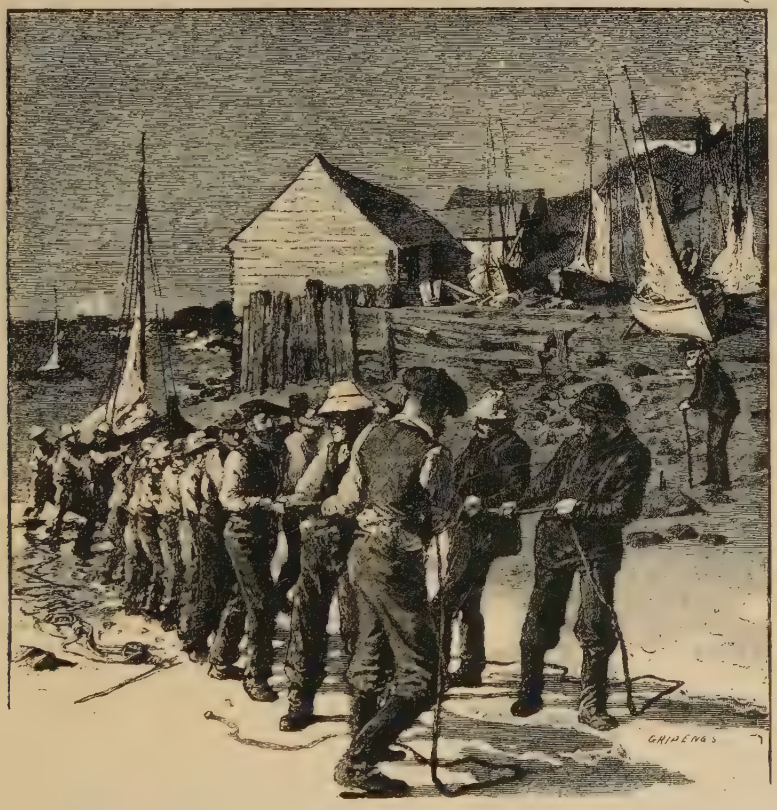
are now exhausted. This is the result of over-fishing, combined with ignorance of the herring.

There is, of course, a great deal that we have yet to learn about the herring. Its sudden appearance in vast shoals, and its just as sudden disappearance, envelop it in

A wonderfully ticklish cattle is the herring! A member of Parliament, during a debate on the Tithes Bill in 1835, stated that a clergyman who had a living on the coast of Ireland signified his intention to take the tithe of fish, whereupon—so hurt were the

members of that finny race—they immediately deserted that part of the shore, and were never again seen in its vicinity!

There are two modes of capturing the herring. One is by the trawl; the other, and more common method, is by means of what is called a drift-net, which is made of fine twine, worked into a series of squares, each of which is an inch in diameter, so as to allow of the escape of undersized fish. The larger fishing boats carry upwards of a mile and a half of these nets. The separate nets are fastened together, and each net is marked off by a buoy or bladder which is attached to it, the lower end being sunk into the sea by means of a weight, and fastened to the boat by a trail rope, longer or shorter according to the depth at which it is expected to find the fish. The boats engaged in the fishing vary in size, the larger ones being upwards of thirty-five feet keel, and will cost, including nets and other necessary gear, from two to four hundred pounds. They are strongly built, but perfectly open and unprotected.

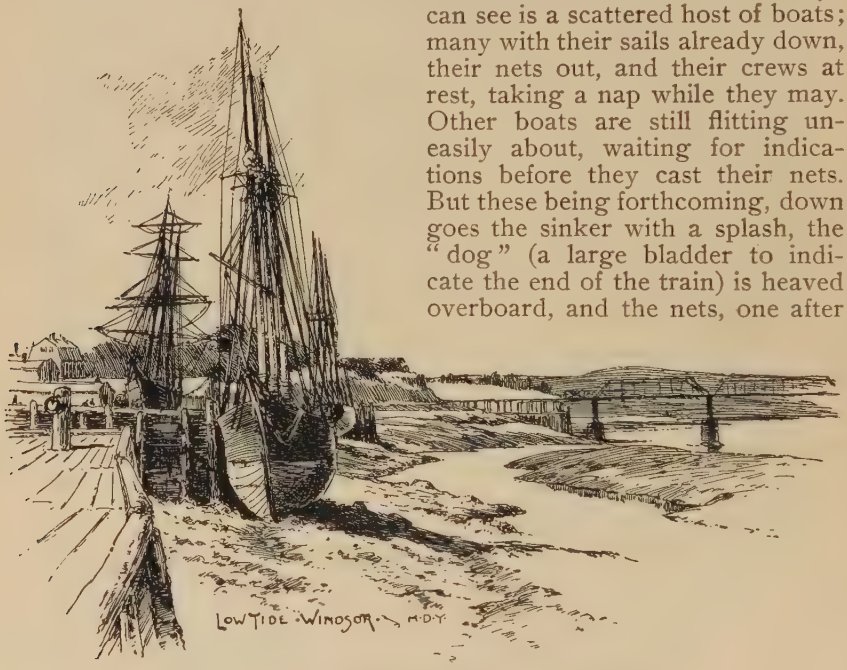


FISHING VILLAGE IN CAPE BRETON, N.S.—HAULING UP THE BOATS.

The boats usually start for the fishing ground an hour or two before sunset, and are generally manned by five men and a boy, including the owner or skipper. When the harbour mouth is cleared, all sail is set, and away bounds the light little bark, in

company, perhaps, with a hundred or two others, to the fishing ground—it may be seven or it may be seventy miles distant.

The departure is watched by a crowd of people, women and children for the most part, albeit there is a goodly sprinkling of men-folk—greybeards whose fishing days are over, curers who have put money on the "catch," and others.



NOVA SCOTIA FISHING SCHOONERS AT LOW TIDE.

It is a picturesque sight, as the red sun begins to dip into the glowing west, burnishing the heaving waters with hues of crimson and gold, while against the darkening east the hundreds of sails gleam like sheets of flame. Then, as the light gradually fades, and night envelops the scene, many a heartfelt prayer is sent up for the "luck" of the fishers and for their safety.

Meanwhile, if all has gone well, the nets have already been shot and the work of the night commenced. Usually this is done before dark; but the wise skipper is in no hurry. The crew may be impatient when there is the oily gleam in the water indicative of fish, and bright phosphorescent sparkles of light are cast from the boats' bows. At length the master is satisfied that he is in the midst of the shoal, and prepares for shooting the nets by lowering sail. All around as far as the eye can see is a scattered host of boats; many with their sails already down, their nets out, and their crews at rest, taking a nap while they may. Other boats are still flitting uneasily about, waiting for indications before they cast their nets. But these being forthcoming, down goes the sinker with a splash, the "dog" (a large bladder to indicate the end of the train) is heaved overboard, and the nets, one after another, are paid out as fast as the men can pass them through their hands, each net being marked by a painted bladder; so that when the entire length is out it forms a perforated wall many feet in depth and a mile or more in length.

Then for two or three hours quiet falls upon the scene; under the winking stars the erewhile busy fleet is at rest, its dancing masthead lights answering to those above. But some watchful eyes are there, and when the grey dawn begins to pale the gleam of the

HERRING FISHING IN THE NORTH SEA.

heavenly fires, a stir—slight at first—gradually sets the whole fleet in motion. Some one notes the bobbing down of the bladders marking the zigzag line of his nets, and, convinced that there is fish in them, gives command to haul in. The first net is no sooner clear than its meshes are seen to be full of herrings. It is a gladdening sight to the fisherman when he sees the shimmering fish as the net comes like a sheet of silver from the water—so often has he to be satisfied with a poor catch, or to return without any at all, even if he be not compelled to cut loose from his nets and make all speed for port—thankful if he gets in without loss of life.

Too often, after such a cut-and-run scramble for port, the look-round reveals some missing boat and crew, possibly more than one. Sometimes the boats are driven so far to sea that it is days before tidings are heard of them—the distress of their friends in the meantime being unspeakable.

Formerly the herrings were left in the meshes of the net till the boat arrived in harbour; but now they are at once shaken out as the net is hauled on board. As soon as the fish are in and the nets stowed, it is "up sail" and home

with all speed to get the "silvery darlings" as soon as possible to shore.

When the boats have gone home, and the fish have been landed, all the poetry of the occupation seems to have evaporated. Yet that can hardly be, so long as there is human hope and human endeavour. And such a scene of energetic endeavour, stimulated by the hope of gain, as may be now witnessed baffles description. The fish are carried from the boats in

ON A LEE SHORE.

huge baskets and poured into immense troughs, where they are sprinkled with salt, and shovelled about by men with immense wooden spades. When they are sufficiently salted, women in oil-skin overalls open and eviscerate the fish. It is not a clean operation, but they make good wages at it, and the speed at which they work is a marvel to behold. Thirty or forty fish are operated upon before you can count sixty ticks of your watch. Not all the herrings are thus treated, however. Some are sent away fresh, and before many hours have passed are being sold in distant towns.

Scenes like the above may be witnessed in the herring season at any of the Scottish coast towns from Caithness to the Firth of Forth. In an English town devoted to the fishery the scene is different. Let us take Yarmouth —famous the world over for its bloaters.

The Yarmouth boats are superior in size and build to the Scottish craft. They vary from twenty-five to forty-five tons burden, and have all the most modern appliances, including a steam capstan; while the fact of their being decked boats enables them to remain at sea a week or two at a time. A boat of the largest size will cost from twelve to thirteen hundred pounds, including nets and gear. The smaller craft, like the Scotch boats, are obliged to keep pretty close to shore.

The nets having been shot, the sails are lowered, and the regulation light set up; herring fishing being always carried on by night, as otherwise the fish would see and avoid the nets. A watch of two men is set, and is relieved every two hours. The nets are tried from time to time by hauling in one or two, when, if the indications are favourable, the whole are got on board.

The chief fishing ground for the larger boats is the Dogger Bank; and it is here that the fisherman has his hardest battle for life; when the winter gales drive the wild waters from the north up the shallower banks of the Dogger, where the waves, instead of rolling forward on the surface of the sea with their usual measured rise and fall, leap up immediately from beneath, striking the boats with terrific violence, tossing them about hither and thither, according as

one part or another receives the blow; so that often, while the craft is still staggering from such a blow, another sea, like an embodied Hate, dashes out from its lair, and engulfs both boat and crew beneath the raging waters.

A great change has come over the Yarmouth fishermen of late years—in part, perhaps, because they cannot go so early to sea as they did formerly, and are better

BAD NEWS FROM THE FISHING FLEET.

educated. There is not so much drunkenness and rowdyism as formerly. The young fellows are steadier, more serious, "much more given to religion," as one fisherman states. He adds: "It's a dog's life without that; you live like a dog, and often die like a dog. Many's the time I've been in peril of my life, thinking every minute would be my last, bobbing about in the water maybe, with a few floats to keep one up, one's head barely above the surface. But in time it makes you serious."

As a rule, the boats are owned by men who have been fishermen themselves. Sometimes they will begin with one boat, and be their own skipper; then they may add a second, and perhaps a third; when, of course, there will be enough business on shore to keep the owner occupied. The owner of the Sir John Colomb was such a one—a man who "went in at the hawse-pipe and out at the cabin window," as the saying is—that is, he went to sea at the age of nine, and, after thirty-five years of it, now stays at home and sends three boats to the fishing.

The boats start for the herring fishing provided with some tons of salt, so that the nets may be cast several times before returning to port. The different catches are

kept separate, the latest caught being, as a rule, the most valuable. The last day's catch is generally kept unsalted.

Having secured such a quantity as will be worth while carrying to market, the skipper makes for port, near which he finds steam-tugs lying in readiness to tow fishing-boats with all speed to the Fish Wharf. Here is a covered market, 750 feet long by forty wide, with a paved quay fronting it forty feet in breadth. The whole of this space, and hundreds of yards of the riverside in addition, are often covered with baskets of herrings, leaving barely enough room for people to move about.

WELCOME HOME.

In the autumn fishing season boats often lie along the quay two, three, and sometimes even four deep, the herrings being carried from the outer tier over the decks of the inner. It is a busy scene at any time when fish is

being landed and sold; but at the height of the great fishing the sight is one that must be witnessed to be appreciated.

All the fish are sold by auction, salted herrings by the last, fresh ones by the hundred, and so quickly is the operation conducted that the largest cargoes will, generally speaking, be disposed of in a few minutes.

But a large proportion of the best fish is transferred to the curing establishment, where it is prepared for commerce by the combined use of salt and smoke, the relative amount of the two being governed by the market for which the commodity is destined.

THE PHANTOM FLEET.

BY FRANK L. POLLOCK.

[This poem, which is truly epic in its conception, is worthy of the pen of Kipling. Its opening lines well illustrate some of the perils of the fishermen on the Grand Banks.—ED.]

When the stealing fogbank thickens on the heaving hueless water,
And the startled sirens bellow to the Bankers in their dread,
And at dusk the moving lanterns glitter like a distant city,
And the glistening oilskins gather, peering from the fo'ks'l-head;

Or when midnight settles stormy on the rushing mid-Atlantic—
Faint half-light through flying cloud-rack, crashing rollers bursting home;
Phosphor-flashes on the billows, white salt crusting all the funnels,
As the liner, dipping, plunging, thrashes through the running foam;

Then the smoking-rooms are crowded, and the decks outside deserted,
And the streaming scuppers gurgle to the screw's incessant beat;
Few the watchers in the darkness when the gliding shadows gather,
Flying down the hard nor'wester, and they sight the Phantom Fleet.

Tumbling o'er the tossing billows comes the distant roll of rowing;
Struggling up through fog and darkness lift the vanished ships of Greece.
Oldest, first of the flotilla, with her crew of brass-clad heroes,
Leads the pirate craft of Jason, at her peak the Golden Fleece.

Worn with wandering, wise Odysseus steers his dark-prowed galley after,
All the great dead chiefs around him, no more thought of rest or home;
Ilium, Ithaca forgotten, sons and kindred dust and ashes,
As of old they plough the billow, sweep the seas unchanged alone.

Close beside his ancient foeman sails the pious Trojan exile,
Done with Rome and done with Dido, out upon the seas again;
And behind, with shield-hung side-rails, dragon-headed, crimson-painted,
Glides the Viking snake of Ragnar, running o'er the endless main.

Few the watchers on the steamer as the phantoms gather nearer,
But some few peer through the darkness as the rowers struggle past.
Did they hail? What humming murmur, tense and faint, comes to the hearing
What ghost-shout of distant seamen, struggling dimly down the blast?

And a strange and sudden silence falls on smoking-room and cabin,
The twangling banjo ceases, every ear is strained to mark;
Cards and glasses drop unheeded, though no outer sound had entered,
And the phantoms sink and waver, and they vanish in the dark.

But the midnight watchers ever turn their hearts again to ocean,
And the ghost-hail of the galleys calls them outward to the deep;
Ever out-bound, wandering restless, till the sea receives them wholly,
Sail they till they sink beneath it, they who spoke the Phantom Fleet.

WHAT THE DEACONESS SAYS TO THE CHURCHES.

BY ISABELLE HORTON,

Editor of the Deaconess Advocate, Chicago.

II.

Last summer I took with me to my country home a boy from the city slums who had scarcely known in all his twelve years of life one touch of disinterested kindness or unselfish love; a boy who had been dragged out of bed at midnight by a drunken brute of a father to go for liquor, and kicked and cursed when he came back because he could not get it without money. Knowing his past life, I was not surprised that he should steal a knife before he had been an hour in the house, nor greatly shocked when he promptly and emphatically averred that he had never seen it. The good people who had opened their doors to him could not, even in imagination, fathom the utter vileness of the influences that had surrounded him, and he perplexed their righteous souls from day to day with his ungodly deeds; but—true Christians as they were—their unfailing kindness surrounded him like the sunshine, and to me the quick upspringing of good desires and impulses in his soul was a daily marvel. And when the time came that he put the stolen knife in my hand and laid his head down and cried—tears that neither kicks nor blows could have wrung from him—that we should think him a thief, what could I do but take him in my arms and say, "No, you are not a thief; the boy who did that wicked thing is gone and he'll never come back again."

And when the summer vacation was over and he was back in the filthy den he called home, do you think I could rest, knowing that the boy who had sat by my side at table and been my companion in country wanderings was going cold and half-fed, and sleeping at night with only a ragged quilt between him and the bare floor? It was not duty nor charity, but the drawings of a strong personal interest that impelled me to see that he was placed where the growth of new desires and aspirations should not be crushed out by sin and poverty. And when after months of anxious endeavour this was accomplished, could any reward be sweeter than the knowledge that he is growing day by day into true Christian manhood, and that I had helped in saving him?

But when we meet these people on the footing of patron dispensing alms to a pauper, we shall doubtless see much to jar upon refined sensibilities. It is a professional attitude—the question merely one of getting and giving. So much professional charity for so much palaver. There may be a sort of pity, but there is no love or sympathy about it. The poor see in the rich a reservoir of the things they want and haven't got, and they use the means at hand to get them. If they believed that the giving was an expression of personal, kindly interest, or cost real self-denial on the part of the giver, the case would be altogether different. The greatest danger the deaconess has to contend with is this danger of professionalism, and it is greatly increased by the immense field given to one worker.

We need more deaconesses, but

there will never be enough to take from any single member of Christ's kingdom the responsibility of loving and caring for those of his weaker brothers who come in this way. Rev. Barnett, one of the first settlement workers in London, said, "If to-morrow every one who cares for the poor would become the friend of one poor person, forsaking all others, there would next week be no insoluble problem of the unemployed, and London would be within measurable distance of becoming a city of happy homes."

But to become the friend of a person does not mean simply to give him material things. It is not all of love to give—love might absolutely refuse to give in this way, while making it possible for the other to earn what he needs. The best gift Christ gave to the world was not loaves and fishes to the hungry, nor even health to the sick, but the gift of Himself. And so we must give ourselves to the world; our time, our talents, our education, our interest, our sympathy,—whatever the Creator has endowed us with, be it much or little; first of all to those nearest and most dependent on us—for charity does begin at home—and after that to all who come within the sphere of our influence. Charity may also end at home, but only after it has taken the whole round world in its embrace.

To properly help a person we must know him. To sympathize with another we must enter into his circumstances and life. Put ourselves, in imagination at least, in his place. Christ did that for us in reality. "Himself took our infirmities and bare our sicknesses," and can we not afford to enter into these dwarfed and sunless lives, through kindly sympathy and help?

With all our ostentatious system of benevolences, there is among the best of us a pitiful lack of real charity. We judge those people, whose lives have been so different from ours, by our own standards. "I have always worked hard and been careful and saving," says one, "and if others would do the same they might be as well off as I," but he does not consider that the very strength of character which enabled him to do that was a gift of God to him, through healthful parentage, early influence, and education. Men and women are not created equal. Some are no more responsible for being weak, indolent, and vacillating, than for having a short nose or a retreating chin. They stand no chance in the battle of life; but if such a weakling were our brother, what would be our conduct toward him?

But poverty and ill-luck are not always due to lack of enterprise. The best and bravest often go down in the bitter struggle for bread. One of our deaconesses was present in a wretched home one day when the husband and father returned from an all day's fruitless search for work. He said that, at a certain place where work was being done on an elevated railroad, he had stood with one hundred and fifty men, who waited from morning until night, with no dinner, ready to take a chance opening in the ranks of workmen. If one of the workers should get killed by an accident, or become sick, or fall out for any cause, some one of the one hundred and fifty would seize the spade almost before it could fall from his hand. These men only asked leave to toil for their daily bread.

Often what we call shiftlessness is semi-starvation. The strongest and best of us will find his energy flagging when the dinner hour passes without the welcome call. If then he should attempt to satisfy his appetite with a slice or two of baker's bread and a cup of

cheap tea, and should have the same bill of fare served up for breakfast, dinner and supper, for one week even, I doubt whether he would not discover some little shiftlessness lurking in his own nature; and after a few months of this meagre diet his business ability might become somewhat impaired, and even his prayers might lack something of their usual fervour. This is not imagination. A deaconess recently found employment for a man who had been out of work for a few weeks and after two hours' labour he came home dripping with perspiration and utterly exhausted. The wages for unskilled labour are so low that the average labourer can barely support his family. The daily wages must go for daily bread, and if sickness comes, or work stops but for a day, starvation stares them in the face.

And this suggests another fruitful cause of apparent shiftlessness. A wise philosopher has said, "Every man is as lazy as he dares to be." But few of us love to work for work's sake; we need an incentive. Most men work now in the hope of saving enough so they can afford to be lazy by-and-bye. The very poor have no such possibility before them. Let them rise early and toil late, let them work their fingers to the bone, they know that at best they can earn but a bare, a toilsome, a joyless existence. What wonder if, sometimes, they decline the task, and decide to enjoy their laziness at least in the present. If some incentive could be placed before them, some bit of pleasure, or comfort, or an occasional rest from toil as a result of their labours, many a good-for-nothing might be transformed into a good-for-something.

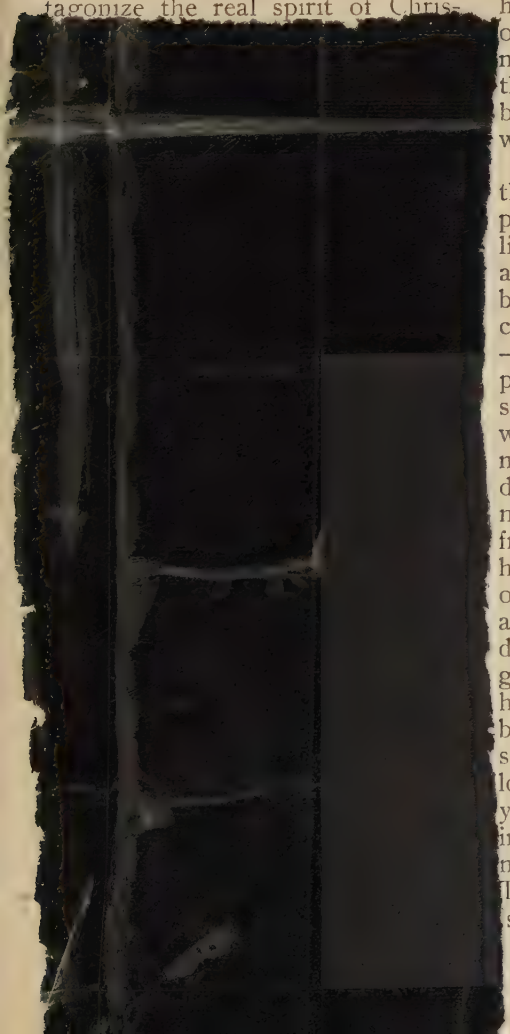
These are some of the considerations that should make us charitable in our thought, even to those "ne'er-do-weels" that seems most trying to our Christian graces. But our charity must be active as well if the Church would recover lost territory. It's not enough for a church even to engage a deaconess, and then go to sleep. Many a deaconess could best perform her mission by making herself a persistent thorn in the flesh to her church. The church should be a centre of religious life, and the deaconess the connecting link between centre and circumference.

And religious life—religious living—what should it not mean? He was a wise man who said, "There is no secular." If there is anything in life, business, politics, dress, amusement, social intercourse, education, anything into which can enter no question of right and wrong, that thing may be considered outside the pale of church interest. But if religion is an element of every-day life, and not something to be laid off and on with the Sunday bonnet, why should not the church interest itself in the bodies and brains as well as the souls of its people? Why not have an employment bureau, reading rooms and gymnasium under its direction, as well as sermons and prayer-meetings?

It is well for the church to keep to its high level of spirituality, but it must let down the steps by which those who are hardly conscious of spiritual needs can climb to its level. There is no other way. Why should not every woman be a deaconess to her washerwoman, and her poor neighbour; and every man a deacon to his clerk, or his employees? For deacon means only helper, servant; Paul declared himself "your servant, for Jesus' sake," and even our divine Master "took upon Himself the form of a servant," and so made service for love's sake forever glorious.

A few city churches, realizing

the value and need of these forms of Christian service, are adopting them under the name of institutional churches. May their number be increased! Such churches have power to draw men and women to Christ. A deaconess working for such a church has something wherewith to answer the objections of those who say the Church cares nothing for the poor. And they attract not the very poor alone but the better labouring classes as well. The socialist in bitter rebellion against oppression, and groping blindly after the idea of the true brotherhood of man, finds in it the spirit of Christian helpfulness. He does not antagonize the real spirit of Chris-



won from the woman an expression of interest. The church was always open; each evening presented some attraction of a social, religious or educational nature—that particular evening it was a popular lecture by a well-known speaker. The subject pleased her; she thought her husband "might like to hear it." A little tactfully expressed interest drew out the facts that the husband was an infidel, a strong socialist and a leader among his companions. She herself had been raised a Roman Catholic, but had broken with that Church and had grown very bitter against all Churches, believing them filled with either hypocrites or narrow-minded bigots and formalists. But her promise was at last won to come for the evening lecture, if her husband could be persuaded to come with her.

They came. The deaconess met them and introduced them to the pastor and other friends. They liked the atmosphere and came again, bringing two young lady boarders, stenographers. They came again, bringing a neighbour—one who had formerly been a personal friend of Robert Ingersoll. Before long the children were sent to Sunday-school, the mother explaining privately to the deaconess that she feared they might be imbibing infidel beliefs from their father. The father himself called for them at the close of the first session of the school and remarked confidentially to the deaconess that he was "really very glad to have them attend," as he had begun to fear that they might be getting Roman Catholic superstitions from their mother. Before long the mother and the two young lady boarders were kneeling at the altar during a religious meeting, earnestly seeking Christ. The husband says that, "If there s such a thing as religion, they've

got it in the brick church on the corner, and if there is a Christian in Chicago, the deaconess is one." He has been earnestly entreating her to induce his aged and somewhat irascible father and mother to attend church. He evidently believes that religion is a good thing to have, in the family at least.

And so, if church and deaconess work together the people may be reached and brought back to Christ and the Church; but if she is left to work alone, she can do simply one woman's work, no more. The church has a right to demand much of a deaconess, but it cannot expect her to do single-handed the work of a corporation, and preserve the disposition of an angel. As she enters the work she is simply a young woman, who desires to devote her life to Christian service. She has spent eight months, perhaps, in a Training School. She has learned something of the Bible, something of history, something of many things that will be of use to her; but she has still much to learn. She has barely skimmed the shores of the great ocean of human misery and sin, with its mystery of pain. Yet too often she finds laid upon her inexperienced shoulders the whole burden of the charitable work of the church. She has to meet difficulties that would tax the wisdom of a Solomon, the faith of a Paul, and the diplomacy of a Tallyrand.

Often there is no one in her field to whom she can go for advice and counsel. The pastor has his hands and his heart full of pastoral duties, and no one else seems particularly interested. Perhaps she has heard herself called an "angel of mercy," but she would gladly exchange the responsibilities of angelhood for a little hearty, womanly sympathy and co-operation —not for her own but for the work's sake. We should remember that in Paul's opinion Phoebe was not at all an angel, not merely a servant, but she was also "our sister." The servitude must be of grace and not of necessity, else there were no graciousness in it.

The deaconess as an ambassador of Christ should be worthy of respect. Not necessarily informed on all the niceties of etiquette, nor learned in the wisdom of the schools, but self-respecting and of gentle manners. Not for a moment should she be made to consider herself a pauper, even though she trusts the Church for her support, while she gives to the world the labour of brain, and heart and hands.

This, then, is our plea to the

THAT OTHER MAN'S CONSCIENCE.

BY THE REV. S. P. ROSE, D.D.

To what extent should my conduct be determined by another man's conscience? This is an ethical question of great practical importance. St. Paul plainly teaches that occasions arise when in deference to the conscience of a weaker brother, abstinence from what is itself innocent, assumes the dignity of a Christian obligation. "For conscience' sake: conscience, I say, not thine own, but the other's" (1 Cor. x. 29). I may be fully persuaded that for me a certain course of conduct is blameless, but for the sake of "that other man," I may be impelled to refrain from what is not only lawful, but, according to my judgment, actually wholesome.

These instances are cited by St. Paul, when the purely lawful must yield to the lovable:

1. Abstinence from what we ourselves regard as innocent should be practised when the exercise of our liberty imperils the spiritual life of a weaker brother. "Let us not therefore judge one another any more; but judge ye this rather, that no man put a stumbling-block in his neighbour's way, or an occasion of falling. . . . For, if because of meat thy brother is grieved, thou walkest no longer in love. Destroy not him with thy meat for whom Christ died. . . It is good not to eat flesh, nor to drink wine, nor to do anything whereby thy brother stumbleth." (Rom. xiv. 13, 15, 21.)

This counsel gains in weight when it is remembered that St. Paul's sympathies were undoubtedly with those in Rome and Corinth who stood for liberty. To him the eating of meat which had been consecrated to idols was perfectly innocent. But if this innocent practice imperilled the spiritual welfare of any observer, let it be abandoned. He who cheerfully follows this advice most closely walks in His footsteps "who pleased not Himself." Nothing could have pleased Jesus which was not in its very nature and essence worthy of Him. But He refused to indulge Himself in the good that He might gain and do what was better. This is the real meaning of sacrifice, when this much used word is interpreted in the terms of New Testament teaching. He only knows what Christian self-sacrifice is who puts away the good, that he may attain the better, and this is done by all who hold their liberty under bondage to love, to the love which "seeketh not her own."

2. Abstinence from what is abstractly right should be practised when our reputation is endangered through the exercise of our liberty. "Let not then your good be evil spoken of," (Romans xiv. 16). There are perfectly innocent acts which a man cannot perform in certain communities without a loss of reputation amongst those whom he would serve. Ignorance, crass stupidity, may lie at the root of the conscientiousness which is thus grieved. Nevertheless, the Christian worker cannot afford to throw away any fragment of his capital by weakening his influence unnecessarily. Hence, for the sake of his reputation, innocent pleasures and occupations must be refrained from lest the "good be evil spoken of."

3. We should refrain from the exercise of Christian liberty, in deference to "that other man's"

conscience, when the exercise of our freedom imperils the harmony of the Church. "So then let us follow after things which make for peace, and things whereby we may edify one another. Overthrow not for thy meat's sake the work of God" (Rom. xiv. 19). An organ is a good thing with which to lead the musical service of the sanctuary, yet the time has been when lovers of good music felt it their duty to sacrifice their taste to promote a higher harmony. There are many good things which we can afford to do without rather than to give rise to disputings in the Church. A congregation was divided, a few years ago, into two camps, resulting ultimately in the erection of a new place of worship, over the form of the communion table; one section of the congregation insisting that the table must have legs, the other section insisting that the Holy Communion could not be properly administered except from a legless table! Personal preference, even when supported by canons of good taste, must give way when the introduction of a good, but not essential thing, means the disturbance of the peace of Zion.

But are there no limits to the application of this law which St. Paul so forcefully illustrates? Must my walk be determined in every particular by the conscience of my brother? The question is answered in asking. Christian liberty is forever at an end if the conscience of "that other man" is to be the invariable rule of behaviour; the wiser, more progressive and bolder spirits must, in such an event, be held in slavery to the unenlightened consciences of the feebler and more timid.

That the invariable sacrifice of Christian liberty to the law of conduct set up by "that other man's" conscience would be a loss attended by no commensurate gain appears when it is remembered that conscience is not meant as an infallible guide to conduct. Conscience, as Dr. Clay Trumbull so well points out, is the voice of the Divine within us calling upon us to do right. But conscience must be instructed as to what right is. The men and women who sold slaves a hundred years ago were, many of them, as obedient to the voice of conscience as is the most pronounced opponent of the slave traffic at this hour. Saul the Pharisee was as conscientious as Paul the Apostle. To put one's conduct, therefore, under the invariable control of the conscience of another, would be as silly as to govern the course of a ship by a confessedly inaccurate compass.

This becomes the more obvious when the meaning of the expression a "weak conscience" is fully understood. It differs widely from a "tender conscience." A tender conscience is something to be greatly desired; a weak conscience is ignorant, suspicious, uncertain of its ground, destitute of the strength which results from proper exercise and development. A tender conscience is not quick to obtrude itself upon the notice of others or to insist upon the application of its convictions to the conduct of others; a weak conscience is generally assertive and tyrannical, seeking to dominate the actions of mankind at large. Hence personal, intelligent Christian liberty must occasionally assert itself against the attempt of brethren of weak conscience to rule society. There are times when I must not conform to the laws of conduct which "that other man's" conscience would impose upon me.

"That other man's conscience" ceases to be a law of conduct, when respect to our brother's scruples would lead us not only to forego our rights but to neglect

our duties. We may, sometimes should, waive rights in deference to the mistaken scruples of a weaker brother, but nothing can free us from the obligation to obey the voice of duty. A pastor, for example, may decline to exercise the right which he enjoys as a citizen, of taking an open and active share in a political contest, when no great moral question divides the political parties. But should one party commit itself to the adoption of a platform, which includes as a main plank a moral reform, and should the other party either ignore or oppose this reform, the right of citizenship becomes a duty, from which no plea of offended or grieved conscience on the part of weaker brethren can free him. Active participation in a political contest may become a duty which no protests made in the name of conscience should lead us to evade.

Neither should "that other man's conscience" control my conduct when his unenlightened conscience becomes a tyrant, which, like tyrants everywhere, grows more unreasonable the oftener its claims are conceded. Occasions may arise when the one duty of the hour is the assertion of the doctrine of Christian liberty, and this not for our own sake only, but for "that other man's" sake as well. The life of the Divine Man illustrates this principle. We may suppose that He offended the conscientious scruples of ordinarily good people by His conduct on more than one occasion, notably in regard to the observance of the Sabbath. But He recognized the fact that it was of greater importance that His disciples should be delivered from bondage to unscriptural customs than that the scruples of ignorant men should be regarded with too great tenderness. So, too, St. Paul claims liberty for Gentile converts in opposition to the conscientious efforts of Jewish Christians to bind burdens foreign to the spirit of Christianity upon Gentiles who had embraced the new faith.

To permit the uneducated conscience of spiritually undeveloped men and women to determine the behaviour of an entire Church is to commit a double wrong, first to those whose ignorance is thus flattered, and next to those whose Christian liberty is unduly curtailed. For the sake of the conscience of a weaker brother I may of my own volition resign some portion of my liberty, but when the weaker conscience of "that other man" demands as a right what should be granted as a favour, the time to resist its improper claims has arrived.

"That other man's conscience" can no longer be a guide to conduct, when his scruples are opposed to those of other brethren, whose scruples are equally worthy of consideration. He who seeks to fashion his behaviour in deference to the consciences of others will sometimes find himself met by demands wholly differing in character. One brother protests that his conscience is grieved if his pastor introduces social questions into the pulpit, while the member in the next pew cannot conscientiously listen to the minister whose sermons exhibit such painful indifference to the vital topics of the time. To conform one's life to the demands which weak consciences would thus lay upon us must lead to the abandonment of any settled law of behaviour whatever.

When "that other man's conscience" stamps the purely innocent with an evil reputation it should be resisted. There are wholly innocent forms of pleasure which men of morbid conscience

have called by bad names and forbidden to those who would have found in them wholesome recreation. A man, converted late in life, whose past has been wicked, looks out on life with prejudiced eyes that see harm in what may be entirely harmless. It is a sad pity when his conscience, corrupted and narrowed by years of wrong-doing, dictates the conduct of the pure and innocent. Because his past slavery to sin has defiled his imagination and endowed him with the Satanic quickness of vision that discerns evil where pure eyes see nothing but good, he is unfit to say what is innocent to the innocent. He should learn modesty by his past and forbear to judge men out of his sinful experience. There are enough things forbidden by laws of righteousness without the adding of new sins, in obedience to the perverted judgment of men and women whose unhappy apprenticeship to Satan has dwarfed their minds and unfitted them to believe in the innocency which they have lost. It is a serious mistake to key conduct to the conscientious scruples of those whose consciences work under the evil influences of an evil past. When we do we are almost certain to call the good evil and the innocent injurious.

Without pursuing our illustrations further, it is plain that "that other man's conscience" cannot be accepted as an infallible rule of conduct, nor even as a safe guide in every instance. Hours will certainly arise when we must oppose ourselves to the weak conscience of our brother, both for his sake and our own. We must try the demands which his conscience makes upon our behaviour by the same rules of reason and Holy Scripture, by which we try our own judgments. "In Thy light shall we see light." Conscience, our own or "that other man's," throws light upon the pathway of duty, but the light is not always clear or certain. A brighter light must be brought to bear upon life's problems. That we shall receive if we follow closely in His footsteps who said, "I am the Light of the world; he that followeth Me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life." In the divine light which His Spirit sheds upon duty, we shall be able to distinguish between the "broken lights" which are heavenly in origin, and the "false lights" which we must shun.

GOLDEN ROD.

BY ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN.

Ere the stout year be waxen shrewd and old,
And while the grain upon the well-piled stack
Waits yet unthrashed by every woodland track,
Low stream and meadow and wide waste out rolled,
By every fence that skirts the forest wold,
Sudden and thick, as at the reaper's hail,
They come, companions of the harvest, frail
Green forests yellowing upward into gold.
Lo! where yon shaft of level sunshine gleams
Full on those pendent wreaths, those bounteous plumes
So gracious, and so golden! Mark them well:
The last and best from summer's empty looms,
Her benedicite, and dream of dreams,
The fulness of her soul made visible.

STORIES OF THE UNDERGROUND RAILROAD.

BY MISS M. MURRAY.

Says Carlyle, "No nobler feeling than that of admiration for one higher than himself dwells in the breast of man. It is to this hour and at all hours the vivifying influence in man's life." Drawn on by this divine instinct, with what unflagging interest we follow again and again the heroes of old in their struggle to make the right prevail. How we turn to the exploits of Achilles, of Launcelot, of King Arthur, to satisfy our thirst for the heroic! These days in comparison seem dull, prosaic, materialistic. Yet one is tempted to think that it is but another case of the old saying, of not being able to see the woods for the trees. For right at our door, along the border between this country and the United States, were enacted deeds of the most brilliant heroism.

"Looking back," wrote Mr. Conway, who knew the work well, "looking back over the centuries to the Crusaders, led by the fire-heart of Peter the Hermit to rescue the holy places of Palestine from the infidel's tread, we are thrilled by the devotion of men who went to their graves as to their beds, that the sepulchre of the Holiest might become the shrine of the believer; yet I must believe that, when time has given the needed perspective, the romance that clings to those heroes of a creed will fade beside the halo that will shine around the head of the crusaders in that moral struggle whose higher object has been to rescue the holy places of humanity—not the sepulchre of Christ, but the shrine of His living presence."

And who were these "modern crusaders," these "mighty men of valour"? Though quite unfamiliar to many of us, doubtless the names of John Woolman, William Garrison, Levi Coffin, and John Brown are held sacred in many a humble home in the vicinity of Windsor or of Niagara Falls. Almost a century before the general awakening of the American conscience to the wrongs of slavery, the humble followers of George Fox had felt with Saint Chrysostom that "the true Shekinah is man." They had realized the truth, "There is but one temple in the universe and that is the body of man. Nothing is holier than that high form. We touch heaven when we lay our hand on a human body."

In the early years, while yet the Church was silent, we find William Garrison and a few "insignificant persons" raising their voices in solemn protest against the whips and chains of the South. When some of Garrison's friends objected that he was too harsh, too bitter in his denunciations of the slave-owners, he answered, "I have need to be all on fire, for I have mountains of ice about me to melt. I am in earnest. I will not equivocate; I will not excuse; I will not retreat a single inch—and I will be heard." And he was heard. Gradually the people of the North began to see that a negro is a man in spite of his colour, and that in virtue of his manhood he really has a soul. Like all great changes the work was slow, very slow, yet,

"Even now we hear with inward strife
A motion toiling in the gloom—
The spirit of the years to come
Yearning to mix itself with life."

Many a time the very efforts of the friend of the slave to help him but increased his sufferings, so it was necessary that those who would aid them in their escape must do so secretly. By far the

largest part of this work of helping runaways across to Canada was done by the Quakers. One of the most prominent names in this connection was that of Levi Coffin, the "President of the Underground Railroad." That he was the originator of this undertaking is not at all sure, as the beginnings of an organization, the "sine qua non" of which was secrecy, are naturally a little hazy. Certain it is, however, that he was one of its most successful "station-masters," and that hundreds of slaves were sheltered in his home on their way north.

Just who gave the name is also doubtful, but it is said that Southerners, who had suffered the loss of valuable black merchandise spirited away north by some unaccountable means, declared that there must be an underground railroad to Canada, and that Levi Coffin must be the president, because they never could trace their "goods" beyond his house.

For a long time the work was carried on piecemeal by scattered individuals, but about 1838 there seems to have been a formal organization of this great secret order, with Philadelphia, the "city of brotherly love," as the central depot from which the various "lines" extended north and south. The society in no way intended that its agents should entice slaves from their owners. Their sole aim was to aid systematically those who had succeeded in escaping, to prevent their recapture and to pass them on as speedily as possible to that Arcadia of the slave—Canada.

We, who are so prone to take our free, happy life under the Union Jack as a matter of course, find it almost impossible to realize the full richness of meaning which that one word "Canada" had for the slave in his sufferings worse than death. To him Canada was synonymous with freedom, home, love, life. In the South he had no rights, absolutely none; his ties of family and kindred were formed only to be rudely broken the instant his master saw that he could make a good bargain or felt the need of a few hundred extra dollars. In Canada he might have to work as hard, but that was nothing, for he would not be in danger of having his wife or children snatched away from him at a moment's notice, and he would be allowed to enjoy peacefully the fruit of his labours.

But to reach this far-off country was no easy task. It took not only wits and perseverance but money, and of the latter the slave had none. Many and many a time the fugitives, on arriving at "stations," had to be fed and clothed and sometimes even nursed back to health and strength before they were fit to pass on. To supply this need, large sums of money were freely given by the friends, who indeed hardly dared let their left hand know what their right hand was doing. The utmost secrecy was necessary. There could be no bazaars, no subscription lists, no public appeal at all.

"This was the only railroad in America where the shareholders looked for no dividend. 'To take stock' in this enterprise meant to be called on for constant contributions, with no bond but 'Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these.' It was not every prosperous citizen who cared to invest time and money upon such security." Some would give money and clothes without caring to risk becoming "station-masters" or "conductors." As Levi Coffin said, "Some seemed really glad to see the work go on, if somebody else would do it!" And it did go on in spite of all difficulties until more than twenty

thousand persons had passed through the hands of its agents.

During the long, dark years before the war, "business" was exceedingly active. Constant communication was kept up between "stations," and to prevent discovery the members carried out the significance of the name and used the technical business terms to describe their runaway consignments. "Valuable stock," "a package of merchandise," or "two large and two small hams," might mean much in those days. Or a telegram such as, "Pay forty-three dollars to Doctor Peck on my account," might fully explain to the recipient that in a certain state-room on a certain steamer was a "client" who would need to be forwarded north.

Many are the thrilling tales told of the adventures of these "passengers" in their frantic efforts to reach Canada and freedom, via the Underground Railroad. One capital story is told by Levi Coffin of two slave-girls who, after escaping from Kentucky and passing through perils unheard of, took refuge at Cabin Creek with their grandparents, free coloured people. Thither in a short time came their late master, "to buy cattle," he said, but the girls' beating hearts told them too well his real errand.

As there was a considerable settlement of free negroes in the place, he had to proceed cautiously, so he had a writ made out, and protected by an officer and a number of roughs he made his way to the cabin. Being warned of their coming visitors, the coloured men quickly gathered together, and, her husband being absent, the grandmother, nothing daunted, held the door-way, fiercely brandishing a corn-cutter. An uncle of the girls with quick wit asked to see the writ, examined it carefully detail by detail, and by causing a little delay gave his nieces time to change their clothes for those of boys. So disguised, right before the face of their master, they passed out with some other negroes and slipped off to a grove where horses were awaiting them.

As soon as he knew that they were well off, the uncle acknowledged that the writ seemed after all to be sound, the old woman lowered her weapon and the search began. Into every nook and cranny they peered, but no girls anywhere. Not only the coloured folk, but even some of the whites who were looking on, enjoyed the joke and advised the baffled slave-hunter to search the floor for the hole through which his property had escaped along the Underground Railroad! Meanwhile, the girls, after a brisk ride, reached Levi Coffin's house safely, spent some hours under a couple of feather beds and were finally sent to Canada.

But not all the fugitives escaped so easily. Many were the expedients used, the hardships encountered. Some verily went through fire and water. Three men actually stowed themselves away close to the boiler of a steamboat, where they were almost choked to death with the heat and dust. Turn about they would crawl cautiously to a tiny opening for a breath of air. Others, hiding in cargoes of turpentine and tar, suffered tortures from the blistering effect of their environment. It is rather interesting to note, by the way, that one of the men who went through the latter experience afterwards became Honourable Abram Galloway, member of the Senate of North Carolina.

One man squeezed himself into a box three feet by two, and with some biscuits, a skin of water and a gimlet as companions, was actually passed on as freight from the agent at Richmond to the one

at Philadelphia. Here, although having travelled much of the way standing on his head, he arrived in good condition, a little stiff, perhaps, but still with energy enough to give vent to his thankfulness in the words of the Psalmist, "I waited patiently for the Lord, and He heard my prayer," much to the delight of his Quaker friends, who immediately christened him Henry Box Brown.

One of the most remarkable agents of the Underground Railroad was Harriet Tubman, a full-blooded negress, herself for twenty-five years a slave. Having crossed the "magic line," she decided that if she could manage it, many another should enjoy with her the sweets of freedom. She succeeded in carrying off not only all her own family, but nearly three hundred other slaves. From her success in leading her people out of their land of bondage, she was nicknamed "Moses." This very ordinary-looking black woman seems to have possessed the utmost courage and shrewdness, and wherever she went her word was law. She always carried a gun or a revolver, and if one of her contingent showed the slightest signs of wavering, he soon found out that it was to be a case of "do or die."

Among her proteges was a young man named Joe. His early life was not unbearable, but in the course of time he was sold to a new master, who immediately proceeded to flog him as a sort of necessary preliminary to his new service. Joe took it calmly enough apparently, but that evening he went over to some friends of Harriet with the request, "Next time Moses comes, let me know." As a result, a week or two after "Moses," with Joe, his brother and a couple of others, had arrived safely opposite Wilmington, in Delaware. They were closely followed, and as large rewards were offered for them, there was no time to lose. How to cross the carefully guarded bridge was the puzzle. By some means Harriet got word over to the good Quaker, Thomas Garrett, the "station-master" at that point, and he gladly came to the rescue. He got a big waggon and sent it across the bridge filled with bricklayers, shouting and singing as if off into the country for a grand time. At twilight the party drove home as merry as ever, but with five more happy passengers lying in the bottom of the waggon.

Joe, however, did not yet feel safe. He must see Canada first, must feel his feet clinging to free British soil. As the train on which they were bound north neared the bridge below Niagara Falls, the others burst into singing, but Joe was still too anxious to shout before he was quite out of the wood. He sat perfectly motionless with his head buried in his hands waiting for—he hardly knew what! As the train was crossing the bridge, the others called to him excitedly to come and see the wonderful sight.

"Joe, come look at de Falls! Joe, you fool you—come see de Falls! it's your last chance."

But Joe could not be stirred. A minute later, when they were really across, on the descent from the middle of the bridge, "Moses" could stand it no longer. She rushed over, and shaking him fiercely, exclaimed:

"Joe, you've shook de lion's paw! Joe, you're free!"

Then the strong man, who could stand the greatest physical suffering without a quiver, burst into hysterical sobbing and singing, so much did the touch of Canadian soil, the breath of free British air mean to these men.

One man, Stanford, who had

a terrible struggle to escape his pursuers, who, in fact, after his first escape to St. Catharines, was kidnapped in the middle of the night and carried back, on reaching the Canadian side, "leaped on shore, rolled himself in the sand, and even rubbed it into his hair in the wildness of his delight at finding himself once more on free soil."

In the early days, before the definite organization of the Underground Railroad, when friends were few and far between, and one dare ask for guidance of no one on the way, it was often a struggle of months and months to reach the longed-for border. John Little, enjoying prosperity years after as a respected Canadian farmer, tells an interesting story of his experiences in trying to reach the North. As a child he was comparatively happy, but when a little over twenty, his master got into debt and he was sold to a man who had the reputation of being a most successful negro-breaker.

Now began Little's troubles. His broken-hearted mother, having been deprived of all her children, he thought it not unreasonable to ask permission to spend the next Sunday with her. Accordingly, on Saturday night he humbly asked for a pass.

"No, I don't allow my niggers to run about Sundays," was the pious reply.

So John took "French leave." On his return Sunday evening, he was left alone to his meditations, but the next morning his master was ready for him. In spite of his plea, "I wanted to see my mother very bad," he was tied to a tree and the overseer was told to give him five hundred lashes with a bull-hide whip. After the first hundred there was a pause, which the master used for hurling the most abusive language at his helpless slave. Then came another instalment of lashes, and when the poor bleeding, fainting wretch was taken down, by order of his considerate master his wounds were well bathed with salt and water. After having iron rings fettered to his ankles and being kept in stocks all night, he was brought out in the morning to receive fifty more blows—this time with the paddle. At the third stroke he fainted, and on reviving was sent out into the field to work as usual.

In those fetters he worked for three months, the iron eating into his ankle-bones. Still, in spite of all his master's efforts, John could not be "broken in." "I made up my mind," said he, "that if he would find whips, I would find back." So far he had not heard of the North and freedom. Finally his master, finding it impossible to "break him in," planned to have him shipped to New Orleans. While waiting to sail he managed to slip off, and lurked in the woods for some days, hoping to be sold "running" to some neighbour with whom he might have a more bearable life.

After passing through the hands of several owners, all more or less cruel, he heard of Canada and hope. Accordingly, he and his wife (for he had married in the meantime), resolved that if freedom was to be had they would at least make the effort to gain it. Little slipped out first and arranged a plan of escape for his wife who was sick at the time. Just at the last moment they were betrayed, and Mrs. Little was dragged to a swamp, to be out of the way of the ears of the people going to church, and was brutally flogged, to make her tell where her husband was hidden. But it was of no avail, and while fetters were being made to fit her wrists and ankles, she escaped and man-

aged to join her husband. That night and the next were spent in awful anxiety under the close pursuit of their master and a band of armed slaves.

When it was at last safe for them to leave the dense woods, they started for Canada, to them then little more than a name, a far-away hope. It was a long, long journey across several large States. Not daring to ask for directions, they often lost their way. All day they had to lie hidden, while at night they resumed their journey, guided on by the North Star. One Wednesday they found themselves back at the same guide-post which they had passed the Sunday night before. Several times they encountered enemies, from whose hands they barely escaped. Still on they kept, and at last they reached Chicago, where sympathizing friends were soon found to help them across the line.

Roughing it in the woods of Canada was nothing after all they had gone through. They both showed what stuff they were made of, and fourteen years later saw John Little able to boast that he had over one hundred acres of land under good cultivation, and that he could at any time lend or borrow two thousand dollars, and Mrs. Little rejoicing in a horse and carriage and in the happy consciousness that in all the stores she was treated with just as much respect as if her skin had been white. Is it any wonder that these people were ready to sing with the deepest feeling, "God save the Queen!"

By way of contrast we might glance at the story of Helen and William Craft. The former, being quite fair, dressed herself like a fashionable young planter, and took her husband along under the guise of servant. To prevent discovery, she had her face tied up as if suffering from toothache, wore goggles, put her arm in a sling, affected lameness and deafness, and in every way showed herself dependent on her faithful slave. They met with no delay until they reached Baltimore, where on going to buy tickets for himself and his master, the servant was told that he could not pass on until some responsible white person gave bonds for him. Craft's last hope was in "Southern bounce," so, after repeating several times the story that his master was sick, and being on his way to Philadelphia to consult medical aid, might die if detained, he ended by declaring most emphatically, "My master cannot be detained!"

This fortunately had the desired effect. "Scarcely had they arrived on free soil when the rheumatism departed, the right arm was unslung, the toothache was gone, the beardless face was unmuffled, the deaf heard and spoke, the blind saw, and the lame leaped as a hart."

Comparatively few slaves, of course, were able to escape by such devices. The vast majority won their freedom at very heavy cost, as in the case of the Littles. Still here and there we find cases of remarkable enterprise in which the black men showed themselves daring in the extreme. One case is told of three negroes, who, evidently having a good supply of money at their disposal, hired a liveried carriage, bribed a poor white to play the master, and actually drove coolly off into Canada, no one saying them nay.

Another audacious fellow, named Jim, after spending a week or two in Canada, "went coolly back to the old plantation, stood cringing like a whipped dog before his master, as if he had been away only for a holiday, and, after having been duly saluted with a vol-

ley of abuse, humbly explained that he had indeed run to Canada, knowing no better, but was now come home a sadder and wiser darkey. He was sick of liberty and having to take care of himself. Canada was a cold place, where white folks cheated niggers out of their wages. He had found out what sort of people those abolitionists really were : a mean set who pretended to help slaves to get work out of them without paying for it !"

This new doctrine, being very pleasant to his master's ears, Jim was restored to all his former glory with the added honour of being considered a "missionary of content" among his fellows. That autumn and winter he served his master faithfully, but the spring saw him making his second trip to Canada, this time taking with him not only his family but a few friends, so that he might not again be homesick for "the old Kentucky shore !"

There is one man who deserves more than the mere passing notice which space permits us to give him. Old John Brown has become an historic character, and his name is now a household word in America. He is perhaps the hero of his time. Many a bold stroke of business did he and his six stalwart sons do for the Underground Railway. It was of him that Victor Hugo wrote : "What the South slew last December was not John Brown, but slavery."

And it was true. These men had not worked and fought and died in vain. Right must prevail. The time was not far off when Levi Coffin could gratefully resign his office as President of the Underground Railroad, when the Government of the United States took on its broad shoulders the burden so long borne by a few "fanatics," when the company found themselves bound to declare : "The stock of the Underground Railroad is gone down in the market; the business is spoiled; the road is of no further use."

Kingston, Ont.

VESPER HYMN.

BY E. SCUDDER.

The day is done; the weary day of thought and toil is past,
Soft falls the twilight cool and gray on the tired earth at last:
By wisest teachers wearied, by gentlest friends oppressed,
In Thee alone, the soul outworn, refreshment finds and rest.

Bend, gracious Spirit, from above, like these o'er-arching skies,
And to thy firmament of love lift up these longing eyes;
And, folded by Thy sheltering hand, in refuge still and deep,
Let blessed thoughts from Thee descend, as drop the dews of sleep.

And when refreshed the soul once more puts on new life and power;
Oh, let thine image, Lord, alone, gild the first waking hour!
Let that dear Presence dawn and glow, fairer than morn's first ray,
And Thy pure radiance overflow the splendour of the day.

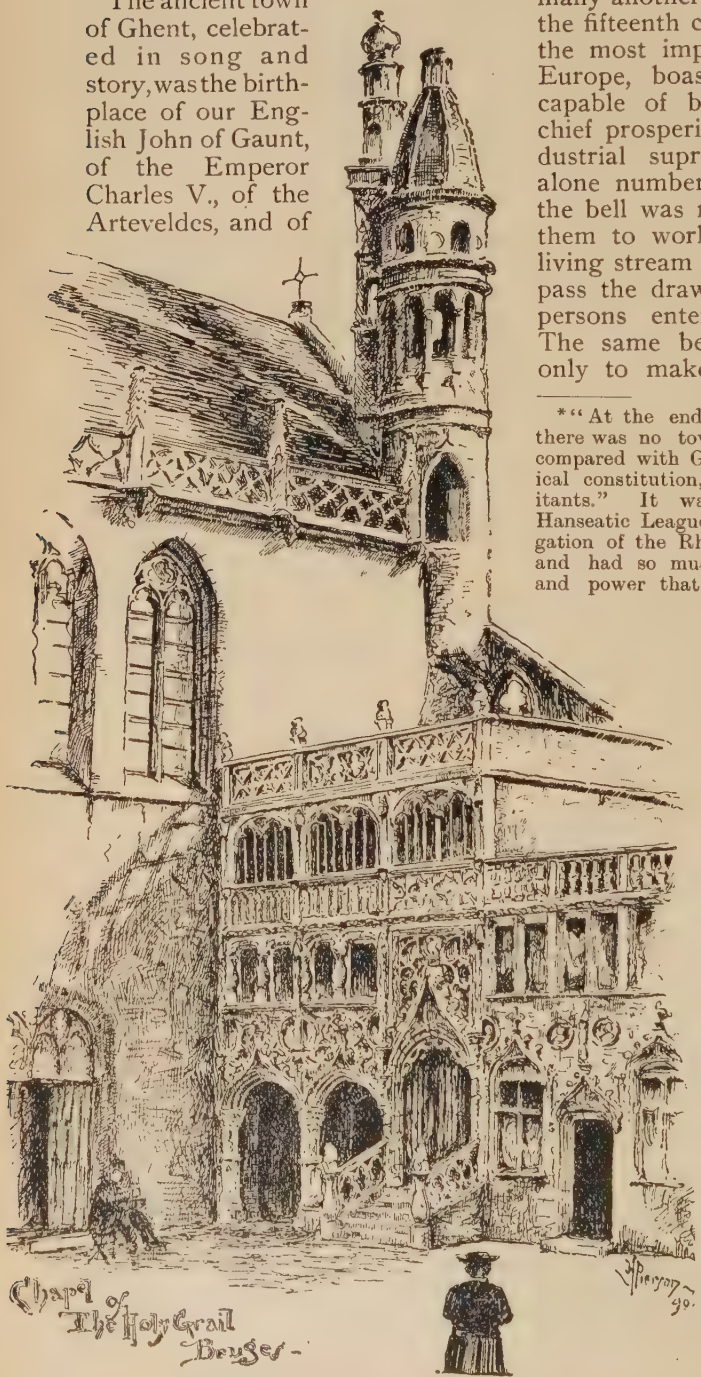
So in the hastening even, so in the coming morn,
When deeper slumber shall be given and fresher life be born,
Shine out, true light! to guide my way amidst the deepening gloom,
And rise, O morning Star, the first that day-spring to illume!

I cannot dread the darkness where thou wilt watch o'er me,
Nor smiling greet the sunrise unless Thy smile I see;
Creator, Saviour, Comforter! on Thee my soul is cast:
At morn, at night, in earth, in Heaven, be Thou my first and last.

FLEMISH PICTURES.

BY W. H. WITHROW AND HERBERT PEARSON.

The ancient town of Ghent, celebrated in song and story, was the birthplace of our English John of Gaunt, of the Emperor Charles V., of the Arteveldes, and of many another famed in history. In the fifteenth century it was one of the most important free cities of Europe, boasting 80,000 citizens capable of bearing arms.* Its chief prosperity arose from its industrial supremacy, its weavers alone numbering 40,000. When the bell was rung that summoned them to work, so great was the living stream that no vessels might pass the drawbridges, nor private persons enter the public ways. The same bell is still rung, but only to make more striking the

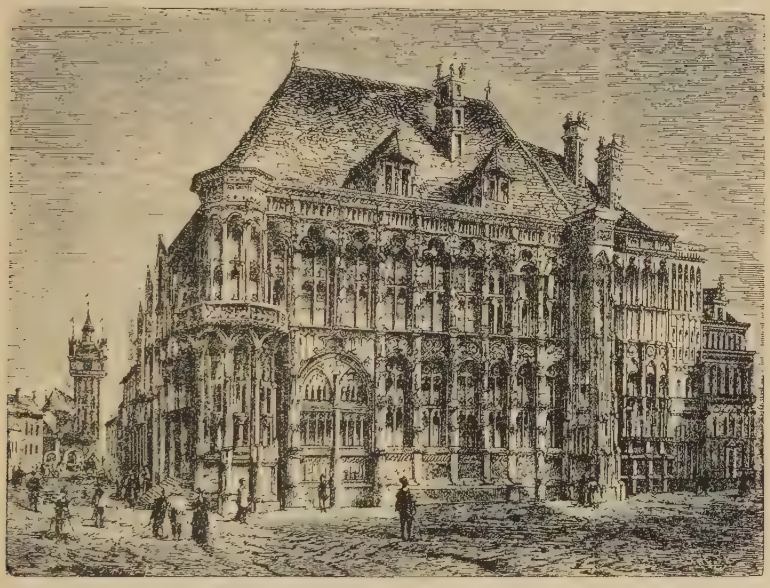


*"At the end of the fifteenth century there was no town in Christendom to be compared with Ghent for power, for political constitution, or culture of its inhabitants." It was the chief city of the Hanseatic League, obtained the free navigation of the Rhine and other privileges, and had so much increased in wealth and power that it surpassed Paris. It has now a university attended by about four hundred students, and twenty public hospitals, one dating from 1225, which can accommodate six hundred persons. It was here that the Duke of Alva lighted the fires of the Inquisition in the Netherlands, and by a fine poetic justice it was here that the confederation was formed for the expulsion of the Spaniards from the country. It was in the *Vrydags Markt*, or Friday Square, that Van Artevelde kindled the flames of the Civil War.

The twin city of Bruges is still more pathetic in its decay. In the fifteenth century it was one of the great commercial emporiums in the world; the chief resort for English, Lombard, and Venetian merchants. It had a large share in the commerce of the globe, while its manufactures, especially in tapestry, excelled all others.

contrast between its once surging throng and its now quiet and, in part, grass-grown streets. The old historic city has an air of fallen splendour, and of mouldering decay, that is almost pathetic. So great was its ancient prosperity that Charles V., playing upon the meaning of the name—from which we have the word gauntlet—said to Francis I.: "Je mettrai votre is fire, when I ring there is victory in the land." *

The day on which I visited it was the fete of the Assumption of the Virgin, and the church was crowded with worshippers. A procession of priests in crimson, purple and gold, accompanied by vergers with crosses, halberds, and maces, and peasants in blue blouses and wooden shoes, passed



THE TOWN HALL, GHENT.

From the balcony of this building the Emperor Charles V. addressed the citizens of Ghent, his native town.

Paris dans mon gant,"—"I will put your Paris into my glove."

The venerable Church of St. Bavon, unattractive and plain without, is exceedingly magnificent with the armorial bearings of the Knights of the Golden Fleece within. At the summit of its lofty spire, is a golden dragon, captured in 1204 from St. Sophia at Constantinople. The chimes of the bells are wonderfully sweet, and ever and anon booms the great bell which bears the legend, "My name is Roland; when I toll there through the aisles, while the deep-toned organ shook the solid walls.

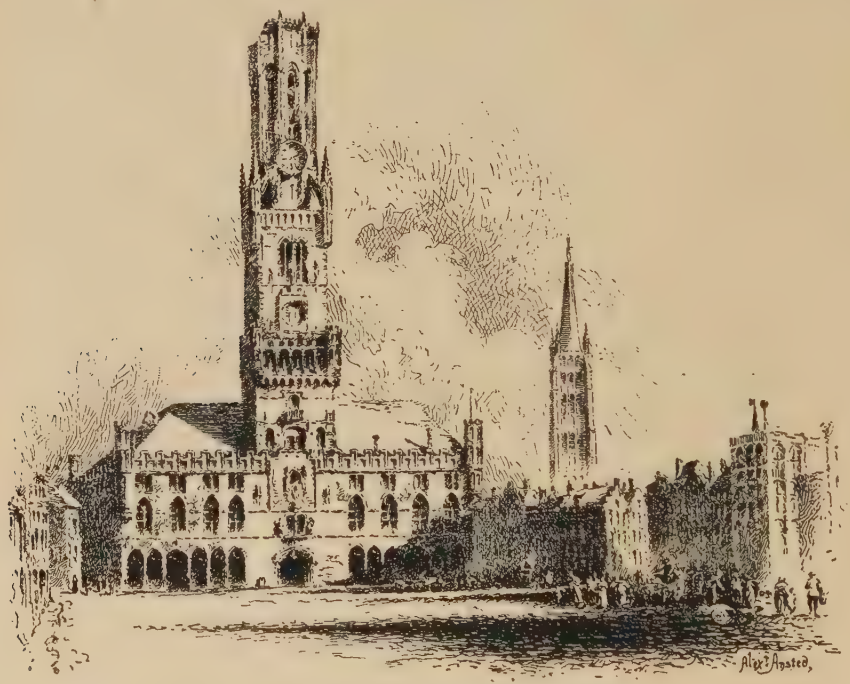
The Hotel de Ville has an excellent flamboyant facade with a huge and massive tower fronting a square surrounded by Spanish houses, in which, in a conflict of stormy guilds, 500 men were slain 500 years ago. I visited the famous Beguinage, a little suburb surrounded by its own moat and walls, with eighteen convents, con-

* "*Mynen naem is Roland; als ik klep is er brand, and als ik luy is er victorie in het land.*"

taining 1,000 Beguines, an order of nuns of extreme antiquity. In the salon is a fine Raphael, and specimens of the exquisite lace work of the nuns, some of which I purchased as souvenirs for dear ones far away.

I stopped at Bruges, chiefly on account of Longfellow's fine poem on its ancient belfry. In the fourteenth century Bruges was the greatest commercial centre of Europe. The ministers of twenty foreign powers dwelt within its walls, and vessels from Venice, Genoa, and Constantinople bore the wealth of the Orient to its wharves. In the Church of Our Lady—Onze Vrouw—is the splendid tomb of Charles the Bold and Mary of Burgundy, and many art treasures. The chapel of the "Holy Blood" and a colossal image of "God the Father" attest the sacrilegious superstition of the people. Of this I had a further illustration in the procession in honour of the Virgin, which took place on this wise :

In a side chapel of the church a number of young men arrayed themselves in a sort of ecclesiastical dress, with facings of scarlet and gold. After much music and marshalling, the procession was organized—priests, acolytes, choristers, in their most gorgeous robes, carrying crosses and crucifixes and burning tapers; halberdiers in mediaeval costumes, bearing battle-axes; young girls in white veils, with gilt palms in their hands, and gilt wreaths on their heads, six of them carrying a richly adorned image of the Virgin, dressed in gold brocade; a troop of children, all in white and crowned with flowers; young men bearing banners, gilt shrines, and jewelled reliquaries; and a long



THE TOWN HALL OF BRUGES.

THE BELFRY TOWER, BRUGES.

procession of citizens, and bands of music playing martial airs in the intervals of the chanting of the priests and choir boys, while the continuous clamour of the bells rang through the air.

The principal feature was a gorgeous canopy borne by four leading citizens over the "Host," which was encased in a jewelled pyx and carried by a splendidly apparelled priest. Thurifers swung their censers; young girls strewed flowers, fern leaves, and palm branches before the sacred shrine; and the multitude of spectators fell down on their knees as the Real Presence of the Redeemer, as they imagined, passed by. Although some scowls were directed towards me as I stood erect, no one molested me. Candles were placed in the windows, and the houses were decorated with festoons and evergreens and wreaths of gilt ivy, as the pageant swept through the narrow streets, among mouldering monuments, and over an ancient bridge, in the placid waters beneath which the lilies

floated, and stately swans dressed their snowy plumage, and an ivy-covered, ruined wall was reflected. It seemed more like an illuminated picture out of a mediaeval missal than like an actual experience. I felt like rubbing my eyes to see whether I was dreaming or whether this strange pageant was a reality.

I then wandered into the Grand Place, a large square, on one side of which rose the celebrated Belfry

THE LAKE OF LOVE, BRUGES.

of Bruges, of which Longfellow sings so pleasantly. I inquired for the Fleur-de-Ble at which he lodged, but found that it had been demolished. I lunched, therefore, at a little table in front of a cafe, and feasted my eyes meanwhile on the stately tower and listened to the musical chimes, pronounced the sweetest in Belgium; and mused upon the vanished splendours of the mouldering town. Near by was the beautifully carved Gothic Hotel de Ville, where the Counts of Flanders, on their accession to the throne, used to fling largess to the people and swear to maintain the rights of the city. Longfellow thus recalls the associations of the scene :

In the market-place of Bruges stands the belfry old and brown,
Thrice consumed, and thrice rebuilded, still it watches o'er the town.

Thick with towns and hamlets studded, and with streams and vapours gray,
Like a shield embossed with silver, round me vast the landscape lay.

At my feet the city slumbered. From its chimneys here and there,
Wreaths of snow-white smoke, ascending, vanished, ghost-like into air.

Not a sound rose from the city at that early morning hour,
But I heard a heart of iron beating in the ancient tower.

Then most musical and solemn, bringing back the olden times,
With their strange, unearthly changes, rang the melancholy chimes,

Like the psalms from some old cloister, when the nuns sing in the choir :
And the great bell tolled among them, like the chanting of a friar.

Visions of the day departed, shadowy phantoms filled my brain ;
They who live in history only seemed to walk the earth again.

All the Foresters of Flanders—mighty Baldwin Bras de Fer,

Lyderick du Bueq and Cressy, Philip, Guy de Dampierre.

I beheld the pageant splendid, that adorned those days of old;
Stately dames, like queens attended, knights who bore the Fleece of Gold;

Lombard and Venetian merchants with deep-laden argosies;
Ministers from twenty nations; more than royal pomp and ease.

I beheld proud Maximilian, kneeling humbly on the ground;
I beheld the gentle Mary, hunting with her hawk and hound.

I beheld the Flemish weavers, with Namur and Juliers bold,
Marching homeward from the bloody battle of the Spurs of Gold.

And again the whiskered Spaniard all the land with terror smote;
And again the wild alarum sounded from the tocsin's throat;

Till the bell of Ghent responded o'er lagoon and dyke of sand,
"I am Roland! I am Roland! there is victory in the land!"

Then the sound of drums aroused me. The awakened city's roar
Chased the phantoms I had summoned back into their graves once more.

Bruges has an ancient reputation for the beauty of its maidens —"formosis Brugae puellis"—but they had an unintelligent expression that, to me, was less attractive than the bright looks of our quick-witted Canadian girls. A blight and mildew—the effect of Romish superstition—seem to have overgrown the place; one-third of the population are said to be paupers—and very homely-looking ones they are—the women in long blue cloaks, and wearing clumsy wooden shoes.

A clever artist, Mr. Herbert Pearson, thus describes his visit to the ancient town:

My most delightful memory of Bruges is that of its sweet chimes. There are in all, in the cathedral tower, ninety-nine bells—the largest, at whose baptism Charles V. stood god-father, and gave his own name, weighs eight tons. Every quarter of an hour they ring out a beautiful carillon, and at the full hour they proclaim in more elaborate melody the flight of time. At night I lay awake listening to the exquisite strain and thinking of Longfellow's musical lines:

"As the evening shades descended,
Low and loud and sweetly blended,
Low at times and loud at times,
And changing like a poet's rhymes,
Rang the beautiful wild chimes.
Then with deep sonorous clangour
Calmly answering their sweet anger,
When the wrangling bells had ended,
Slowly struck the clock eleven;
And from out the silent heaven,
Silence on the town descended.
Silence, silence everywhere,
On the earth and in the air."

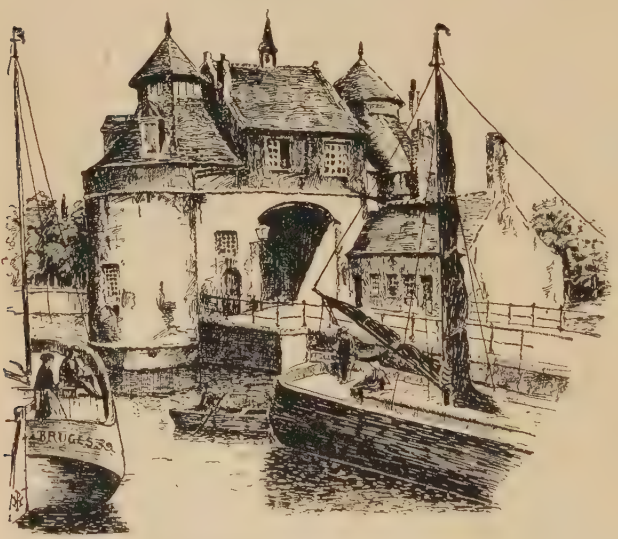
In the springtime there comes one day in each year when the sleepy old town of Bruges wakens with a thrill of life. The quiet streets are suddenly filled with a wondrous crowd. I happen to enter the city on this day and I wonder at the flags and pennons that stream from the windows. I am jostled by folk from Blankenburg and the Dutch border in strange caps; Capuchins with long beards mix with barefooted Carmelites and Beguines in snow-white headgear. Under the lindens of the old cathedral a clatter of Flemish fills the air till the tender spring leaves seem to vibrate on the slender stems. Through the streets that are planted with fir trees comes the procession of the Holy Grail. The crowd falls back as the priests of Ste Anne or St. Jacques in their most gorgeous copes, with choristers, crosses and silken banners make their way to the Grand Place. They are followed by long lines of nuns in white, bearing branches of lilies.

The "Saint Sang," brought from the Holy Land by Count Thierry of Alsace in the twelfth century, is borne on in its jewelled shrine with all the priests and religious orders in a solemn procession. They are

so numerous that they make Bruges seem like a great convent at night. The "Saint Sang" has had its vicissitudes since the noble count brought his treasure in triumph to Bruges. The precious drops are said to have been collected by Joseph of Arimathea,

> "In that hour when One in Sion
> Hung for love's sake on a cross."

They were inclosed in a crystal flask and kept in a golden shrine. Once, when war convulsed the land, the flask was thrown in a canal and remained there for years. It was found by chance by some adventurous diver. Again, in troubled times, it was rescued by some pious soul and hidden till the danger was past. Once the processions in its honour were forbidden, but now they are again enjoyed on the third of every May, and the desolate town with its splendid palaces grows festive in holiday apparel.



ANCIENT GATE-HOUSE, BRUGES.

I climbed up the winding stairs into Longfellow's belfry to a room under the roof, out of the way of the crowd. The high windows serve as frames for the pictures of the many-gabled town with its belt of verdure. A sky of luminous blue endomes the scene, the fresh young green of the lindens, the canals winding between fields of rye and flax, the unfolding verdure of the lime trees. The smoke rises like white plumes in the clear air. Straight Lombardy poplars stand in stiff groups like uniformed soldiers. Towns nestle here and there in the foliage and westward is a gleam of the sea. If I lean out I see each street and canal lined as in a map. All the red tiles and stepped gables show clear in the sunshine. Like a fortress, dark and gloomy and strong, Notre Dame rises in view. Clumps of blooming azaleas make bright patches of colour between the gray walls of the convent garden. I can catch a gleam farther on of the Minnewater where the worthies of Ghent in the olden time exchanged heavy blows with their neighbours of Bruges.

Here, in the great space stretching from the Notre Dame to the quaint gables of the Franc, is the quay of Rosenhoet. In the golden days when the commerce of Flanders reached all lands merchants from every part of Christendom thronged this place at a yearly fair. Near the ancient church is the old mansion of Gruyt Huys where Edward IV. found a hiding place when the "Red Rose" had recovered its power in England. The first "Bourse" ever established in Europe shows its quaintly carven front not far away. There

is a slender pinnacle rising above the Saint Sang chapel which is all that is left of the castle of the counts of Flanders. The old Stadthuys with the gilt angels on its lucarnes glittering in the sunshine is not far off, the most ancient city hall in all the land. Before me the many-coloured houses of the Grande Place rise in quaint fashion and I recognize the tall front and pointed arches of the Craenenburg. There the prisoned Maximilian heard the shouts of the fierce Clawaerts, while the axe fell

CANAL IN BRUGES.

on the necks of his friends and fire leaped up from their scaffolds.

This is a coign of vantage from which to view the procession as it moves on with slow dignity through streets strewn with flowering broom and water flags. The clang of martial music mingles with the solemn chant of litanies. On the other side of the square a great altar is reared glittering with gold and jewels. The steps are richly carpeted and strewn with herbs of grace. Clouds of incense float up from the surging censers. Under a scarlet canopy comes Monsieur Bruges, bearing the "Saint Sang" in its glittering receptacle. Then come the bishops of Ghent, Liege and Arras, each with his tall crozier and most splendid cope and mitre. Crowds of Capuchins and Carmelites surround the image of the Saviour brought from Jerusalem. Innocent Maries with lilies and little St. Johns in sheepskins with lambs led by blue ribbons, follow. The Host is elevated, there is a blare of trumpets, myriad voices of choristers chant the "Ave Verum" and the great bell tolls out from the tower over the kneeling multitude.

I have not come to Bruges to see the festival, though glad to have a glance of this city—which might be called the little Venice of Flanders—under its holiday aspect. It is a Venice translated into Flemish with high-roofed houses and weedy gardens. I make my way through these rows of quaint houses of every colour from rose pink to deep red, carved and orieled and turreted. In the times called now the golden days, the neighbouring villages were al-

ways at war. Where the stagnation of peace now reigns the sandy dunes re-echoed with the sounds of conflict. A torch tossed high in the air was sufficient signal for a "scrap." The foes rushed out armed with the scharm axe or short Saxon sword, or they carried great knotted clubs, heavy as the hammer of Thor. "Fierce are the karls," says an old Flemish ballad, "with their rough beards and rugged jerkins. They think to strike down the knights."

But the despised karls did a great work for Flanders. The earliest laws and the free institutions were preserved by them. They raised the sea dikes which

HAND-WROUGHT IRON BRACKET AT "THE GOLDEN BASKET," BRUGES.

protected the land from the encroaching German ocean. The value set on these dikes is shown by the old Flemish law: "He who breaks through a dike shall lose his right hand."

Here was the Monastery of the Dunes, where there were 200 lay brothers. The monks here, as ever, were the great pioneers of civilization. Heathendom lingered among the Flemings far into the Middle Ages. The monks taught the rude people how to construct dikes, drain the marshes, and make the fields fruitful. In time Flanders grew famous for her grain, her flocks and herds, and still more for the strong Flemish horses so renowned through Europe.

My chief object in visiting Bruges was to see the famous carved fireplace in the Guild-house.

An aged servitor with bushy white beard and hair opens the door for me. He is deaf and nearly blind, but he knows the way well and carries a huge bunch of keys. I follow where he leads and at last I am in the room of the famous fireplace. The old man looks at it affectionately. He has told its story often, and the mists of age have dimmed his eyes, but he would see it if his sight were gone forever. He intones his narrative.

"Back in the Middle Ages," he says, "about 1527, there lived in Bruges a wonderful workman, a carver in wood, named Andreas. His skill made other artisans jealous, for human nature was about the same in those days as now. Andreas had a little daughter of ten who made the joy of his life. His uncle, a deaf and dumb old man, also made his home with him, and there were rumours that he was tolerated for his gold. Gossip flourished then, too, you see, sir. Well, it happened that on the birthday of Andreas little Marie had prepared a surprise for her father. She hid herself in his workroom to see his joy when he discovered it. But instead of her father came a man who for a long time had cherished a fierce and envious hatred against the wonderful carver.

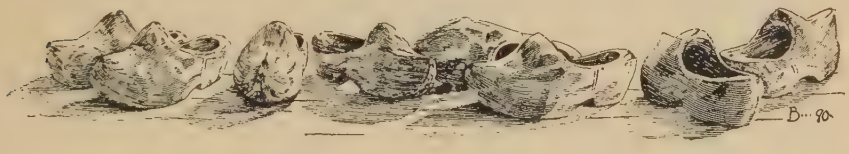
"'Where is Andreas?' he cried, as he spied the poor deaf mute. The old man did not understand, and the visitor gave him an angry push out of his way. The poor fellow struck his head heavily on one of the andirons in the fireplace. Marie shrieked. The visitor disappeared, and the neigh-

bours entered to find Andreas with a bloody corpse in his arms. So it happened that the wiseacres of the day thought Andreas was the murderer, and he was thrown into prison. He was allowed to have his tools, though, and in his prison he designed and finished this superb work of art which has delighted the whole world. It was so astonishing that they gave him his freedom, but the poor man had worked with such ardour that he only lived one day after his release. He had put his life into this great work."

We wander out of the old city gate. It stands alone, bereft of its once adjoining walls, with only some flat-nose boats for company.

Presently we come upon some old windmills stretching out long skeleton arms in a forlorn way toward the sky, as though in protest at being left alone when all their companions are "faded and gone."

After a youth of strength and stir and vehement life, after siege and battle, fire and sword, Bruges is enjoying a peaceful old age. The commerce of the world passes it by, but the artist finds in it a satisfaction and a delight. I see it now as I left it, the winding canals, the fresh green of the lime trees, the desolate splendour of the palaces, all steeped in the sunshine of May. Men may call it a dead town, but it is beautiful in death. "After life's fitful fever it sleeps well."



AUGUST.

BY LYDIA AVERY COONLEY.

Ye crystal days of August that smile upon the hills,
And send your sunbeams seeking the perfume summer spills!
The blue skies are your banners; the forests wear your shields;
The army of the harvest sets vanguard in your fields.
Warm breezes from the tropics bring waves of throbbing heat;
The locusts' scorching accents the breathless stillness greet;
The brook with gentle murmur the mossy stone enfolds,
And goldenrod has burnished the sceptre that he holds.
The clouds in fleecy whiteness lift battlements that rise
To build a heavenly city upon the radiant skies;
And, high above, white mountains its shining towers enclose,
As if the heart of summer remembered winter snows.

Ye crystal nights of August, your shadows on the lawn
Grow deep when herald twilight your mystic shield has drawn;
The aspen cymbals quiver, though wind-harps all are still,
And no æolian whisper is heard upon the hill.
In breathless silence driven across the waiting sky,
A trail of fire for signal the shooting-star worlds fly;
And while Orion watches their course of rushing light,
They vanish like a vision that thrills the breast of night.
The midnight hour approaches, and all the stars grow pale,
As rising to the zenith, the moon withdraws her veil.
Night gathers up the jewels in star-fields thickly sown,
And crowns her queen triumphant upon a silver throne.

HAMPTON COURT.

BY THE EDITOR.

HAMPTON COURT BRIDGE.

After Windsor Castle, no palace in England possesses more historic interest, or seems a more fitting abode for its sceptred line of sovereigns, than Hampton Court. It is reached in three-quarters of an hour from the heart of London, and the sudden transition from the din and turmoil of the great city to the cloistered seclusion of these quiet courts and galleries, and the sylvan solitude of these bosky glades, is a most delightful experience.

I left the railway train at the little town of Teddington, with its many gabled church, that I might enjoy the approach to the palace through the majestic avenues of Bushy Park, a royal demesne of 11,000 acres. It was a glorious day. An early shower had washed the air and brightened the verdure of the grand old park. Its chief glory is a magnificent avenue of limes and horse-chestnuts, six rows of them, extending in straight lines for over a mile. Such splendid masses of foliage I never saw elsewhere, except, perhaps, the grand old elms and chestnuts of the Hague. They were planted by William III., and for well nigh two hundred springs and summers have flushed with the pink beauty of their blossoms, and gleamed with the russet hue of their prickly fruit. Our engraving gives some idea of the fine vista of the main avenue, seen reflected in the broad and placid pool in the foreground.

Near the court end of the avenue is a curious basin with carp and gold fish, in the centre of which rises a singular structure, half monument, half fountain, weathered with age and overgrown with moss and lichen. The canal, which can be seen from the palace windows, is said to have been placed there to gratify the king's love for such familiar scenes, and to remind him of his dear native Holland. The residence of the "ranger," a sombre red brick house screened off by railings, blends harmoniously with the quiet beauty of the scene.

The lowing of kine, the faint tinkling of sheep-bells, and the swift whirr of the pheasant or rustle of the hares through the ferns, are all the sounds that meet the ear. Through the distant forest glades sweep the antlered deer, or pause in their browsing to stand at gaze, as undismayed as their ancestors in the days of Merrie Robin Hood and Little-john. Here the grim Puritan, Oliver Cromwell, when he could lay aside for a time the cares of State, used to doff his steel hauberk and buff jerkin, and don a coat of Kendal green for a swift gallop through the park after the flying deer or hares.

ON THE THAMES, HAMPTON COURT.

Reaching Hampton Court, we enter first the sequestered park known as the Wilderness, and every one on his first visit tries his skill in penetrating the famous labyrinth—"a mighty maze, but not without a plan"—that has be-

CHESTNUT AVENUE, BUSHY PARK, HAMPTON COURT.

wildered generations of young and old children since the time of its creator, William of Orange. It is a narrow pathway winding backwards and forwards, and round about between quick-set hedges, leading to an arbour in the centre. If you once make a wrong turn you are lost, and may wander for hours without reaching the goal. I had no difficulty, by following the simple clue suggested by my guide-book, in finding my way in and out. A sturdy urchin was perched on a high seat overlooking the maze, to give directions, for a consideration, to those who had lost their way.

The palace not yet being open, I strolled through the spacious grounds in company with a gentleman from Norway. The gardens are laid out in the symmetrical Dutch manner brought over by William III. from the Hague—broad walks, pleasant alleys, trim rectangular parterres, decked with flowers and foliage, plants and statuary, and studded with noble masses of chestnuts, holly and yew,

DIANA FOUNTAIN, BUSHY PARK, HAMPTON COURT.

the latter sometimes cut into fantastic forms. The views up and down the winding Thames, with its villas, its gray ivy-mantled churches, its quaint old inns, and its gay pleasure parks, are worthy of a Ruysdael's pencil.

The palace itself was originally built by the celebrated Cardinal Wolsey, the haughty minister of Henry VIII. The proud prelate was then in the zenith of his glory, and built and banqueted more like a sovereign prince than like a vassal of the crown. The palace was successively occupied by

LONG CANAL, HAMPTON COURT.

Henry VIII., Mary, Elizabeth, James I., Charles I., Cromwell, Charles II., James II., William III., Anne, George I. and George II. Since the reign of the last of these sovereigns it has ceased to be a royal residence, and is now occupied by certain noble but reduced pensioners of the crown.

The building is of red brick, the older part in the Tudor Gothic style, with battlemented parapets. The newer portions are in the renaissance style. Over the entrance to the central court are seen the arms of Wolsey, with his motto, "Dominus mihi adjutor"—"God is my helper." On the walls are terra-cotta medallions of the Roman emperors, presented to Wolsey by Pope Leo X.

Passing beneath the Tudor arch of Wolsey's tower, with its fan-traceried ceiling, we ascend a broad stone stairway to a splendid baronial hall, whose open timber roof, stained windows, rich with gules and gold, gaily blazoned banners and gleaming armour, recall the stately mediaeval pageantry of which it was the scene. Here are the ciphers and arms of the royal Bluebeard and his wife, Jane Seymour, and near them those of the fallen cardinal. Here, in 1558, Philip and Mary held their Christmas banquet—with Elizabeth as their guest, or prisoner—the great hall blazing with a thousand lights. Here, it is said, Shakespeare's self played before Good Queen Bess a part in the splendid drama which commemorates the glory of Henry and the fall of the proud founder of these halls. But of all this gorgeous pageantry only a shadowy memory remains.

The great attraction of the palace now is its splendid gallery of over a thousand paintings, many of them by distinguished masters.

Conspicuous among these are the famous historical portraits by Vandyck; and the court beauties, by Sir Godfrey Kneller and Sir Peter Lely. The portraits of these fair frail creatures, once the pride of courts and cynosure of every eye —all dead and turned to dust two hundred years ago—are suggestive of stern moralizings to an austere mind. We cast no stone. Requiescant in pace.

HAMPTON COURT PALACE, SOUTH FRONT.

We pass through guard chambers, presence chambers, royal closets and bedrooms, chapels and banquet halls—all lined with paintings of much historic or artistic interest. Here were preserved, till recently, the famous cartoons of Raphael, now in the Kensington Museum, which are so familiar from engravings. Originally prepared by the great painter, at the request of Leo X., as designs for tapestry, "they were slit into strips for the guidance of piece

HAMPTON COURT PALACE, WEST FRONT.

work for a Flemish loom, tossed, after the weavers had done with them, into a lumber room; then, after a century's neglect, disinterred by the taste of Rubens and Charles I., brought to England, the poor frayed and faded fragments glued together, and made the chief decoration of a royal palace." They are among the very finest work of Raphael.

Before leaving the palace we pass through the stately gateway into the private garden, and see the famous vine, under glass, of course, planted in 1769. Its stem is thirty inches in girth, its branches extend a hundred feet, and yield from 2,000 to 3,000 pounds of grapes. These are sent, by the Queen's command, as presents to her private friends.

It was certainly a generous act on the part of the Government, says Mr. Haight, to throw open these historic premises to the public free of expense. Here may come the poor as well as the rich, and wander over the place from morning to night. There is no distinction made, and thousands of the working classes avail them-

HAMPTON COURT PALACE, FROM THE NORTH-EAST.

selves of the privilege. Here will be found every summer's day hundreds of poor people, well dressed, clean, and jocund from a sense of freedom from the wear and tear of their city trades and domestic cares, threading walks laid down only for royal feet, and listening to the lapse of waters intended only for the ears of greatness. We pass through rooms where kings and queens have held grand receptions; where they have lived, and slept, and died. In a few short hours we live over volumes of English history at its turning point.

Hampton Court is not kept altogether as a show ground, and although we have spent hours in rambling through its apartments, we yet have seen only a small portion of the interior. That part of it which is closed to the public is retained by the crown as a home for reduced members of noble families, or for those who have done great service to the State and are now poor. The widow of the brave Havelock dwelt here, and numbers of other members of notable families whose incomes are too small to keep up with the requirements of aristocratic display.

HAMPTON COURT PALACE, CLOCK TOWER.

MESSAGES.

BY AMY PARKINSON.

Unworthy, oh, all unworthy, am I,
To be used, dear Lord, by Thee;
Yet many a message, glad and sweet,
Thou hast trusted to me, even me.

Ah, how canst Thou breathe such blessèd thoughts
To an erring heart like mine;
And grant to my faltering tongue to tell
Of solace and strength divine?

I wonder, I wonder, and oft I weep,
When I think how Thou honourest me,
And how all unworthy I am, dear Lord,
To utter a word for Thee.

But, though I have nothing of worthiness,
My wish is, indeed, Thy will;
And I long, I long to be used by Thee—
O give me Thy messages still!

Fill Thou, with Thy precious words, these lips,
Till they speak upon earth no more;
And then let me pass to sing Thy praise
On the bright, eternal shore!

THE UNITED STATES AND GREAT BRITAIN.

*THEIR TRUE GOVERNMENTAL AND COMMERCIAL RELATIONS.**

BY DAVID A. WELLS.

Notwithstanding the long-continued and extensive commercial relations between the United States and England (using this term as a synonym for the United Kingdom), far more extensive on the part of the former than with any other nation or people; notwithstanding that the people of the United States and of England are essentially of the same blood, language, religion, and political principles, and that a fair acquaintance with English history and literature is regarded in the United States as an essential to a liberal education, that there has been much of popular prejudice among the masses in the United States against England cannot be doubted; and the question is most pertinent. To what is such a state of feeling attributable ?

A general answer is, to a variety of causes.

First, to the memory of two wars with the mother country.

A second cause which has been most influential for prejudice against England, was the policy of the administration of the British Government under Lord Palmerston toward the United States during the period of the civil war. But there is now no question that the masses of the people of England were not in sympathy with their Government in this respect, and that the British working people especially, although brought in large numbers to the verge of starvation, by reason of the inability of their employers to obtain their accustomed supply of cotton from the United States, followed without murmuring the advice of those earnest and constant friends of the Federal Union —Messrs. Cobden and Bright— rather than that of Palmerston and his Ministry.

It is now well known that it was mainly through the influence or intervention of England's Queen that war did not follow when Admiral Wilkes, in contravention of all international law, seized the Trent, a British steamer, with Messrs. Slidell and Mason, and in the event of which the perpetuation of the Federal Union would have been all but impossible; a result which the government of every continental state of Europe, with the possible exception of Russia, would have been glad to have occur; while the action of the Government of France, under Louis Napoleon, stopped little short of actual hostilities against the Union, and probably would have been more offensive but for the restraining influence of England.

It is not, therefore, too much to say that when the fate of the Federal Union was hanging, as it were, in the balance, and it was absolutely in the power of England to determine which side should predominate, her action was in favour of the perpetuation of the Union, and that for this the

* Reprinted from the *North American Review*. It is gratifying to find a distinguished American writer assuming a brief for England in a leading review of the United States. This argument has all the more weight because it was written before the recent rapprochement of the two nations fostered by England's sympathy with the United States in her present war.

people of the United States owe her a debt of gratitude which has not as yet been by them fully recognized and appreciated.

It should also not be forgotten that after the war Great Britain submitted our claim of damages as a nation against her to arbitration, and promptly paid fifteen millions of dollars in cash into the United States Treasury, a sum which, in the opinion of the arbitrators, covered all the legitimate claims of the United States against her.

We come to the consideration of a third cause, which at present is far more potential than the aggregate influence of all other causes, and which is accepted and endorsed as in the nature of a rightful international grievance by nearly every member of our national or state legislatures, and by nearly every newspaper or magazine in the country. And that is the assumption that the governmental and commercial policy of England is characterized by no other principle save to monopolize, through arbitrary, selfish, and unjust measures, everything on the earth's surface that can glorify herself and promote the interests of her own insular population, to the detriment of all other nations and peoples.

But is this correct? Is it warranted by evidence? The only possible honest answer having any regard for truth is, that it is not correct. It does not contain one element that should commend it to the acceptance and belief of honest and intelligent men; not one count which, if tried before an honest and competent tribunal, would not by them (to employ a legal phrase) be promptly "quashed."

The leading prejudicial charge preferred against England is, that her governmental and commercial policy and action are always dominated by a desire to create for herself something in the nature of monopolies, which shall inure to her exclusive advantage; and from participation in which foreign nations shall, to the greatest extent possible, be excluded. Specify some one thing in respect to which England enjoys and maintains a monopoly.

A popular and ready answer would probably be land. But there is not a square foot of the earth's surface over which the flag of England floats which the citizen of the United States, in common with the people of all other countries, has not a right to enter upon, possess, control, and enjoy on terms as favourable as are now ever granted to any Englishman.

Can we cite one other single instance in the world's history, where a great and strong government, coming into undisputable possession and control of a great area of the earth's surface, abounding with almost illimitable elements of natural wealth, and consequent vast opportunities for exclusive trade, commerce, and the collection of revenue, as in South Africa, has freely said to all the people of all the other nations and governments: Come and share all these advantages equally with us? We offer them to you subject to no conditions or restraint, except respect and obedience to such laws as the people themselves shall establish. Had the principles of this rule been adhered to by all interested parties, there would have been no trouble in the Transvaal.

But it may be asked, How about trade? Does not England extend privileges to her own subjects, and impose discriminations against the people of the other nations and countries in respect to trade and commerce? And here again we are obligated to re-

turn a similar answer, namely: that England grants no privileges to her own people in respect to trade and commerce, which are not equally accorded to the people of all other countries; and that there is no country over which the sovereignty of England extends, where the people of all other countries—white, black, yellow, and red—do not have the right or privilege of trade, in its broadest sense of exporting and importing, buying, selling, or transporting, on the same terms as are enjoyed by her immediate and typical subjects. In dealing with other countries, England has never been guilty of the brutal incivility of telling any one of them desiring reciprocal trade with her and too feeble to take offence at insult, what the United States told Mexico, in 1866, through its House of Representatives, "that to speak of permanent desirable commercial relations" with her "is without hope of success, or promise of substantial results."

Of the so-called "opium war" of 1840, in China, ex-President John Quincy Adams gave to the American public the results of his investigations and study, in these words: "Which has the righteous cause? I answer, Britain has the righteous cause. The opium question is not the cause of the war; but the arrogant and insupportable pretensions of China, that she will hold commercial intercourse with the rest of mankind, not upon terms of equal reciprocity, but upon the insulting and degrading forms of the relation between lord and vassal."

A brief word here in further illustration of the exceptionally liberal policy of the British Government. The sovereignty of England is said to cover about one-third of the earth's surface. It includes forty separate so-called colonies, which embrace about one-fourth of the population of the globe. Whenever the population of any of these colonies becomes considerable, and there is a manifest and intelligent desire on the part of its inhabitants to be emancipated from close dependence on the mother country, England grants them a substantially free and independent government. The number of such colonies having an exclusive and responsible representative government is at present nine, and a clear and interesting illustration of their working is afforded in the case of Canada, which has a population of about 5,000,000. England appoints a Governor, whose duties are mainly ceremonial and nominal. The people of Canada elect their own legislators, their ministers, or state administrators; and the concurrence of the Crown is not required in the appointment of any public officer below the Governor. Under a government thus organized, Canada makes its own laws; imposes and collects its own taxes, and determines their expenditure; maintains its own military forces; establishes its own banking and currency system, and its own educational, sanitary, and police provisions.

The allegation that the British Government exacts tributes of its subjects has not even so much as a shadow of a foundation. England does not take from any of her citizens or subjects as much as a sixpence which can merit the name of tribute. She expects that such of her colonies as have sought and been accorded the right of self-government will, in the main, defray the expenses of such government. Even the very small group of West India Islands known as the "Caymans," with a population of less than five thousand, have their own legislative council and enact their own laws.

England leads the way in her

efforts, independent of creeds or sects, to educate the world's population, and probably accomplishes more in this direction than all the rest of the civilized and Christianized nations.

A half-century ago England, at a cost of $100,000,000, and without shedding a drop of blood, abolished slavery. A quarter of a century later the United States effected the same result at a cost of several hundred thousand lives, and over nine thousand millions of money, or property.

Note next what England has further accomplished in this direction. In 1843, she abolished slavery in all her East India possessions, and in one day made 12,000,000 people free. Previous to 1890, the group of islands and a coast strip of about 12,000 square miles, known as Zanzibar, was the headquarters of the slave-traders of Eastern Africa, and the greatest slave-market of the world. The influence of the Sultan of Zanzibar, in favour of slavery, was paramount also from the eastern coast of Africa even as far into the interior as the head-waters of the Congo. In 1890, England assumed a protectorate over Zanzibar, and almost contemporaneously that country ceased to be a slave-market, and its wily Arab slave-dealers soon learned from bitter experience with a portion of England's navy detailed for their supervision, that any further attempts to import slaves from Eastern Africa were attendant with imminent deadly perils to those prosecuting such business.

Again, one of the most recent results of the British occupation of Egypt has been a practical abolition of human slavery. Under existing regulations (established during the past year, 1895), every slave in Egypt (a former great market for the enslaved people of Africa) may demand his manumission if he chooses; and if the Soudan be retaken by Egyptian troops under British leadership, it will be equivalent to opening the prison doors to hundreds of thousands of captives.

The general result of this policy of England may be finally summed up by saying, that to-day wherever the British flag floats in sovereignty no man can, under any circumstances, hold any other man as a slave.

England has put a stop at once and forever, wherever she has sovereignty, to the ancient and horrible savagery of human sacrifices and cannibalism. And when England has once put down savagery, that rendered civilization impossible, her treatment of the subjugated and uncivilized has always been merciful. The conquered Kaffir or Zulu of South Africa has become under English rule a free man, endowed for the first time with an absolute title to land, and other property the results of his own labour; and if injustice is done him the English court is open to him for redress and protection as speedily and impartially as to any white man.

The British American colonies have never warred with their Indians, and never robbed them of their land, but have always dealt kindly and justly by them. A current proverb in the United States, that the only good Indian is a dead Indian, finds no favour in Canada. England, moreover, is the only nation that has ever established a hospital exclusively for the care of sick or suffering North American Indians. On the other hand, the treatment of our Indians by the United States has always been notoriously arbitrary and bad. It has sequestered their land; arbitrarily abrogated its treaties with them; almost continually provoked them to hos-

tilities, and nearly effected their extermination.

Before England acquired control of India, the mass of her great population was almost as low down in the scale of civilization as it was possible to conceive. From the time of Alexander the Great, and probably for unnumbered centuries before, the experience of the country had been one of constant war and disorder, contingent in great part on foreign invasions, and in part on the bitter antagonism of domestic religious creeds and diversity of races. The Indian ryot (peasant) was practically a slave, with no acknowledged right to the products of his labour; and when any one, of either high or low degree, acquired anything in the way of money-wealth, it was almost the universal practice to speedily secrete it under ground, to prevent its arbitrary plunder on the part of rulers; so that the amount of buried treasure, even to this day, in India, is regarded as almost fabulous. There can be no denial that England acquired control of India in the first instance by conquest and arbitrary methods. But in this respect she acted in accordance with the then accepted policy of all other nations; and as at the time when England mainly acquired possession of India the United States did not exist, and her people were a part of England, and as they did not protest, it is difficult to see how they can now animadvert on the action of England without passing censure on themselves. It is also well to recall that England never did a meaner thing in respect to the acquisition of territory than did the United States in 1848, when, under a claim of higher civilization, she robbed, without justification, and at "one fell swoop," poor Mexico of more than one-half of all its territory.

To-day the humblest Indian peasant is secure in the possession and control of his property, and if wronged in any way can appeal to and find protection in the courts which England has established. As one result of this policy the buried treasures of India are beginning to come forth and seek investment in England's interest-bearing securities.

Men of native races constitute a part of the highest Indian judiciary; and by an act affirmed by the Imperial Government it has been ordained "that no native of the territories of India, or any natural-born subject of Great Britain resident therein, shall, by reason of his religion, birth, descent, colour, or any one of them, be disabled from any place, office, or employment under its government."

Under native rule, the population of India was kept down by war and local feuds to a great extent; but under the British rule of peace it has increased to a degree so disproportionate to existing agricultural resources, that famines are often contingent on the deficiency of crops through natural influences. To meet such a lamentable condition of affairs the British Government has reserved from its annual revenues, and so created, a large "famine fund," which is solely applicable to relieving popular distress occasioned by a scarcity of food. Has anything like this ever been done by any other civilized and Christianized Government? In fact, it is not too much to say that the present population of India would not have found food under any previous government of that country; and that its very existence has been made possible only through the conditions of food production and distribution established by England's Government.

One recognized effect of this has been to impress on a vast area of humanity, over which brute force formerly reigned, a good deal of the Anglo-Saxon respect for law. It is also worthy of note in this connection that under English rule not a few old-time immoral customs—as the "suttee," or the burning of widows, and female infanticide—have been prohibited by law.

Popular education in India is systematically promoted by England; and the number of schools supported or aided by public funds, and controlled by departments of education in every province, is now upwards of 150,000; rising from elementary village schools to high schools and colleges.

In short, there is no Government in the world whose administration is more honestly conducted, and which is doing more for the material good of the governed, than the present English Government of India. And the secret of England's success in ruling the vast congeries of people known as India, a fifth of the population of the globe—288,000,000 in 1891,—made up of different races and religions, and with eighty different languages, is mainly due to the fact that in no country, except America and Great Britain, is the individual so little interfered with by the Government. No kind of pressure is put upon the Indian to be anything but what he pleases. He is exempt from military conscription. He may profess what religion he likes; express any opinion; enjoy the right of public meeting; and can criticise the Government freely without fear of consequences. And the attitude of the English Government towards its subjects in later years, not only in India, but in all her other colonies and dependencies, has been always one of help and encouragement.

Another even more instructive illustration of the treatment and policy of the Government of England in respect to her subjects or dependants, is to be found in the recent experience of Egypt. Previous to the English protectorate, consequent upon the suppression of the rebellion under Arabi-Pasha, in 1882, the condition of the country was wretched almost beyond conception. Its revenue system, in accordance with Asiatic ideas, comprehended nearly every form of iniquitous extortion. Under the rule of Ismail-Pasha (the Khedive who built the Suez Canal with the enforced and unpaid labour of his subjects), the revenue annually collected from less than 6,000,000 population, was estimated at about £16,000,000 ($80,000,000); while, apart from this sum, the amount that was wrung from the miserable peasantry, which never found its way into any official ledger, was also very considerable. The first thing an English finance committee of experts effected, was to reduce the annual taxation of $80,000,000 to $50,000,000, which, apart from money terms, included a sum total of vexatious and petty exactions that cannot well be expressed in figures. The result of a continuance of this policy by England has been almost without precedent in the world's fiscal history.

For the first time since the days of the Roman administration, order and prosperity reign in the valley of the Nile.

At no previous period since Egypt began to have a name has the fellah lived under a Government so careful to protect his rights. For the first time he is allowed to control the fruits of his labour. To-day, under British

domination, every Egyptian peasant knows exactly the amount of taxes he has to pay, and when he has to pay them; and that, when he has once paid the legal amount, no official, big or small, has the power to extort from him one single piastre beyond it. He knows, too, that he cannot at any moment be seized and dragged off as formerly, perhaps to some different part of the country, to work under constant dread of the whip, at any task suggested by the caprice of the Khedive or of some powerful pasha. The use of the lash, the former invariable accompaniment of compulsory and unpaid labour, is now also absolutely prohibited.

Forty odd years ago England came to the conclusion that her supremacy over the earth could best be attained by supremacy in trade rather than by supremacy of the sword, and that the exclusive trade of any colony or people that has to be fought for costs more than it is all worth. And between 1845 and 1856 she inaugurated this latter policy by substantially removing all restrictions on the trade and commerce of her own immediate people, i.e., of the United Kingdom. And, what is generally overlooked, she gave also to the 300,000,000 of other people over which her sovereignty extends the privilege of according or refusing reciprocal action. In this respect England stands alone. No other nation that has ever existed, or now exists, has ever adopted a similar policy.

In conclusion, the general result of England's governmental and commercial policy may be thus fairly and comprehensively stated.

Wherever her sovereignty has gone, two blades of grass have grown where one grew before. Her flag, wherever it has been advanced, has benefited the country over which it floats; and has carried with it civilization, the Christian religion, order, justice, and prosperity.

England is the only one of the great countries of the world in which crime is diminishing. Recent reports of the British Prison Commissioners for England and Wales show a remarkable decrease in the prison population. In fact England has been found to have too many prisons, and a not inconsiderable number have been closed during the last ten years because they were no longer needed. The actual decline in the number of inmates in the local prisons of England and Wales from 1877 to 1892—a period of fifteen years—was thirty-seven per cent.; and this relative decline would have been much greater if the increase of the general population in the same period had been taken into the account.

England has always treated a conquered race with justice. What under her rule is the law for the white man is the law for his black, red, and yellow brother. And here we have one explanation of the fact that England alone of the nations has been successful in establishing and maintaining colonies; and of the further extraordinary fact, with an accompanying impressiveness of thought, that a comparatively small insular country, containing less than 40,000,000 inhabitants, can successfully preside over the destinies of about 360,000,000 other members of the human race, and exercise a governing influence greater and vastly more beneficent than that of Rome in the zenith of her power.

What an endorsement of the honesty of England and its people is involved in the reported and probable fact, that the Church of Rome makes that non-Catholic country and its much-abused

bankers its fiduciary guardian of the fiscal resources necessary for the maintenance of its vast missionary enterprises and other religious objects, and which experience has shown cannot be intrusted with an equal degree of confidence to any other country. There is authority for the statement that, within a comparatively recent period, every religious order of the Catholic Church in France has transferred all its available means to English banks, and that letters of administration or probate have been taken out in London by their representatives.

While the people of the United States are experiencing the humiliation of seeing the flag of their mercantile marine vanishing from the ocean, it may not be unprofitable for them to learn what England has recently been doing for the preservation and welfare of her merchant vessels and seamen. In virtue of what has been termed load-line legislation, adopted by the United Kingdom about 1881, no ship can leave a British port overladen; and the owners of British ships coming in overladen, as determined by certain fixed rules, are subject to prosecution. The loss of life in the ten years following had therefore fallen by one-half. Very naturally, seafaring men incline to serve in the British mercantile marine rather than in that of any other nation.

Again, under the policy which England has established for the working of her mines, and which no other Government has fully adopted, the occupation of the British miner has been rendered twice as safe as it was at the commencement of her mining enactments.

But here some may ask : How about the wrongs and abuses of Ireland and her people on the part of England ? The answer is, that they originated in an old-time theory, once accepted and practised by all nations, that might makes right, and it is this policy that has, from a lengthened period, entailed a condition of affairs in Ireland that has not been easy to remedy. But England now leads the way among the nations in the utter repudiation of the policy that differences in religious belief warrant individual persecution and a debarment from all participation in government, and the day cannot be far distant when the grievances of Ireland will be amicably and satisfactorily settled by her. That real progress has also been made in this direction is proved by the fact, that the present Lord Chief Justice of England (Lord Russell of Killowen) is a Catholic Irishman; and that no subject of England in Ireland, or in any other country under English sovereignty, is now debarred from participating in her government by reason of his religious belief; which is more than can be affirmed of the condition of affairs in some other countries claiming to be free, Christianized, and civilized.

Forty years ago a young Catholic Irishman, by reason of the religion in which he was born and bred, was denied admission as an undergraduate to the most liberal of England's great universities—Cambridge. To-day, without swerving in any degree from his former religious belief, he fills, as Lord Acton, one of its most important professorships—that of Modern History; and his appointment has been received with universal satisfaction. " Could there be a more signal token of the passing away in England of that old sectarian spirit, which formerly found expression in religious tests; and of the present nationalization of her great seats of learning !"

The reason why England is hated by other nations is because she is feared, and she is feared mainly by reason of the success of her commercial policy, which has not only brought her wealth, but strength. She is envied, too, by unsuccessful rivals in common industrial fields. But the United States as a nation is hated and distrusted in an equal degree. There is not a Government on the American continent, except Canada and Venezuela, that does not both fear and hate her; and if the United States decides in favour of the free navigation of the Orinoco, the latter will speedily be accounted among her most bitter enemies. All countries save England, and possibly Russia and Japan, would rejoice at the dissolution of the Federal Union.

The United States now stands at the parting of the ways. Shall she by antagonism with England bring about for herself a national isolation, with the inevitable result of dwarfing the intellectual and industrial energies of her people; or, by strengthening the bonds of peace and friendship with England, unite the two foremost and most progressive nations of the world for the joint attainment of those results that constitute national greatness? Through what may be termed natural influences, the bonds of interest between the United States and England are already immeasurably greater than with any other country. England buys from us just about as much as all the rest of the world; and all the other countries of the world do not afford, and could not afford, us such a market as she does for our agricultural products, which must long remain the principal things we have to sell abroad. The five million people of the Dominion of Canada buy from the United States a much greater quantity of her goods and merchandise ($47,787,501 in 1895) than all of the thirty-six million occupying the continent of South America ($33,248,331 in 1895).

The existing ties of race, language, law, and religion, that bind the two nations together, are so strong, that together they must rise or fall. United, as it would seem to be God's purpose that they should be, there would be little need for either to maintain large armies or navies, for without them they could for all reasonable purposes rule the world, and be impregnable against assault. If it were also certain, as it probably is, that England would continue her present commercial policy, it would be for the true interests of the United States that she "should further extend her sovereignty over the surface of the earth; for then the people of the United States would have the privilege and profit of unrestricted trade with all the subjects of England without the expense of governing them."

LEAD ME ARIGHT.

I do not ask, O Lord, that life may be
A pleasant road;
I do not ask that thou wouldst take from me
Aught of its load;
I do not ask that flowers should always spring
Beneath my feet;
I know too well the poison and the sting
Of things too sweet.
For one thing only, Lord, dear Lord, I plead:
Lead me aright—
Though strength should falter, and though heart should bleed—
Through peace to light. —*Adelaide A. Procter.*

IN HIS STEPS.

BY CHARLES M. SHELDON.

Author of "The Crucifixion of Phillip Strong."

CHAPTER X.

"These are they which follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth."

When Dr. Bruce and the Bishop entered the Sterling mansion everything in the usually well-appointed household was in the greatest confusion and terror. The great rooms down-stairs were empty, but overhead were hurried footsteps and confused noises. One of the servants ran down the great staircase with a look of horror on her face just as the Bishop and Dr. Bruce were starting to go up.

"Miss Felicia is with Mrs. Sterling," the servant stammered in answer to a question, and then burst into an hysterical cry and ran through the drawing-room and out of doors.

At the top of the staircase the two men were met by Felicia.

She walked up to Dr. Bruce at once and put both hands in his. The Bishop laid his hand on her head and the three stood there a moment in perfect silence.

The Bishop had known Felicia since she was a child. He was the first to break silence.

"The God of all mercy be with you, Felicia, in this dark hour. Your mother—"

The Bishop hesitated. Out of the buried past he had, during his hurried passage from his friend's house to this house of death, irresistibly drawn the one tender romance of his young manhood. Not even Bruce knew that. But there had been a time when the Bishop had offered the incense of a singularly undivided affection upon the altar of his youth to the beautiful Camilla Rolfe, and she had chosen between him and the millionaire. The Bishop carried no bitterness with his memory. But it was still a memory.

For answer to the Bishop's unfinished query, Felicia turned and went back into her mother's room. She had not said a word yet. But both men were struck with her wonderful calm. She returned to the hall door and beckoned to them, and the two ministers, with a feeling that they were about to behold something very unusual, entered.

Rose lay with her arms outstretched on the bed. Clara the nurse, sat with her head covered, sobbing in spasms of terror. And Mrs. Sterling, with "the light that never was on sea or land" luminous on her face, lay there so still that even the Bishop was deceived at first. Then as the great truth broke upon him and Dr. Bruce he staggered, and the sharp agony of the old wound shot through him. It passed and left him standing there in that chamber of death with the eternal calmness and strength that the children of God have a right to possess. And right well he used that calmness and strength in the days that followed.

The next moment the house below was in a tumult. Almost at the same time the doctor, who had been sent for at once but lived some distance away, came in, together with police officers who had been summoned by the frightened servants. With them were four or five newspaper reporters and several neighbours. Dr. Bruce and the Bishop met this miscellaneous crowd at the head of the stairs and succeeded in exclud-

ing all except those whose presence was necessary. With these the two friends learned all the facts ever known about "the Sterling tragedy," as the papers in their sensational accounts next day called it.

Mr. Sterling had gone into his room that evening about nine o'clock, and that was the last seen of him until, in half an hour, a shot was heard, and a servant who was in the hall ran into the room and found the owner of the house dead on the floor, killed by his own hand. Felicia at the time was sitting by her mother. Rose was reading in the library. She ran upstairs, saw her father as he was being lifted upon the couch by the servants, and then ran screaming into her mother's room, where she flung herself down on the foot of the bed in a swoon. Mrs. Sterling had at first fainted at the shock, then rallied with wonderful swiftness and sent a messenger to call Dr. Bruce. She had then insisted on seeing her husband. In spite of Felicia, she had compelled Clara and the housemaid, terrified and trembling, to support her while she crossed the hall and entered the room where her husband lay. She had looked upon him with a tearless face, had gone back into her own room, was laid on the bed, and as Dr. Bruce and the Bishop entered the house she, with a prayer of forgiveness for herself and her husband on her quivering lips, had died, with Felicia bending over her and Rose still lying senseless at her feet.

So great and swift had been the entrance of grim Death into that palace of luxury that Sunday night. But the full cause of his coming was not known until the facts in regard to Mr. Sterling's business affairs were finally disclosed.

Then it was learned that for some time he had been facing financial ruin owing to certain speculations that had in a month's time swept his supposed wealth into complete destruction. With the cunning and desperation of a man who battles for his very life, when he saw his money, which was all the life he ever valued, slipping from him, he had put off the evil day to the last moment.

It had all rested on a tissue of deceit and speculation that had no foundation in real values. He knew the fact better than any one else, but he had hoped, with the hope that such men always have, that the same methods that brought him the money would also prevent its loss. He had been deceived in this as many others have been. As soon as the truth that he was practically a beggar had dawned upon him, he saw no escape from suicide. It was the irresistible result of such a life as he had lived. He had made money his god. As soon as that god had gone out of his little world there was nothing more to worship, and when a man's object of worship is gone he has no more to live for. Thus died the great millionaire, Charles R. Sterling.

Mrs. Sterling's death was the result of shock. She had not been taken into her husband's confidence for years, but she knew that the source of his wealth was precarious. Her life for several years had been a death in life. The Rolfes always gave the impression that they could endure more disaster unmoved than any one else. Mrs. Sterling illustrated the old family tradition when she was carried into the room where her husband lay. But the feeble tenement could not hold the spirit and it gave up the ghost, torn and weakened by long years of suffering and disappointment.

The effect of this triple blow, the death of father and mother and

the loss of property was instantly apparent in the sisters. The horror of events stupefied Rose for weeks. She lay unmoved by sympathy or any effort to rally. She did not seem yet to realize that the money which had been so large a part of her very existence was gone. Even when she was told that she and Felicia must leave the house and be dependent upon relatives and friends, she did not seem to understand what it meant.

Felicia, however, was fully conscious of the facts. She knew just what had happened and why. She was talking over her future plans with her cousin, Rachel, a few days after the funerals. Mrs. Winslow and Rachel had left Raymond and come to Chicago at once as soon as the terrible news had reached them, and with other friends of the family they were planning for the future of Rose and Felicia.

"Felicia, you and Rose must come to Raymond with us. That is settled. Mother will not hear to any other plan at present," Rachel had said, while her beautiful face glowed with love for her cousin, a love that had deepened day by day and was intensified by the knowledge that they both belonged to the new discipleship.

"Unless I could find something to do here," answered Felicia. She looked wistfully at Rachel, and Rachel said gently.

"What could you do, dear?"

"Nothing. I was never taught to do anything except a little music, and I do not know enough about it to teach it or earn my living at it. I have learned to cook a little," Felicia answered with a slight smile.

"Then you can cook for us. Mother is always having trouble with her kitchen," said Rachel, understanding well enough that Felicia was thinking of the fact that she was now dependent for her very food and shelter upon the kindness of family friends.

"Can I? Can I?" Felicia replied to Rachel's proposition as if it were to be considered seriously. "I am ready to do anything honourable to make my living and that of Rose. Poor Rose! She will never be able to get over the shock of our trouble."

"We will arrange the details when we get to Raymond," Rachel said, smiling through her tears at Felicia's eager willingness to care for herself.

So in a few weeks Rose and Felicia found themselves a part of the Winslow family in Raymond.

Felicia at once found herself in an atmosphere of discipleship that was like heaven to her in its revelation of companionship. It is true that Mrs. Winslow was not in sympathy with the course that Rachel was taking, but the remarkable events since the pledge had been taken were too powerful in their results not to impress even such a woman as Mrs. Winslow. With Rachel, Felicia found a perfect fellowship. She at once found a part to take in the new work at the Rectangle. In the spirit of her new life she insisted upon helping in the housework at her aunt's, and in a short time demonstrated her ability as a cook so clearly that Virginia suggested that she take charge of the cooking class at the Rectangle.

Felicia entered upon this work with the keenest pleasure. For the first time in her life she had the delight of doing something of value for the happiness of others. Her resolve to do everything after asking, "What would Jesus do?" touched her deepest nature. She began to develop and strengthen wonderfully. Even Mrs. Winslow was obliged to acknowledge the great usefulness and beauty of Felicia's character. The aunt looked with astonishment upon her

niece, this city-bred girl, reared in the greatest luxury, the daughter of a millionaire, now walking around in her kitchen, her arms covered with flour and occasionally a streak of it on her nose (for Felicia at first had a habit of rubbing her nose forgetfully when she was trying to remember some recipe), mixing various dishes with the greatest interest in their results, washing up pans and kettles, and doing the ordinary work of a servant in the Winslow kitchen and at the rooms of the Rectangle settlement. At first Mrs. Winslow remonstrated.

"Felicia, it is not your place to be out here doing this common work. I cannot allow it."

"Why, aunt? Don't you like the muffins I made this morning?" Felicia would ask merrily but with a hidden smile, knowing her aunt's weakness for that kind of muffin.

"They were beautiful, Felicia. But it does not seem right for you to be doing such work for us."

"Why not? What else can I do?"

Her aunt looked at her thoughtfully, noting her remarkable beauty of face and expression.

"You do not always intend to do this kind of work, Felicia?"

"Maybe I shall. I have had a dream of opening an ideal cook shop in Chicago or some large city and going around to the poor families in some slum district like the Rectangle, teaching the mothers how to prepare food properly. I remember hearing Dr. Bruce say once that he believed one of the great miseries of comparative poverty consisted in poor food. He even went so far as to say that he thought some kinds of crime could be traced to soggy biscuits and tough beefsteak. I'm sure I would be able to make a living for Rose and myself and at the same time help others."

Three months had gone by since the Sunday morning when Dr. Bruce came into his pulpit with the message of the new discipleship. Never before had the Rev. Calvin Bruce realized how deep the feelings of his members flowed. He humbly confessed that the appeal he had made met with an unexpected response from men and women who, like Felicia, were hungry for something in their lives that the conventional type of life had failed to give them.

But Dr. Bruce was not yet satisfied for himself. We cannot tell what his feeling was or what led to the movement he finally made, to the great astonishment of all who knew him, better than by relating a conversation between him and the Bishop, at this time in the history of the pledge in Nazareth Avenue Church. The two friends were, as before, in Dr. Bruce's house, seated in his study.

"You know what I have come in this evening for?" the Bishop was saying, after the friends had been talking some time about the results of the pledge with Nazareth Avenue people.

Dr. Bruce looked over at the Bishop and shook his head.

"I have come to confess," went on the Bishop, "that I have not yet kept my promise to walk in His steps in the way that I believe I shall be obliged to if I satisfy my thought of what it means to walk in His steps."

Dr. Bruce had risen and was pacing his study. The Bishop remained in the deep, easy chair, with his hands clasped, but his eye burned with the glow that always belonged to him before he made some great resolve.

"Edward," Dr. Bruce spoke abruptly. "I have not yet been able to satisfy myself, either, in obeying my promise. But I have at last decided on my course. In

order to follow it, I shall be obliged to resign from Nazareth Avenue Church."

"I knew you would," replied the Bishop quietly. "And I came in this evening to say that I shall be obliged to do the same with my charge."

Dr. Bruce turned and walked up to his friend. They were both labouring under repressed excitement.

"Is it necessary in your case?" asked Bruce.

"Yes. Let me state my reasons. Probably they are the same as yours. In fact, I am sure they are." The Bishop paused a moment, then went on with increasing feeling.

"Calvin, you know how many years I have been doing the work of my position, and you know something of the responsibility and the care of it. I do not mean to say that my life has been free from burden-bearing or sorrow. But I have certainly led what the poor and desperate of this sinful city would call a very comfortable, yes, a very luxurious life. I have a beautiful house to live in, expensive food, clothing and physical pleasures. I have been able to go abroad at least a dozen times, and have enjoyed for years the beautiful companionship of art and letters and music and all the rest of the very best. I have never known what it meant to be without money or its equivalent.

"I have been unable to silence the question of late, 'What have I suffered for the sake of Christ?' Paul was told what great things he must suffer for the sake of his Lord. Maxwell's position at Raymond is well taken when he insists that to walk in the steps of Christ means to suffer. Where has my suffering come in? The petty trials and annoyances of my clerical life are not worth mentioning as sorrows or suffering. Compared with Paul or any of the Christian martyrs or early disciples, I have lived a luxurious life, full of ease and pleasure. I cannot endure this any longer. I have that within me which, of late, rises in overwhelming condemnation of such a following of Jesus. I have not been walking in His steps. Under the present system of church and social life, I see no escape from this condemnation, except to give the rest of my life personally to the actual physical and soul needs of the wretched people in the worst part of this city."

Dr. Bruce was very pale. Never had he seen the Bishop or heard him when under the influence of such a passion. There was a sudden silence in the room. The Bishop had sat down again and bowed his head. Dr. Bruce spoke at last.

"Edward, I do not need to say that you have expressed my feelings also. I have been in a similar position for years. My life has been one of comparative luxury. I do not, of course, mean to say that I have not had trials and discouragements and burdens in my church ministry. But I cannot say that I have suffered any for Jesus. That verse in Peter haunts me: 'Christ also suffered for you, leaving you an example that ye should follow His steps.' I feel as you do. Into a closer contact with the sin and shame and degradation of this great city I must come personally. And I know that to do that I must sever my immediate connection with Nazareth Avenue Church. I do not see any other way for myself to suffer for His sake as I feel that I ought to suffer."

"What is your plan?" The Bishop at last spoke gently, look-

ing up with his smile that always beautified his face. The Bishop's face grew in glory now every day.

"My plan," replied Dr. Bruce slowly, "is, in brief, the putting of myself into the centre of the greatest human need I can find in this city and living there. My wife is fully in accord with me. We have already decided to find a residence in that part of the city where we can make our personal lives count for the most."

"Let me suggest a place." The Bishop was on fire now. His fine face actually glowed with the enthusiasm of the movement in which he and his friend were inevitably embarked. He went on and unfolded a plan of such far-reaching power and possibility that Dr. Bruce, capable and experienced as he was, felt amazed at the vision of a greater soul than his own.

Their plan as it finally grew into a workable fact was in reality nothing more than the renting of a large building formerly used as a warehouse for a brewery, reconstructing it and living in it themselves in the very heart of a territory where the saloon ruled with power, where the tenement was its filthiest, where vice and ignorance and shame and poverty were congested into hideous forms. It was not a new idea. It was an idea started for Jesus Christ when He left His Father's house and forsook the riches that were His in order to get nearer humanity and, by becoming a part of its sin, helping to draw humanity apart from its sin.

The University Settlement idea is not modern. It is as old as Bethlehem and Nazareth. And in this particular case it was the nearest approach to anything that would satisfy the hunger of these two men to suffer for Christ. There had sprung up in them at the same time a longing that amounted to a passion, to get nearer the great physical poverty and spiritual destitution of the mighty city that throbbed around them. How could they do this except as they became a part of it, as nearly as one man can become a part of another's misery? Where was the suffering to come in, unless there was an actual self-denial of some sort? And what was to make that self-denial apparent to themselves or any one else, unless it took this concrete, actual, personal form of trying to share the deepest suffering and sin of the city?

So they reasoned for themselves, not judging others. They were simply keeping their own pledge to do as Jesus would do, as they honestly judged He would do. That was what they had promised. How could they quarrel with the result?

The Bishop had money of his own. Everyone in Chicago knew that the Bishop had a handsome fortune. Dr. Bruce had acquired and saved, by literary work carried on in connection with his parish duties, more than a comfortable competence. This money, a large part of it, the two friends agreed to put at once into the work, most of it into the furnishing of a Settlement House.

Meanwhile Nazareth Avenue Church was experiencing something never known before in all its history. The simple appeal on the part of its pastor to his members, to do as Jesus would do, had created a sensation that still continued. The result of that appeal was very much the same as in Henry Maxwell's church in Raymond, only Nazareth Avenue Church was far more aristocratic, wealthy and conventional. Nevertheless, when one Sunday morning in early summer Dr. Bruce came into his pulpit and announced his resignation, the sen-

sation deepened all over the city, although Dr. Bruce had advised with his board of trustees, and the movement he intended was not a matter of surprise to them.

But when it became publicly known that the Bishop also had announced his retirement from the position he had held so long, in order to go and live himself in the centre of the worst part of Chicago, the public astonishment reached its height.

It was fall again, and the city faced another hard winter. The Bishop one afternoon came out of the Settlement and walked around the block, intending to go on a visit to one of his new friends in the district; he had walked about four blocks, when he was attracted by a shop that looked different from the others. The neighbourhood was still quite new to the Bishop, and every day he discovered some strange spot or stumbled upon some unexpected humanity.

The place that attracted his notice was a small house close by a Chinese laundry. There were two windows in the front, very clean, and that was remarkable to begin with. Then inside the window was a tempting display of cookery, with prices attached to the various articles, that made the Bishop wonder somewhat, for he was familiar by this time with many facts in the life of the people once unknown to him.

As he stood looking at the windows, the door between them opened and Felicia Sterling came out.

"Felicia!" said the Bishop. "When did you move into my parish without my knowledge?"

"How did you find me so soon?" asked Felicia.

"Why, don't you know? These are the only clean windows in the block."

"I believe they are," replied Felicia with a laugh that did the Bishop good to hear.

"But why have you dared to come to Chicago without telling me, and how have you entered my diocese without my knowledge?" asked the Bishop. And Felicia looked so like that beautiful, clean, educated, refined world he once knew, that he might be pardoned for seeing in her something of the old Paradise. Although, to speak truth for the Bishop, he had no desire to go back to it again.

"Well, dear Bishop," said Felicia, who had always called him so whenever they had met, "I knew how overwhelmed you were with your work. I did not want to burden you with my plans. And, besides, I am going to offer you my services. Indeed, I was just on my way to see you and ask your advice. I am settled here for the present with Mrs. Bascom, a saleswoman who rents our three rooms, and with one of Rachel's music pupils, who is being helped to a course in violin by Virginia Page. She is from the people," continued Felicia, using the words, "from the people," so gravely and unconsciously that the Bishop smiled, "and I am keeping house for her, and, at the same time, beginning an experiment in pure food for the masses. I am an expert and I have a plan I want you to admire and develop. Will you, dear Bishop?"

"Indeed I will," replied the Bishop. The sight of Felicia and her remarkable vitality, enthusiasm and evident purpose almost bewildered him.

"Martha can help at the Settlement with her violin and I will help with my messes. You see, I thought I would get settled first and work out something and then

come with some real thing to offer. I'm able to earn my own living now."

"You are?" The Bishop said it a little incredulously. "How? Making those things?"

"'Those things'!" said Felicia with a show of indignation. "I would have you know, sir, that 'those things' are the best cooked, purest food-products in this whole city."

"I don't doubt it," said the Bishop hastily, while his eyes twinkled. "Still, 'the proof of the pudding'—you know the rest."

"Come in and try some," exclaimed Felicia. "You poor Bishop! You look as if you hadn't had a good meal for a month."

She insisted on the Bishop's entering the little front room where Martha, a wide-awake girl with short curly hair and an unmistakable air of music about her, was busy with practice.

"Go right on, Martha. This is the Bishop. You have heard me speak of him so often. Sit down there and let me give you a taste of the flesh pots of Egypt, for I believe you have been actually fasting."

So Felicia and the Bishop had an improvised lunch, and the Bishop, who, to tell the truth, had not taken time for weeks to enjoy his meals, feasted on the delight of his unexpected discovery and was able to express his astonishment and gratification at the quality of the cookery.

"I thought you would, at least, say it was as good as the meals you used to get at the Auditorium, at the big banquets," said Felicia shyly.

"'As good as!' The Auditorium banquets were simply husks, compared to this one, Felicia. But you must come to the Settlement. I want you to see what we are doing. And I am simply astonished to find you here, earning your living this way. I begin to see what your plan is. You can be of infinite help to us. You don't really mean that you will live here and help these people to know the value of good food?"

"Indeed, I do," Felicia answered gravely. "That is my gospel. Shall I not follow it?"

"Aye! Aye! You're right. Bless God for sense like yours. When I left the world," (the Bishop smiled at the phrase), "they were talking a good deal about the 'new woman.' If you are one of them, I am a convert right now and here."

Felicia wanted to visit the Settlement and went back with the Bishop. She was amazed at the results of what considerable money and a good deal of consecrated brains had done. As they walked through the building they talked incessantly. Felicia was the incarnation of vital enthusiasm. Even the Bishop wondered at the exhibition of it, as it bubbled up and sparkled over.

Then went down into the basement and the Bishop pushed open the door, from behind which came the sound of a carpenter's plane. It was a small but well-equipped carpenter's shop. A young man with a paper cap on his head and clad in blouse and overalls was whistling, and driving the plane as he whistled. He looked up as the Bishop and Felicia entered and took off his cap. As he did so, his little finger carried a small, curling shaving up to his hair, and it caught there.

"Miss Sterling, Mr. Stephen Clyde," said the Bishop. "Clyde is one of our helpers here two afternoons in the week."

Just then the Bishop was called upstairs, and he excused himself for a moment, leaving Felicia and the young carpenter together.

"We have met before," said Felicia, looking at Clyde frankly.

"Yes, 'back in the world,' as the Bishop says," replied the young man, and his fingers trembled a little as they lay on the board he had been planing.

"Yes." Felicia hesitated. "I am very glad to see you."

"Are you?" The flush of pleasure mounted to the young carpenter's forehead. "You have had a good deal of trouble since—then?" he said, and then he was afraid he had wounded her, or called up painful memories. But Felicia had lived over all that.

"Yes, and you also. How is it you are working here?"

"It is a long story, Miss Sterling. My father lost his money and I was obliged to go to work. A very good thing for me. The Bishop says I ought to be grateful. I am. I am very happy now. I learned the trade hoping some time to be of use. I am night clerk at one of the hotels. That Sunday morning when you took the pledge at Nazareth Avenue Church, I took it with the others."

"Did you?" said Felicia slowly. "I am glad."

Just then the Bishop came back, and very soon he and Felicia went away, leaving the young carpenter at his work. Some one noticed that he whistled louder than ever as he planed.

"Felicia," said the Bishop, "did you know Stephen Clyde before?"

"Yes, 'back in the world,' dear Bishop; he was one of my acquaintances in Nazareth Avenue Church."

"Ah!" said the Bishop.

"We were very good friends," added Felicia.

"But nothing more?" the Bishop ventured to ask.

Felicia's face glowed for an instant. Then she looked the Bishop in the eyes frankly and answered,

"Truly and truly, nothing more."

"It would be just the way of the world for those two people to come to like each other, though," thought the Bishop to himself, and somehow the thought made him grave. It was almost like the old pang over Camilla. But it passed, leaving him afterwards, when Felicia had gone back, with tears in his eyes and a feeling that was almost hope that Felicia and Stephen would like each other. "After all," said the Bishop, like the sensible good man that he was, "is not romance a part of humanity? Love is older than I am and wiser."

The week following, the Bishop had an experience that belongs to this part of the Settlement's history.

He was coming back to the Settlement very late from some gathering of the striking tailors and was walking along with his hands behind him, when two men jumped out from behind an old fence that shut off an abandoned factory from the street, and faced him. One of the men thrust a pistol into the Bishop's face and the other threatened him with a ragged stake that had evidently been torn from the fence.

"Hold up your hands, and be quick about it!" said the man with the pistol.

The place was solitary and the Bishop had no thought of resistance. He did as he was commanded, and the man with the stake began to go through his pockets. The Bishop was calm. His nerves did not quiver. As he stood there with his arms uplifted, an ignorant spectator might have thought that he was praying for the souls of these two men. And he was. And his prayer was singularly answered that very night.

RHODA ROBERTS.

A WELSH MINING STORY.

BY HARRY LINDSAY.

Author of "Methodist Idylls," etc.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

"THE CITY OF THE DEAD."

One hundred and seventy-six lives were lost in the terrible explosion at the Big Pit, and there was scarcely a home in Trethyn that was not in some way or other connected with the suffering.

Walking through the town during the days immediately following the explosion was one of the most heart-rending things that mortal man could well be called upon to do. The streets were strangely silent and deserted, the blinds were drawn in every house—not a single exception to this—an unearthly stillness reigned over the place, and it was well named by one horror-struck individual as "The City of the Dead." So terribly silent was it that one's own footfalls echoed ghostly as one stole along, while an unbearable oppressiveness rested upon heart and soul.

Three days after the explosion came the funerals, one of the most impressive sights that well could be conceived—a sight, indeed, which could not be seen anywhere out of Wales. Far different from the English custom is that of the Welsh in regard to their funerals. In England a few mourning coaches draw up to the door, a few of the more intimate friends or relatives silently and demurely step into them, and the departed one is slowly driven to the cemetery or churchyard, and buried quietly and privately. Not so in Wales. When a neighbour dies, not only his intimate friends attend the funeral, but scores, sometimes hundreds, of sympathetic townsfolk besides. There are no mourning coaches (or rarely so), but the coffin, covered with a pall, is carried by loving "bearers," while a long line of mourners follow two abreast, chaunting various and solemn funeral hymns. As the sad procession slowly wends its way towards the church-yard crowds of spectators line the streets, the men with bared heads usually, and the women with their handkerchiefs to their eyes.

On this particular day the scene pictured above was magnified and multiplied ten times. On the night before prayer-meetings had taken place in every house. Another Welsh custom this, and one of very solemn meaning. Friends and neighbours gather into the houses of the dead, and by hymn-singing, Bible-reading, exhortation and prayer, endeavour to make the momentous event one of self-improvement as well as of consolation to the bereaved.

The reader will doubtless remember that young Dick Fowler was one of those who met his death by the explosion in the mine; and, from what he already knows of Dick's character, he will be prepared to be told that the prayer-meeting at Dick's house on this solemn occasion was one of especial significance. All the leading chapel folk were there, including the young minister whom they had lately engaged as their pastor. Of course, Rhoda Roberts was also present, very pale and habited in a dress of black.

"Poor Rhoda looks very ill," observed one.

"She is grieving over poor Dick," replied another.

"No," whispered the first speaker, shaking her head emphatically. "He was nothing to her. It's her old complaint. Poor thing, she's not meant long for this world, and I shouldn't wonder if we haven't to gather at her prayer-meeting soon."

"God forbid," whispered the other, with tears in her eyes, and then they both sat still again, awaiting the opening of the service.

"I think it be time now," suggested Seth Roberts to the young parson. "P'r'aps you'd better begin."

"Well, friends," said the parson, "I've not been so very long amongst you that I can claim to know much about our dear departed brother, and therefore it would perhaps be more appropriate if our old friend Seth

Roberts took charge of this solemn service."

"It's not for me, friends," said Seth, "to take the minister's place, but mebbe I will say just a few words after awhile."

With this the young minister advanced to the table. "Let us all join in the singing of this very solemn hymn," he said. "Hymn No. 42."

"Thee we adore, Eternal Name,
And humbly own to thee."

And as the people sang they closed their eyes and rocked their bodies to and fro as if in sympathetic measure with the tune.

"How feeble is our mortal frame,
What dying worms we be."

"Dangers stand thick through all the ground
To push us to the tomb."

During the singing of these very suggestive lines many of the people broke down entirely and wept loudly. After the prayer he opened the Bible, and read that magnificent ninetieth psalm, beginning, "Lord, thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations."

This done, the parson next called upon Seth Roberts to say a few words.

"My dear frien's," he said, "we be met together upon a very solemn occasion—a very solemn occasion indeed. Trethyn sits to-night like Rachel weepin' for her childer, an' they are not. ("God 'as took 'em," responded a voice.) Yes, God 'as took some of 'em," replied Seth, "some of 'em. We don't know how many of 'em was His childer, but we do know our dear brother, Dick Fowler, was His'n. ("Praise Him," cried several.) But the takin' of all these old frien's be a heavy affliction for Trethyn to bear. ("That it be.") He were a good lad, were Dick," said the fireman with deep emotion. "He were soundly converted when quite a young nipper, an' he were allus ready to die any time. He were allus on his watch-tower, Dick were. He were with us but two days ago; now he's yon," reverently looking and pointing upwards. Once more the old fireman paused, for the sobbing and crying were becoming general, and his own surging emotion was almost more than he could master, but his reference to Dick's happy abode brought forth strong cries of approval from the people, expressed in such words as "Glory," "Hallelujah," and by some in Welsh, "Bendigedig," "Gogoniant." "Frien's," said Seth presently, "I can't trust myself to say more. My heart be too full. P'r'aps our dear minister will give out a verse?"

"Will Miss Roberts?" asked the minister, raising his eyebrows and appealing to Rhoda.

Without a moment's hesitation Rhoda rose and gave out the hymn, "O God, our help in ages past."

Then, in beautiful simplicity and with intense but well-subdued feeling, Rhoda led the little company in prayer, praying for themselves, for the bereaved and suffering in Trethyn, and for the entire neighbourhood. Then there was more singing and more praying, after which the meeting closed, each member of it lingering behind a moment to take a last and farewell look at their "brother" in his coffin, and then going quietly out, promising as they went to be at the funeral the following day.

The funerals of the victims in the explosion at the Big Pit will never be forgotten by those who saw them. Just think of it! One hundred and seventy-six people buried on one day, at one place, and at one time! Slowly down from the mountains came one procession, from the houses of the opposite mountain came other processions; these were joined by other mournful groups from every street and almost every house. All merging into one general procession, carrying the hundred and seventy-six coffins, the vast and mournful throng slowly wended its way to the Trethyn churchyard, while thousands of people from the neighbouring towns and villages stood respectfully and silently looking on. It was an overwhelming sight, and the low wail of the melody sung as the huge procession crept past was impressive and solemn in the highest degree.

"Brief life is here our portion."

That was one of the hymns sung, to a tune that almost stilled the beating of one's heart.

Then the mournful throng slowly dispersed, most of the people slowly going their ways to their desolate homes.

At the turning of the lane, and

while she, too, was sadly walking homewards, Rhoda suddenly encountered Edward Trethyn.

"Good-day, Rhoda," he said, raising his hat and holding out his hand.

"Good-day, Edward," she said; "you've left your friends?"

She had seen him in the churchyard in company with Sir Charles Montgomery and several other of the neighbouring gentry.

"Yes," he replied, "they have gone home in the carriage."

"Miss Nellie Montgomery was present?"

"Yes."

"It was very kind of her to thus show her sympathy," said Rhoda; "she seems a kind and gracious person."

"She is indeed," replied Edward warmly. "Nellie is one amongst a thousand."

Rhoda was silent for a few moments, but presently she said:

"I am so glad to hear you say that."

"Say what?"

"That Miss Montgomery is such an estimable young lady.'"

"There's no doubt about that," replied Edward, all unsuspicious that Rhoda was leading him up to a painful disclosure. "If I had never met you, dear Rhoda, Nellie is just the person I would have chosen for my wife. Now, are you not just a little bit jealous?" he asked playfully.

"You love her, then?" queried Rhoda quietly, her poor heart fluttering at the question.

"Well—not exactly—that," said Edward slowly, and feeling that Rhoda's questions had put him into an awkward corner. "I can't say I love her—not in the sense that I love you, my precious one; but I highly esteem her."

"You love her as a sister?"

"Yes, that's it," he replied, somewhat relieved.

"And p'r'aps a little more than that?"

"N—no; well, p'r'aps I do if I rightly judge my heart. But why do you press the point?"

She did not immediately answer, but walked on in silence for several moments. She had come to a turning-point in her life and feared to take it; a momentous crisis had risen in her life, and she shrank from meeting it. Her heart was beating wildly, and the hot blood flushing her face.

Edward quickly noticed it.

"My darling," he said tenderly, "What is agitating you so? Surely you're not grieving over the words I've just spoken?"

He could not see her face well, for it was growing dark, but she looked up into his face with a sad smile on her own.

"Not grieving because of them," she said with slight emphasis, "but glad of them. I've been thinking of your future happiness, Edward, and wondering how I could assure it to you."

Edward looked at her. What could she mean? She was leaning on his arm, and he could feel her heart throbbing violently; plainly, therefore, she was more agitated than her words suggested, and there seemed some deep reason for it which was as yet a mystery to Edward.

"You are talking enigmatically," he said lowly.

"I'm afraid I am, Edward," she replied, "but it is only because I shrink from telling you what's on my mind."

"What's on your mind?" he exclaimed anxiously.

"What I must tell you," she said falteringly, "and I scarcely have a grain of courage to say it."

"Rhoda, darling," he whispered, "what is it you must tell me?"

Still she hesitated a few moments.

"Would it grieve you very much, Edward, if I told you that I can never hope to be your wife?"

"I should only laugh at you," he answered gaily.

"But, Edward, I mean it!" she cried with piteous emphasis.

"Then I don't," he replied good-humouredly. "Why, whatever has come over the little woman? After all these years of waiting, and after all the trouble we've gone through, to talk like this!"

She was silent for a few moments, but presently she spoke again.

"Edward, dear Edward," she said with pathetic emphasis, "do be serious."

"I am serious indeed," he replied; "never more so in my life."

"You know that my health is bad," she continued, "and I have been thinking it all over, and——"

He would not allow her to proceed.

"Your health is only temporarily affected," he said reassuringly. "It's the trouble that has preyed upon your mind and heart that has made you ill. When you get peace and quiet again you'll soon be your old self once more, dear Rhoda."

His confidence was soothing to her, and made her almost half inclined to withdraw her words. But no; she was resolved. After grave, prolonged, and mature reflection she had determined upon a certain action, and now, if ever, was the time to put it into execution. No hastily-formed conclusion was it which had decided her upon telling Edward Trethyn that she could never consent to be his wife, and one only arrived at after much painful and heartbreaking thought. She felt that called upon to sustain the dignity of the Lady of Trethyn (which would be her future title if she married Edward) she would be so exalted above her proper station in life that she would surely pine away and die like the village lass who met the artist-lord, married him, and afterwards "died before her time," because her Lord of Burleigh had placed upon her

> . . . The burthen of an honour
> Unto which she was not born.

But only on the ground of ill-health did she intend to speak with Edward; and that alone was sufficient justification to her mind for desiring to break off this engagement of marriage.

They continued walking along in silence for some considerable distance, when at length Rhoda spoke again:

"There is great need for my taking this step," she said quietly.

"There's nothing of the old objection in this, is there?" he simply asked, and with evident pain in his tone.

"The old objection?" she mused.

"About being unequally yoked," he explained.

"But would it be so?" she asked.

"Is it that you think so?" he persisted.

"No, Edward, it is not," she said, tears filling her eyes. "I know you are the Lord's child. But my health would never permit of my marrying."

"Your health will improve," he replied.

"It would be unkind of me ever to marry," she said presently. "I'm only a wreck of what I once was, Edward. You should hear me cough at night-time. Indeed, Edward," she continued, after a moment's hesitation, "it would be folly, it would be wicked of me even to think of marrying."

"But your case isn't hopeless?"

Hopeless! The word filled her with despair. If her health were hopeless, would he then lightly cast her off? Did he not love her solely for her own sake, or was his love for her regulated by other considerations? Was it not character, temperament, graces and disposition that won a good man's love, and did not these things last when health and strength were ruined and lost?

"My case is more hopeless than you imagine, Edward," she said sorrowfully. "I overheard Dr. Shearer speaking to father the other night about me, and I can assure you his words were quite alarming."

"P'raps you've let them alarm you?"

"They did alarm me, and no one could have felt otherwise on hearing them were they in my position. But, of course, my alarm does not affect the seriousness of the words."

Poor Edward was silent. His heart was pained, and he did not know how to reply.

"You see, Edward dear," Rhoda continued, following up the impression she had made, "we're old enough to look at this thing sensibly. You see what I mean? Marrying me would only bring you sickness and trouble.

"Oh! my precious one," he said, pressing her to his heart and drawing her gently into the shadow of the park gates, which they were at that moment passing, "this is terrible, terrible!"

"It's all for the best, Edward," she whispered through her tears; "all for the best. Try to think of it as such."

"I could never think of it as such," he replied, "and I never will. How can it be for the best?"

"But you will see so some day, Edward."

"Never!"

"You will learn to love another——"

"Hush, Rhoda!" he cried; "don't say that. I will never love another as I love you. I never could.

And I'm not going to give you up yet. We will consult other doctors."

"They will only tell you the same."

"We shall see."

"If they do, then you will listen to my request? Believe me, dear Edward, I only make it for your good, and it breaks my very heart to ask it."

"No," he replied, again pressing her to his heart, "I shall never give you up. I'm yours until death do us part."

It was in vain for Rhoda to plead, and, indeed, she hardly expected to carry her point on the first broaching of it. That she did not carry it in no little wise pleased her womanly vanity, but it increased and strengthened all her resolution to succeed in the end.

CHAPTER XXXV.

ON THE TRACK.

It was not yet daylight when Mr. Detective Carlyle stepped out of the train at Euston Station. Without, however, the least delay the detective made his way to the (well known to him) "diggings" of Mr. Arthur Bourne Trethyn. As he trudged along through the frosty morning London seemed almost deserted. But though London itself was silent and deserted, two scared and fearsome individuals were early astir. Stephen Grainger and Arthur Bourne Trethyn had not "slept a wink," but all night long had been plagued with restlessness. All night long they were haunted with the persistent fear of sudden arrest, and with no peace of mind or soul there was no rest to body.

As the day dawned the two guilty wretches pacing the floor of that sumptuous apartment in B—— Street grew more and more composed. Frequently now and again they went to the window and looked out, often ejaculating as they did so, "It's getting lighter."

Once Arthur Bourne Trethyn went to the window and looked out. As he did so he saw a man standing in the middle of the street eying the house.

"Do you know him?" queried Stephen Grainger fearfully.

"No, I can't say that I do," he replied. "Of course it's too dark to distinguish his features, but he seems an entire stranger to me."

"Who can it be?" wondered Stephen Grainger.

"He is evidently taking stock of this house. He is viewing the building up and down."

"Take care he doesn't see you looking at him," suggested Stephen Grainger.

"Oh! he can't possibly see me," replied Arthur Bourne; "I've only the least bit of blind drawn aside."

"He's not one of your creditors, is he?"

"No," replied Arthur Bourne.

"P'raps he is," anxiously suggested Stephen Grainger, as if he were striving to drive from his mind a growing fear by fixing the stranger as a probable some one else; "p'raps he is a creditor, only you cannot make him out in the darkness."

"No!" emphatically exclaimed the younger man; "I tell you he is a perfect stranger to me. If it were black as night I think I could tell at a glance any or every one of my creditors. You've no idea how easy it is to remember the form and figure of a creditor. This man outside here is quite unknown to me. Come and look at him."

Nervously, Stephen Grainger crossed the room, but before he could reach the window the figure had disappeared.

"He's gone!" cried Arthur Bourne.

"Thank goodness!" exclaimed Stephen Grainger, and heaved a great sigh of relief. I tell you what it is, Arthur, we'll have to clear out of this place as soon as possible."

"Why?" Who do you suspect that fellow was?"

"I don't know who to think. I——"

"You suspected it was somebody whom you feared?"

"Well, to tell you the truth, I just thought it might have been Carlyle—Detective Carlyle, you know. Though how he could have got here by this time I can't think."

"By the railway, of course."

"Yes, but he was in Trethyn yesterday."

"So were you."

"True; but I left with the only train booking to London."

"Is there no midnight train?"

Stephen Grainger thought a moment.

"Yes, of course there is. I forgot that. But there was the explosion, and I don't see how he could have

left. He would be engaged about the pit, or in some other way."

Arthur Bourne looked at him.

"You're trying to make yourself think that," he said.

A quarter of an hour or so afterwards Arthur Bourne again looked through the window.

"I declare," he exclaimed, "if that fellow isn't there again! He's on the other side of the street, propping himself up against the area railings. There's a determined look on his face as if he meant business. I wonder if it is Detective Carlyle, and whether his business is with us."

Without waiting for a second invitation Stephen Grainger went and looked through the window. One brief glance was sufficient for him.

"Great heavens!" he exclaimed, "it is Detective Carlyle."

"Never!"

"It is indeed," emphasized Stephen Grainger.

"P'r'aps you're mistaken? It's hardly light yet. Look again."

"No need of it," replied Stephen Grainger. "I tell you I couldn't possibly mistake that figure."

"What's to be done?" asked Arthur Bourne.

"We must get out of here," replied Stephen Grainger, "by hook or by crook. I wonder whether there is a back exit."

"Yes, there is," replied Arthur Bourne, eagerly.

"Very well, let's make for it. Whatever we do we must do at once. In an hour's time flight will be impossible, for Carlyle will doubtless have the house watched back and front. Gracious me!" he exclaimed—for he had gone again to the window—"two policemen have now joined him, and the detective is talking to them confidentially. Oh! that's his little game, is it? He's giving the policemen instructions to go round to the back——"

"While he seeks admission through the front door," suggested Arthur Bourne.

"That's just it. Quick, Arthur, for your life!" replied Stephen Grainger.

No one was as yet stirring in the house, and consequently there was no one to bar their flight. Arthur Bourne hastily led Stephen Grainger to the back door, quickly but quietly the two men undid the fastenings, and the next moment were in the open air. Once in the street they set off at a run, and in an opposite direction from that by which they expected the approach of the constables, and soon were far enough away from danger and in practical safety.

"My goodness!" exclaimed Stephen Grainger when at length his wits returned to him, "we've come away without my bag."

"That's a small matter," returned Arthur Bourne; "we've got away with whole skins, and that's something to be grateful for. What matters it about your paltry bag! Think of the valuables I've left behind."

"But the papers in my bag were valuable."

"Eh? Papers?"

"Yes, valuable and important papers, and if Detective Carlyle gets hold of them we're done for."

"Done for! What do you mean?" "If Carlyle gets hold of them we may as well fly the country."

"What papers were they?"

"Well, there was that letter I wrote to you when you were abroad——"

"Informing me of the heirship?"

"Yes. Besides this there are also several important papers concerning certain transactions on the Trethyn estate."

"Well, those are now no use to you."

Stephen Grainger did not venture to explain how the loss of these papers occasioned his anxiety, for it would never have done to reveal to the late heir (the presumptive heir) what fraudulent transactions he, as agent, had carried on to enrich himself out of the Trethyn estates.

"Then there are Thomas' letters," continued Grainger; "those in which he informed me of Edward Trethyn's death."

"And of his part in it?"

"Yes, or what he said his part in it was. But, of course, Thomas lied."

"Nevertheless his letters would incriminate you?"

"Yes; you see he writes in answer to my suggestions."

"Exactly. But why did you keep such letters? Why didn't you burn them? Believe me, Grainger, it is never safe to keep incriminating documents, no matter how serviceable you may hope them to be."

"I wish to goodness I had burnt them, and all the others with them," sighed Stephen Grainger.

"What were the others about?"

"Oh! various things. I can't tell

now exactly what they were. But I was in the habit of keeping certain papers safely locked in my desk, and they referred to various matters. When I left Trethyn I stuffed them all into my bag, and there they are now."

"Well, you have put yourself into a pretty pickle," was Arthur Bourne's remark as they hurried along.

Meanwhile Mr. Detective Carlyle's officers had stationed themselves near the back way into Arthur Bourne Trethyn's "diggings," as Stephen Grainger suspected they would, and Detective Carlyle was already knocking loudly at the front door for entrance.

"Hello!" cried a voice from an upper window, and looking up Detective Carlyle saw a nightcapped head looking forth. "What are you making all that row about?"

"I want you to come down and open the door," replied Detective Carlyle.

"Clear away from th[illegible] the man.

"Look here [illegible] come down [illegible] thieves [illegible]

"Th[illegible]

Man, if we had only been a moment or two sooner!"

"What's to be done?" demanded the landlord.

"We must set the police on their track," answered the detective. "But just now please attend to me. Have you a boarder here named Arthur Bourne Trethyn?"

"Mr. Arthur Bourne Trethyn liv[illegible] here."

"Well, will you have the [illegible]ness to send for Mr. Arthur [illegible] Trethyn, as I've business w[illegible]

One of the domestics [illegible] despatched to Mr. Arth[illegible] room. In a few m[illegible] turned.

"He's not in [illegible]

"Not in?"

"No, sir [illegible] at the d[illegible] answer [illegible]

"W[illegible]

"[illegible]

"It's no use, I'm afraid," remarked the detective, and he pointed to the open back door.

"You don't mean to say they've opened that door?"

"And escaped through it," replied the detective."

"You were after Mr. Trethyn for debt?"

"Worse than debt."

t that moment Annie, the ser- returned from Arthur Trethyn's arrying a small portmanteau. are not there, sir, but this " showing the bag, "that gentleman came home yn."

ook the portmanteau amined it.

Mr. Trethyn's

said the

tion

ag

Annie, says she heard them talking and pacing the room below. It is clear, therefore, they have passed the night in their own sitting-room, and as the sitting-room looks out on the front street, it is also evident that they have observed me through the window and taken flight."

Mr. Detective Carlyle then left the house, and in a few minutes returned, accompanied by an officer.

"I must ask you," he said, addressing the landlord, "to allow this man to remain here a few days. Any expense I'll bear. But it is necessary to be ready, in case the gentleman I'm after should return."

Shortly afterwards the detective was in Scotland Yard, and had reported the matter to the authorities there. As speedily as possible all due precautions were then taken to prevent the fugitives leaving the country. Telegraphic messages were nt to all seaports, with an urgent keep a sharp look-out on essels. Besides this to the principal lice there to strangers Ir. De- was

THE PROHIBITION PLEBISCITE.

BY F. S. SPENCE, ESQ.,

Secretary of the Prohibition Alliance.

The plebiscite to be taken on the approaching 29th of September will be one of the most important political events in the history of Canada. Upon its result will depend the immediate future of the prohibition reform. It will materially advance or seriously retard the coming of the time that is most assuredly ahead of us, when the liquor traffic will no longer have the protection and authorization of law.

It is just seventy years since, in 1828, the first Canadian Total Abstinence Society was formed at Beaver River, in Nova Scotia, and there was begun a work that has almost revolutionized the habits of our people and has developed into a mighty social and political force.

Legislation Necessary.

Ever since that time, earnest women and men have striven hard for the development of the movement then inaugurated. A short period of effort on moral suasion lines soon made it clear that the abounding temptation supplied by the legalized liquor traffic continually thwarted and defeated the efforts of those who were endeavouring to shield the innocent and reclaim the fallen. The advocates of sobriety were obliged to become the opponents of the license system, and for many years the battle against the drink evil has been fought on the dual lines of total abstinence and prohibitory legislation.

Results of Prohibition.

All the prohibitory measures, so far tried, have been of a partial character. Laws have been enacted prohibiting the selling of liquor at certain times, in certain places, in certain quantities, by certain people, and to certain people. These measures have done some good, but their usefulness has been limited by the defective nature of the prohibition imposed, and by the consequent difficulties found in enforcing them. Public opinion has, however, been steadily growing, and expressing itself more and more in a demand for the more comprehensive measure of the total prohibition of the manufacture, importation and sale of intoxicating liquors for beverage purposes.

This total prohibition is the one legislative method of dealing with the drink evil that has not yet been tried. The most sweeping legislation that has yet been put into operation has had some loopholes of permission for the traffic to continue in some form. The prohibitory law of Maine does not interfere with the free importation of intoxicants from adjoining States. The Canada Temperance Act has the same defect, and also permits manufacture and wholesale for consumption outside the territory under prohibition. It will be readily understood that such measures must be partial failures as far as abolition of the liquor traffic is concerned. It is surprising to find how much good they have accomplished in spite of these hindrances to their effectiveness. One illustration out of many may be cited.

The report of the Royal Commission shows that in the Province of New Brunswick there are nine counties under the Scott Act, and five counties under License Law. Tables are given showing the population and the criminal record of these two groups of counties. The group under prohibition had, in 1891, a population of 196,422 ; the group under license law had a population of 124,841. For the ten years named the total convictions for crime in the prohibition counties were 8,738, and for drunkenness alone 4,986. The convictions in the license counties were 14,102 for all crimes, and 8,612 for drunkenness. In other words, the sixty-one per cent. of the population being under prohibition had thirty-nine per cent. of all the crime, and thirty-seven per cent. of all the drunkenness, while thirty-nine per cent. of the population being under license had sixty-one per cent. of all the crime, and sixty-three per cent. of all the drunkenness. Other examples equally forcible might be given.

Why a Plebiscite?

If partial prohibition lessens drunkenness, it is certainly reasonable to argue that total prohibition would be still more effective. This was readily recognized and led to still more strenuous demands for a thorough-going law. The question has been considered many times by Parliament and Legislatures. Practical efforts to secure legislation have been, to

some extent, impeded at different times by disputes as to whether the right to prohibit belongs to the Dominion, or to the respective Provinces, or to both. Judicial decisions have, however, made it clear that whatever authority legislatures possess, the national Parliament has power to enact total prohibition for the whole Dominion. The House of Commons has declared that such action would be the most "effective remedy for the evils of intemperance," and has avowed its determination to act in accordance with this declaration as soon as public opinion is prepared to sustain stringent measures. Now, Parliament asks the people to whether or not such a law is to be enacted. This is the meaning of the plebiscite to be taken on September 29th.

The importance of the situation will be readily recognized. The moral sentiment of Canada is undoubtedly in favour of prohibition. The Government and Parliament ask for a demonstration of the strength of that sentiment. The people are asked to give a direct instruction to the legislators. If the electorate responds so as to make it clear that a majority of the people are in favour of prohibition, the enactment of a prohibitory law will follow. If the vote shows that public opinion does not yet favour this comprehensive measure, then national legislation prohibiting the liquor traffic will be postponed. The agitation must go on, the blight of intemperance must remain, until there has been further development of an opinion and a principle that are certain to triumph in the end.

The Antis' Case.

Against the prohibitory movement are arrayed the selfish interests of those who are being enriched by their connection with the liquor traffic, and those who fear that a rigid law would interfere with their personal gratification. They do not state that these are the reasons for their opposition. They present certain plausible arguments in favour of continuing the present system. Most of these arguments have in them a measure of truth, and so have force with persons who do not perceive that they are largely exaggerations, and that the disadvantages that prohibition would entail upon some people are insignificant compared to the tremendous injury which the liquor traffic does to so many.

Among the most frequently used of these arguments are the statements that prohibition would unduly interfere with personal liberty, that it would seriously impair our national revenue, that it could not be thoroughly enforced, and that the temptation of the permitted liquor traffic is indirectly useful in strengthening the moral character of the community.

It is true that prohibition takes away the liberty that a few men new enjoy to sell liquor, and indirectly affects the liberty of those who desire to indulge in intoxicants. Nearly every custom and law of civilization, however, similarly affects the liberty of some for the benefit of the many. Our lives are hedged in by just such divine and human laws, preventing our taking certain courses of action that we might prefer, because such action would interfere with the rights or happiness of others. The result of all these restrictions is fuller liberty for all in what is best, fuller enjoyment by all of privileges that otherwise would be monopolized by a few. Prohibition is in the line of the civilizing principle of overcoming selfishness by wise legislation for the benefit of all.

It is also true that prohibition would affect the revenue. The liquor-sellers are, in a certain sense, tax collectors. They take from the people annually about $40,000,000. About $7,000,000 of this sum reaches the public treasury, the balance of $33,000,000 is the commission of these collectors, who claim that they help the revenue. They simply impose upon the community a tax six times as great as the community would have to pay if the liquor traffic were abolished and this extra revenue collected through other channels. It is true that those who now abstain from liquor would pay a share of the $7,000,000. They are willing to do this. They object to a system that means special taxation, heavy taxation, wrung out of the misery of suffering wives and starving children. Moreover, the liquor evil involves other vast outlays that taxpayers have to meet, but which enforced prohibition would relieve them from paying. Statesmen, philanthropists and financiers agree in denouncing the liquor traffic as a financial curse to the community.

A good deal of difficulty would no doubt be found in enforcing a law of total prohibition. There would be law defiance and law evasion. This is the case with nearly all laws, especially so in reference to license laws, which are continually violated. Yet these laws do good. All legislation would be deemed a failure if it was considered that failure meant falling short of totally abolishing the evil prohibited. It is wrong to test

the value of prohibition legislation by considering whether or not there would be liquor-selling where it was in force. If prohibition succeeded in suppressing the liquor traffic to such an extent as to materially diminish intemperance, then it would be a success. A little thought will convince any one that a law that entirely prohibits an evil can be more easily enforced than a law that partly prohibits. It is proposed to replace license by prohibition. Facts already quoted show that even partial prohibition has done good, and the conclusion is that better prohibition would produce still better results.

A few of the apologists for the liquor traffic argue that this traffic furnishes a temptation, resistance to which tends to develop moral character. It is scarcely worth while taking time to deal with this sophistry. The liquor traffic successfully tempts thousands of men, entailing fearful misery not only upon the tempted but upon the innocent and weak who have not yielded to the inducement to do wrong. The intemperance of some brings sore sorrow to many. How absurd it is to propose that we should continue to sacrifice the weak and to blast young lives with a ruin from which they cannot escape, defending the outrage by arguing that the temptation has benefited some. There is evil enough in the world to fight, without the community and the parliament joining in the devilish work of providing inducements to crime and disaster and sin.

These anti-temperance arguments have been refuted over and over again. They are not the real reasons why prohibition is opposed. They are the sophistries by which the liquor traffickers hope to induce right-principled but short-sighted people to support the ruinous system out of which these traffickers are building up colossal fortunes for themselves.

A Bitter Fight.

There is an idea abroad that the liquor traffic will not make much effort in the present campaign. This is a serious mistake. The liquor traffic will do all that can help its cause. Its campaign work is going on already. A firm of wealthy distillers has sent a circular to charitable organizations saying that its contribution for benevolent purposes must be discontinued this year in order that the money may be available for the coming fight. Circulars have been sent to newspapers all over Ontario, asking them to name the price at which they would sell their space for use by agents of the liquor party. It may be that there will be little platform opposition to prohibition. Such campaigning generally results in benefit to the temperance side, as open discussion favours the truth. It would be in the interests of the liquor traffic to have a small vote polled. Prohibitionists desire to have as full an expression of the actual opinion of the people as can possibly be secured. The liquor traffic will probably fight quietly, but it will fight hard.

A Danger.

The danger of the situation is in the possibility of indifference on the part of the electors favourable to prohibition. A full vote would mean an overwhelming majority against the liquor traffic. The friends of temperance have not, however, control of money to employ agents, to hire conveyances, and to perfect the elaborate machinery that political parties bring into play at elections, even if they were disposed to adopt this method. Their opponents would be willing to sacrifice large amounts to defeat prohibition, and are well able to provide any desired amount of money. The rank and file of the voters favourable to prohibition must make more than their usual voluntary electoral efforts, in order to secure a fair expression of their views through the ballot-box.

The end to be obtained is worthy of such an effort. Notwithstanding the progress that has been made, the evil of intemperance is still working fearful havoc in our land. There is hardly a home that has not suffered in some way from the curse. Thousands of worse than widowed wives, thousands of worse than orphan children, thousands of blasted homes and broken hearts testify to the cruel tyranny of this nineteenth-century despot. Christian civilization is the working out of the grand Gospel truth of the responsibility of every man for the welfare of his fellows. It is meeting in a desperate conflict the sordid grasping selfishness that really appertains to the heathen barbarism of bygone days. The result will depend upon the zeal and activity of those who are professed adherents of the Gospel truth. An earnest appeal is made to every man who has a vote, to every woman who has influence, to every Christian who seeks the triumph of benevolence and justice. Trusting in God and doing all your duty, go into this good fight with heart and soul and mind and strength, and above all "Let every vote be polled."

WILLIAM THEOPHILUS DAVISON.

BY THE REV. W. H. ADAMS.

REV. W. THEOPHILUS DAVISON, D.D.

Dr. Davison is one of that bright galaxy of stars which shine in the firmament of British Methodism. He has a wide fame as a professor, a preacher, and an author. In each *rôle* he is conspicuously distinguished ; being easily the equal of the best to be found in that "kingdom moated by the main" which brings forth, as of yore, many of the world's leaders in thought, as well as of the world's leaders in action.

There is little of Dr. Davison but what is intellectual and spiritual. He is under the average height, and of but slender build. His massive head, his mobile mouth, and the light of his quick and penetrating eye mark him as a man of mind. And the quality which characterizes his lectures, his sermons, and his literary labours—a quality which is not merely the product of his consummate scholarship, nor of the lucidity and precision of his mental processes, but which is the outcome of his large, aspiring, devout, and reverent soul—sets him forth as one with whom, indeed, the "secret of the Lord" is lodged. Within the radius of his personal influence, a man finds himself helped and uplifted, and he forms, too, a new estimate of the mighty difference that obtains between the sordid and the spiritual.

As Professor of Biblical Literature and Exegesis at Richmond College (he is now in the Divinity Chair at Handsworth), Dr. Davison led successive generations of students into a new and better world. A critic of the modern school, he revealed to them the clumsiness of the traditional system of interpretation. As they grew dissatisfied with those summary and wooden ways, he set forth to their great delight, and in a manner few men could, the more painstaking, reasonable, and scientific methods which are now being slowly yet surely pressed into universal service—slowly, because of the resistance of conservative opponents—surely, because of the omnipotence of truth and common-sense.

With a strong hand he led his students on, making sure his footing as he went, and proceeding as truly without haste as without hesitation —for though a critic he is no iconoclast ; moreover, while he taught them that theories, however sacrosanct, might not be tenable, he showed them they were neither to forfeit nor embrace anything on the instant ; and unconsciously he conferred on them the benefit of his own example of fearless, toilsome, and reverent research. Small wonder that already some of those students are numbered among well-known leaders of men, and are making themselves powerfully felt over two hemispheres !

As a preacher Dr. Davison has few equals. Whether you consider their strength of thought, their delightful diction, or their immediate practical value, it would be difficult to conceive of anything surpassing his sermons. Many a good sermon has been murdered in its delivery. But that was never the case with any of Dr. Davison's. If you could read them they would charm and move you, but they gain infinitely by his manner and his individuality. He has a splendid voice, and knows well how to

use it. But it is not simply his lips that preach; it is the whole tripartite man. He literally takes fast hold upon his hearers, lifts them, and carries them along And, when at length he sets them down, they are different from what he found them. For Dr. Davison's sermons make the bad man good, and the good man better.

A recent English newspaper, just at hand, bears testimony to the versatility of Dr. Davison's pulpit powers It reveals him as eminently successful in that most difficult work, namely, trying to preach to a chapelful of school-boys. The occasion was the sesqui-centennial of the far-famed Kingswood School, on Midsummer-day. On June 24th, 1748, the opening sermon of that institution was preached by the immortal Wesley himself from the words: "Train up a child in the way he should go." One hundred and fifty years later the sermon was preached, says the reporter, "by one who is a worthy successor of England's greatest evangelist," from "Instead of the fathers shall be thy children, whom thou shalt make princes in all the earth." The doctor is represented as delivering, "without manuscipt or note," a sermon packed with lofty thought and expressed in language rich in poetic colouring and sparkling with aphoristic gems.

It is a benediction to hear Dr. Davison read the prayers. You will visit many a parish church, and many a great cathedral, before you will hear them read as Dr. Davison reads them. As he rises in his place the opening sentence rolls forth with singular power and pathos: "To the Lord our God belong mercies and forgivenesses, though we have rebelled against him; neither have we obeyed the voice of the Lord our God, to walk in his laws which he set before us." As he proceeds with the sublime ritual that for centuries has voiced the confession, thanksgiving, and prayer of countless thousands of the flock of Christ, the whole congregation is humbled and filled with sacred joy. Many a heart bounds, and many an eye is filled with tears. And it is with a holy fervour that at length in unison both minister and people cry "Son of God, we beseech Thee to hear us." As you kneel there you instinctively rejoice that the English followers of John Wesley have in some of their sanctuaries retained the use of the liturgy he loved so well.

The son of a minister, Dr. Davison's first book bore the following dedication: "To my father, my earliest teacher, and life-long counsellor and friend." That was ten years ago, and since then he has given a number of volumes to the world. Among these is a charming introduction to the book of Psalms, entitled "The Praises of Israel."* Of this Dr. Marcus Dods, the famous Edinburgh professor, wrote: "It is the work of a reverent and open-minded scholar, who has spared no pains to compress into this small volume the best information and the most trustworthy results arrived at by himself and other experts. Nothing could be finer than the spirit in which the book is written, and to read it is an education in criticism." The learned Dr. Perowne, Lord Bishop of Worcester, also states that the volume in question is "the work of a vigorous, independent and devout expositor"; adding, "I hope to make some use of it before I bring out another edition of my book." It is not too much to say that every intelligent Bible-student who reads these pages ought to become possessed of the "Praises of Israel." For while the work commends itself to the best scholarship of the day, it was purposely written for popular use. Besides, to know the Book of Psalms is to know the Bible, for "the Psalter is a Bible within a Bible."

It remains to be added that Dr. Davison is one of the most modest of men. He has been known to flee in terror when his name was introduced for laudation in a dignified assembly. If he is famous he accounts it less his fault than his misfortune. He was never formed, like the sunflower, to blaze and advertise. But he loves the shade and quietness as much as does

> "A violet by a mossy stone
> Half-hidden from the eye."

May he long live to radiate his own peculiar and potent influence, and to see, as he would have it, the work of the Lord prosper in his hands. †

Orono, Ont.

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* "The Praises of Israel": an Introduction to the Study of the Psalms. By W. T. Davison, M.A., D.D., Tutor in Systematic Theology, Handsworth College, Birmingham. London: C. H. Kelly. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 330. Price, 90 cents.

† Dr. Davison was the honoured fraternal delegate from the Wesleyan Conference to the late General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. His address and ministrations at Baltimore, as also at New York and Boston, were "as ointment poured forth."—Ed.

PUBLIC LIBRARIES.

NEW PUBLIC LIBRARY, CHICAGO.

"The true University of these days," says Carlyle, "is a collection of books." In these is gathered up the wisdom of the past—the best thought of the world's best thinkers throughout the ages. The time was when access to great libraries was the privilege only of the learned few or of the titled great. At Oxford, Paris, Rome and the great universities were large collections of books, but to the busy toiler in life's hive they were inaccessible as kings' treasures.

The most striking feature of the democratization of the times is that the poor man has been made a free citizen of the great republic of letters. Libraries, rivalling the best in the world, are collected for his use, are maintained by a public tax, and are at the service of all. Skilled librarians cheerfully render their best service in aiding the research of the student.

Boston, the centre of so much progressive thought and philanthropy, has probably led the world in its magnificent provision for the housing and circulation of books for the people. But now every city of any size or pretentions to culture has its public library. By the consolidation of three existing libraries New York will have one of the most magnificent temples of learning in the world. Chicago has recently completed one of magnificent proportions and great capacity. As will be seen from the illustration it is a monumental structure well worthy of the progressive city of the Columbian Fair. The apparatus and arrangements for indexing, promptly delivering, and handling books are all up to date and of the best character.

It was a Chicago man, Mr. Poole, who made available for students the great resources of periodical literature, whose very extent is an embarrassment of riches to the student. Poole's Index of the magazines and reviews enables one to find almost all the articles that have been published on any subject in any periodical for the last fifty years. Without this it is worse than looking for a needle in a haystack to find an article of whose existence you may not be aware in some periodical of which you may not have ever heard.

Through the generosity of Mr. Carnegie, Pittsburg has one of the best libraries and picture galleries extant. Toronto leads the Dominion of Canada in the provision made, and its accomplished librarian, Mr. James Bain, jun., is a walking Poole's Index in himself, always ready to help with his book-lore the busy student. It is hoped by consolidation of the Public Library with the Canadian Institute and Parliamentary Library that a great collection worthy of the Athens of the Dominion will be available for study and research.

These libraries, with the schools and churches, are the high-water mark of civilization. Yet in some respects they are more like a mausoleum of the dead than the dwellings of the living. On their shelves, as in the Catacombs of Egypt, are the mummied remains of men whose very thoughts are dead as Julius Cæsar. Their books are but the tombstones by which their names are kept alive by those who care to decipher them. Especially is this the case in the realm of science. In ten or fifteen years almost every book of science becomes obsolete, except in its historical aspects. But it should be fame enough for most men to have built a stone

into the temple of learning and progress, even though it be buried in its foundations or hidden in its walls.

Yet there are a few immortal names which the world "will not willingly let die," which seem to shine the brighter as the years pass by—the great poets, and sages, and seers of mankind, its Plato and Socrates and Cicero, its Dante and Cervantes, its Shakespeare and Milton, its Bunyan and Burke—the great thinkers who have inspired the hopes, the great poets who have consoled the sorrows of mankind.

Still, a great library is in itself a bewildering thing. In its alcoves one is like a child lost in the forest, or like a man in a boat on a shoreless sea. The most studious man can read but a very small part of the accumulated literature of the ages. If we could our brains would be badly addled. To know what we want, and to know how to find it, is the secret of using a library. It is pitiful to see so many people waste their time on ephemeral, trashy, frivolous or pernicious reading, when there is so much that is helpful, instructing and uplifting to be read.

It is surprising after all how much of the world's best thought comes from a few of its best thinkers. The Book of books is, of course, apart by itself as the source of highest inspiration, of noblest ideals, of thoughts otherwise beyond human scope or ken. Aside from this, in a hundred volumes a man may collect the choicest wisdom of all the ages—the very honey of Hymettus—which he may purchase for less than as many dollars. Much of this will be that old Greek thought which has so largely moulded the mind of Christendom of all the centuries. Of this Macaulay has grandly written:

"What shall we say, when we reflect that from hence have sprung, directly or indirectly, all the noblest creations of the human intellect; that from hence were the vast accomplishments and the brilliant fancy of Cicero, the withering fire of Juvenal, the plastic imagination of Dante, the humour of Cervantes, the comprehension of Bacon, the wit of Butler, the supreme and universal excellence of Shakespeare? Wherever a few great minds have made a stand against violence and fraud, in the cause of liberty and reason, there has been the spirit of Athens in the midst of them, inspiring, encouraging, consoling; by the lonely lamp of Erasmus, by the restless bed of Pascal, in the tribune of Mirabeau, in the cell of Galileo, on the scaffold of Sidney, but who shall estimate her influence on private happiness? Who shall say how many thousands have been made wiser, happier and better, by those pursuits in which she has taught mankind to engage; to how many the studies which took rise from her have been wealth in poverty, liberty in bondage, health in sickness, society in solitude. Wherever literature consoles sorrow, or assuages pain,—wherever it brings gladness to the eyes which fail with wakefulness and tears, and ache for the dark house and long sleep,—there is exhibited, in its noblest form, the immortal influence of Athens."

A PRAIRIE FIRE.

BY EZRA HURLBURT STAFFORD, M.D.

In volumes dark all the autumn afternoon
The smoke poured slowly upwards far away;
And in the sky the redly shining moon
Gleamed through the blurring mists at close of day,
And silent herds in prairie grasses sere
Waited the last long round-up of the year.

Lances of flame, as night rolled down, sprang forth
From the far alien wilds with marches dire,
And soon the dusk star borders of the North
Purpled and glowed before the prairie fire,
And the black, iron sky, far overhead,
Was slowly heated to a molten red.

The winds in chariots wild came afterwards,
With clouds of smoke and cinders, blown before;
And down the thundering plains the frantic herds
Fled as the fire approached with deepening roar.
By Old Wives' Lake the blazing forage passed,
And far to southward disappeared at last.

Day slowly rose upon the ashen plain,
The grey sky whitened through a masque of smoke,
And gently on the stillness fell the rain,
As from the west a dewy wind awoke;
And rising in the orange light of dawn
I looked out o'er the silent plains alone.

Toronto, Ont.

Science Notes.

The Liquefaction of Air.

It has long been known that air, like any other gas, was theoretically capable of liquefaction, and that its condensation was merely a question of suitable apparatus. To Professor Dewar, of Glasgow, belongs the credit of first liquefying air in limited quantities, the necessary reduction of temperature being achieved by a successive series of evaporations. The process, however, was too costly to have any commercial value.

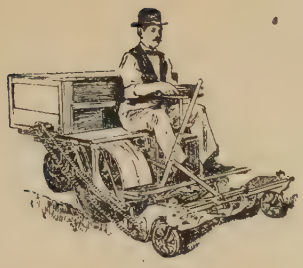
The economical liquefaction of air in large quantities has been recently accomplished by Mr. Charles E. Tripler, of New York, after several years of experimental work. Two and a half gallons of the liquid were recently sent from his laboratory to Prof. Barker, of the University of Pennsylvania, and its properties were exhibited in an extremely interesting series of experiments during a lecture delivered by Prof. Barker to his class and a company of invited guests. This was the first public exhibition of the kind of this article in the United States.

The laws governing the existence of air in the liquid or gaseous state are the same as those for water—to take a substance with which we are most familiar. Above a certain temperature and pressure (212° F. and atmospheric pressure at the sea level) water exists as a vapour ; from 212° F. to 32° F. at the same pressure it is a liquid, and below that temperature it is a solid. In its normal condition air, as we know it, is a gas, just as in its normal condition water is a liquid ; but if we lower the temperature or increase the pressure, or both, of air to a sufficient degree, we reach a point at which condensation takes place. The liquefaction point of air under normal atmospheric pressure is 311.8° below zero by the Fahrenheit scale.

Mr. Tripler's method of liquefaction is based upon the fact that, if a gas be compressed and allowed suddenly to expand, it absorbs the heat of the surrounding medium, thereby producing intense cold. He compresses air to 2,000 pounds to the square inch, passes it through a coil and permits it to issue from a needle point orifice. There it expands and cools. This cold stream of air circulates around a second coil through which compressed air is flowing, reducing the temperature of the latter. The air issuing from this second coil has its temperature lowered to a point due to its own expansion, plus the cold imparted from the first expansion. The expanded and extremely cold air from the second coil is used similarly to cool a third coil, the air in which is brought down to a temperature of 311.8° F. and below, at which it condenses and flows from the end of the coil in a liquid stream.

In the course of his lecture Professor Barker made a number of curious experiments with the liquid, illustrating the operation of the laws governing the formation of solids, liquids and gases. When it was poured into a tumbler it boiled until it had absorbed the heat of the glass. The cold gas given off condensed the moisture in the air above the glass, which fell in the form of hoar frost. A piece of tin thrust into the liquid made it boil and the tin was rendered as brittle as glass. Copper and platinum were not so affected, and it is evident that these metals will make suitable receptacles for this new liquid. When it was boiled over a furnace the ebullition was, of course, excessive ; but the moment water was poured into the boiling liquid, the former was instantly frozen. Alcohol and mercury were frozen when brought in contact with the new product. The liquefaction point of the two constituents of air is different, that of oxygen for given pressures being several degrees higher than that of nitrogen. Hence, as the temperature of the liquid rises, the nitrogen is the first to escape as a gas. The remaining liquid is proportionately rich in oxygen—a fact which is proved by the bluish tint which a standing vessel of the liquid assumes if exposed to the air. Just what the economic value of this new and extremely interesting product is, time will show ; but in experimental work in the laboratory it will be certain to find a ready field of usefulness.

An experiment is being tried of stripping a tree of its bark some time before felling it, so that the tree in dying will cause the pores of the wood to become filled with resinous substances, which will reject moisture, and thus act as a preservative. Telegraph people are much interested in the experiment.



MOWING WITH A MOTOR.

One of the latest applications of the self-moving motor is to the lawn-mower. The new machine, as described in the *Scientific American*, rests on three rollers, which serve both for carrying the engine, the cutters and the driver, and for smoothing and levelling the surface of the lawn. A four-horse-power gasoline engine is employed, and all the movements of the machine are controlled by means of two hand-wheels placed in front of the driver's seat.

NEW ELECTRIC SYSTEM FOR PARIS.—Paris is to have an electric system that will do away with the dangerous overhead wire. It is the invention of the French engineer Bochet, and is to be introduced in time for the International Exposition of 1900. He establishes overhead contacts from the electric lamp-posts belonging to the city. The cars will be run in trains consisting of two or three cars. This electric train will more than fill up the distance between the posts, so that contact is always assured from one point at least. A copper rail will be fastened along the roof of the cars not less than fourteen or fifteen feet from the ground, through which, by means of flexible points of contact suspended from each electric light post, the current will be taken up. If the points of contact are made sufficiently elastic there will be no difficulty in establishing a continuous current, as they slide along the copper rail. This system is said to offer all the advantages of the overhead as well as the underground systems, without any of their dangers and shortcomings.—*New Ideas.*

NEW CANNON.—Chief Engineer of the Pullman Company Duane Doty has invented a new method of manufacturing ordnance, which is attracting the attention of both our own and foreign governments. Instead of one single casting and a succession of jackets shrunk upon it—the process used in making all large cannon—the new gun is simply a succession of thin steel rings, forced upon the central tube by hydraulic pressure. Its success means that big cannon in the future will cost but a fraction of their present value, and that, instead of thousands of dollars being expended in transportation of unwieldy pieces, monster cannon can hereafter be carried in sections as ballast. Representatives of the British War Department inspected the model in Chicago and went away convinced that the inventor has brought about a revolution in the manner of making cannon.—*Scientific American.*

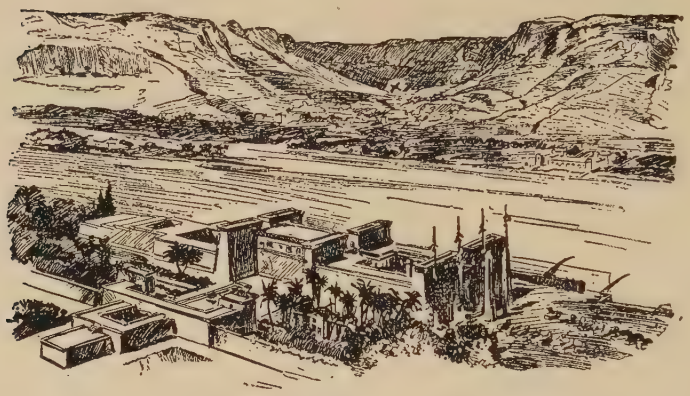
SAND-CATCH SIDING.—Near Dresden, Saxony, a railroad-siding has been installed to ensure the stoppage thereon of trains. It is a siding which starts from the main track and rejoins it farther on. It is necessary for the prevention of accidents that the shunting of a train to this siding shall stop it, if the engineer neglects his duty. To effect this end, the rails are covered with some inches of sand, which in dry weather is kept moist. This has brought a twenty-car train to a full stop. Its utility in catching a runaway engine is obvious.

The Midland Railway Company has a "photographer-in-ordinary." If a bridge shows signs of decay or an embankment is likely to slide, the chief engineer sends him to photograph the defect, thus saving a personal visit. Also in the case of a smash-up the photographer takes several views of the position of the engine and cars for facilitating the placing of responsibility and the settlement of claims.

Crude petroleum is now advocated as a good application for country roads. It is claimed that by excluding water it keeps the road good in wet and dry weather. It will suppress dust and render the water-cart unnecessary, and it prevents the formation of mud in winter.

The Rontgen rays have a new sphere of usefulness. By their aid chalk can be detected in flour, brick-dust in Cayenne pepper, sand in spices and many other similar sophistications.

IMPORTANT RECENT ORIENTAL FINDS.



EGYPTIAN TEMPLE AT LUXOR.

The cross in the background shows the site of the recently discovered tomb of the Pharaohs.

The Grave of the Pharaohs.

News from Egypt has been received of a most interesting discovery. M. Loret, Director-General of the Antiquities Department, while excavating recently near the ruins of ancient Thebes, has found a double tomb which had not been disturbed. The labourers in digging came upon a steep inclined gallery which led to a well 26 feet deep. M. Loret descended this well and found himself at the entrance to a magnificent chamber in perfect preservation. At one end of this chamber, in an excavation sunken several feet below the level of the rest of the floor, was the sarcophagus of a king placed upon a massive block of alabaster. The sarcophagus was of sand-stone, artificially coloured a bright rose hue, and contains the mummy intact, with chaplets of flowers around the feet and neck. In a chamber to the right were nine more mummies, two of them bearing no name, and the others those of the Kings Thothmes IV., Amenophis III., Set Nakht, Seti II., Rameses IV., Rameses VI., and Rameses VIII., whose reigns are believed to have covered, the period between 1500 and 1150 B.C.

The tomb was apparently prepared for Amenophis II., and is supposed to have been opened later to receive the mummies of the other kings, probably to save them from violation. The floors of all the chambers are covered with a mass of objects—statues, vases, wooden models of animals, boats, etc., requiring immense care in sorting for removal. The whole constitutes one of the most impressive sights that can be imagined. For the first time on record, the body of an Egyptian king has been found in the tomb prepared for him, as previously discovered royal mummies had been removed from their tombs and secreted for safety at Deir el Bahari. It is not intended to disturb the bodies, but to leave them exactly as they were found and to run a gallery around the vault, from which visitors can look down upon them. Thus are the men fallen whose names were once a terror in the earth.

Babylonish Tablets.

While the Pennsylvania University expedition in 1893 were working at Nippur, they came upon a room nineteen or twenty feet below the surface. The ceiling was, of course, gone, and the walls were in great part ruined. The room was carefully searched and cleaned, and 730 tablets were collected by Mr. Haynes, the head of the working party. Their examination leads to the conclusion that the room had been used for storing the business—papers, I had almost written; tablets, however, is the correct name—of a wealthy firm of merchants. The tablets themselves are of dried clay, of various sizes, many of them of the size and shape of an ordinary flat tablet of soap

with rounded edges. The cuneiform characters are sharply cut, and have in many instances remained as clear and distinct as on the day they were inscribed. The firm to which they belonged was Murashu Sons, of Nippur, who lived at the time of Artaxerxes I. (464 to 424 B.C.) and Darius II. (423 to 405 B.C.), in whose reigns the documents are dated, just as if a modern merchant, instead of dating his contract A.D. 1898, were to write, "in the sixty-first year of the reign of Victoria." The tablets have been written by many different hands, and extend over a period of fifty years.

Professor Hilprecht remarks that the population of Babylonia at the time of Artaxerxes the First appears to have been about as thoroughly mixed as that of the States of New York and Pennsylvania at the present time; and as the emigrants from almost every state in Europe bring the local and personal names of their native lands to the different settlements of the New World, so Medes and Persians, Arameans and Sabeans, Judeans and Edomites, and other peoples, transplanted those of their former abodes to ancient Babylonia.

Thus the names Ashkelon and Heshbon, familiar to readers of the Bible, figure in these newly-found tablets. Indeed, the number of Jewish names known from the Old Testament is unusually large, especially from the Books of Ezra and Nehemiah. Professor Hilprecht considers it certain that a considerable number of the Jewish exiles carried away by Nebuchadnezzar were settled in and around Nippur. Perhaps the most important result of the examination of the tablets which are now being dealt with is to confirm the historical accuracy of the statements of Ezra and Nehemiah.

Here, for example, is a guarantee for twenty years that an emerald is so well set that it will not fall out.

A Babylonian subject becomes surety for the release of his nephew from prison, on condition that he will not leave Nippur without permission. There are leases of various kinds, and contracts for the sale of sun-dried bricks and other merchandise, for the loan of seed-corn and oxen for ploughing, and a variety of other documents of ordinary business life, which bring home to the reader very vividly that he is in the presence of actual facts, that human life and human operations were very much like, and yet, in other respects, widely different from, what they are now; above all, that the inhabitants of this recently unearthed city had great capacity for business, and had made greater progress in the development of modern commercial usages than has yet been believed.

The New Flood Tablet.

One of the most interesting of recent archæological discoveries is that of the new Flood Tablet brought before the Eleventh International Congress of Orientalists, held in Paris during the early part of September, 1897, an account of which has just been published in this country. The discovery was made by Pere Scheil, the French Assyriologist at Abu-habba, the site of the ancient Babylonian city of Sippara, the tablet dated in the reign of Ammi-zaduga, 2140 B.C.

As is generally known, there are two other Babylonian accounts of the deluge which parallel the history of the flood in Genesis. The first is that of Berosus, the Greco-Chaldean historian, whose narrative has been preserved in the writings of Josephus, and in those of the early Greek Christian writers. The other account is found in the famous Flood Tablets discovered in 1583 by Hormudz Rassam in the library of Asurbanipal's palace among the ruins of Nineveh, and translated by George Smith. These tablets, which may be called the Magna Charter of Assyriology, were written more than six hundred years before Christ, and were said to have been copied from older tablets. The account of the flood was inserted as an episode in a great epic written in twelve books, arranged on an astronomical principle, so that each book should correspond to one of the signs of the zodiac. The history of the deluge was introduced into the eleventh book, which answers to Aquarius, the eleventh sign of the zodiac.

This new discovery is a small terra-cotta tablet measuring twenty-two centimeters in height by twenty in breadth. It is the tenth chapter in a story which had for its title, "While the Man Rested," and while part of the tablet is in a bad condition, it is sufficiently well preserved for us to know that we have here "a precious bit of clay on which was written a poetical story of the deluge, seven centuries before Moses, and about the time of Isaac or Jacob." We learn from this that the story of the deluge was known throughout the East, before Genesis was written.

Pere Scheil says that this account, dated about 2140 B.C., is only a copy, and that "No one can say how many centuries one must go back before reaching the historic fact which lies at the base of this cycle of legends and the first narration made of it."

Current Events.

PRINCE BISMARCK.

THE IRON CHANCELLOR.

The death of Prince Bismarck has ended, we trust, an era in European politics. He was, in our judgment, the embodiment of pitiless, conscienceless force. His ideal, the reuniting of the broken fragments of the empire of the Rudolphs and the Maximilians was a noble one, but his methods were relentless and cruel. He has been called the Richelieu of Germany, but the comparison is unjust. Richelieu subdued the clashing factions of France and secured its supremacy in Europe by the subtle statecraft of the priest, by *finesse* more than by force. Bismarck was more a feudal baron, like our English Warwick the King Maker, and his cognizance might well be like his the Bear and Ragged Staff, the symbol of brute power.

In 1862 Bismarck said in the Prussian Diet: "Not by speeches and majority votes can the great questions of the day be settled—this was the error of '48 and '49—but by iron and blood." And a man of iron and blood he has been from that day to this. A swashbuckler and duellist in his youth, he continued his ruthlessness through three great wars. He appealed not to reason but to the sword, not to the ballot but to the bullet. He flung his iron gauntlet into the scales and outweighed the claims of right. He was the embodiment of absolutism, the real power behind the throne.

Unjustly, we believe, he swept the Danes from Schleswig-Holstein, and with equal truculence he crushed the pride and power of Austria at Sadowa. He suppressed despatches and deceived his royal master, and precipitated the Franco-Prussian war, the war that reft her fairest provinces from France and marched the spiked helmets through the Champs Elysees. But the intoxication of victory and the crowning of William I. as Emperor at Versailles, condoned his colossal crimes and made him the idol of the people.

But how hapless is the man who hangs on princes' favours! The ungrateful young War Lord of Europe could brook no rival near his throne, and dismissed the old man of iron will who had made him Kaiser of United Germany. Bismarck's closing years teach their grim lesson of the Nemesis that with swift feet follows wrong. In soured and sullen old age he sulked in his castle at Friedrichsruhe, gnawing his heart, aweary of the world and yet reluctant to depart.

How different his end from that of his great untitled compeer, William Ewart Gladstone. Four times chancellor of a world-wide Empire, he sought its moral and intellectual elevation by the arts of peace and not of war. He had the courage to accept defeat at Majuba Hill instead of crushing the Boers in revenge, and to surrender the Ionian Islands because he believed it right. He lived down opposition and obloquy, and died the best-loved man of English-speaking lands. His great heart was stirred with sympathy for the struggles for liberty in Italy, in Montenegro, in Bulgaria, in Armenia, in Cuba. His serene and sunny old age was consoled by philosophy and religion. His latest days were spent in the moral service of mankind. Which kind of statesman typifies the higher civilization of the future,—the man of blood and iron or the man of peace and good-will?

It is idle to say, "*nil nisi bonum de mortuis.*" There are men like Charles XII. and Napoleon who leave a name

> "At which the world turns pale,
> To point a moral or adorn a tale."

Bismarck's theories and sympathies and practice were all opposed to the free government of a free people. They were more akin to mediæval feudalism than to

the free institutions and sovereignty of man which shall mark the Christian civilization of the world's future.

Yet God can make the wrath of man to praise Him as from the blood-sodden fields of war He makes to grow the golden grain of peace. A united Germany instinct with patriotism to a common Fatherland is a wonderful evolution from the four hundred feudal states and petty princedoms engaged in almost perpetual and relentless war which once filled the valleys of the Rhine and Elbe, the mountains of the Schwarzwald and Odinwald.

The Truce of God.

God has set His bow in the clouds to show that storm and deluge are but passing events, not permanent conditions—that summer and winter, harvest and vintage, peace and prosperity, shall not cease. The power and pride and mediæval spirit of Spain speedily collapsed before the superior skill and energy and enterprise of nineteenth-century civilization. Who can doubt that the destinies of the Antilles and the Philippines will be brighter and better under an American protectorate or rule than under the cruel oppression of Spain?

The large degree of liberty already granted the Province of Santiago is a presage and a promise of the freer future of these emancipated islands. The terms of peace offered by President McKinley but carry out the generous spirit with which this war was undertaken. How different would be the exactions of a Bismarck or a Metternich! The United States has shown itself the Good Samaritan of Nations. It found Cuba bruised and bleeding by the wayside, rescued it from the very hands of the robbers that, under the guise of government, had despoiled it; it now remains but to pour oil and balm upon its wounds and restore it to health and freedom. No self-seeking, no greed or conquest must mar this fair ideal.

We are confident that this chivalrous nation will wear in peace unsullied the laurels it has won in war—a war of sad necessity, if necessity indeed it were.

Facing the Future.

The American Republic has difficult problems to face. How to govern distant and semi-civilized races like the aborigines of the Philippines and Ladrones, how to raise to citizenship the mixed races of Porto Rico and Cuba, will severely tax American statesmanship. But the nation which has solved the problem of slavery, which has converted so many millions of unlettered immigrants into intelligent citizens may be trusted to solve also the problems of the future. It will doubtless meet with difficulties, but it will overcome them. It may make mistakes, but it will correct them. It will not reach ideal excellence—as what nation ever did?

All Christendom should watch with sympathetic interest, not with captious criticism, the development of this new power in the government of the world. We have faith in the generous purpose, in the Christian spirit, in the moral uprightness of this mighty offspring of Great Britain's loins. The Christian Churches will not be wanting in missionary effort. The Christian schools will instil their high ideals. A beneficent commerce will aid the grand result of time. God by His providence is reconciling the world unto Himself.

The Saxon and the Slav.

It has been predicted that the great conflict of the future will be between the Saxon race, embodying the thought and enterprise and energy of western Europe, and the Slavic race which from time immemorial has filled the vast Sarmatian plains and valleys of the Volga and the Dnieper. It may be that that conflict is near at hand. We trust that the resources of intelligent diplomacy may settle the great questions of the future instead of the brute arbitrament of war.

But if the conflict come it would be a battle of Armageddon. In such a conflict Great Britain may be proud of her attitude as champion of personal liberty, of free commerce, of "the open door," of unselfish devotion to right and righteousness against absolutism, repression, and the closed door of selfish commerce. Of the issue of such a colossal contest there can be no ultimate doubt. It will be like the conflict of Michael the Archangel with the powers of darkness. The conflict may be dire and long, but the result cannot be uncertain.

> For right is right since God is God,
> And right the day must win.
> To doubt would be disloyalty,
> To falter would be sin.

Let Britain maintain her high Christian ideals and keep her trust in God and righteousness and she may face the future calmly and undismayed.

In such a conflict the moral support,

and we doubt not, if needed, the forces by land and sea of the great republic of the west would find their place side by side with those of the Mother Country. The natural alliance of the Teutonic people of the German Fatherland would be not with Russian absolutism, but with their English kith and kin, and with the millions of their race who have found a larger liberty on this side of the sea.

Not a Jingo Alliance.

The predominant thought in the minds of some who rejoice in the growing good-will between Great Britain and the American Republic is that the combined forces by land and sea of these great powers can bid defiance to the rest of mankind. If that were all it would be a sorry outlook for humanity and civilization. The ideal of the Anglo-Saxon alliance is not to create a great world-power like the Roman Empire, of which all other nations should stand in awe, but to establish a supreme force that will make for righteousness, for law and order and liberty, for the "open door" in commerce and the open Bible in religion throughout the world. This is the ideal of the best friends of both nations.

"They are anxious," says the New York *Outlook*, "to avoid any development of the aggressive spirit of the Anglo-Saxon races, and eager to develop the dominance of the higher qualities of the races. Sir Charles Dilke has declared that everyone welcomes an alliance of hearts with America, but that no such alliance could be a war alliance."

Mr. John Morley, who is the spokesman of the best sentiment and the highest ideals of the Liberal party, declared, in a speech at Leeds, that the union between the two countries for their mutual good and the good of civilization would be welcomed with great gladness, but that an alliance of what he called the jingo element in the two countries would be a menace to the world and a curse upon the peace of both nations: and he added: "I know tens of thousands of the best and wisest men in America who believe that hardly any more inexpressible calamity can befall mankind than that a community, as Lincoln nobly said, conceived in freedom and dedicated to the happiness of free and equal men, should entangle itself in the unrest and intrigue of militarism which are the torment and scourge of the Old World."

"These words," adds the *Outlook*, "express the sentiment of the best men and women in the country. The first duty of the hour is to define this ideal, and to lodge it so firmly in the heart and conscience of the country that no lower ideal can disturb or dislodge it."

According to the London *Daily Telegraph* the proposed Anglo-American alliance is to embrace the following terms:

1. Recognition of the American interpretation of the Monroe Doctrine by Great Britain; 2. The construction of the Nicaragua Canal by the United States, and its use by England and no other foreign country in time of war; 3. Great Britain to protect the United States in the possession of all the territory it takes from Spain in the present war if possession should be threatened by any other European nation; 4. The United States to back Great Britain in her policy in Asia, British ports on that continent to be open to the United States under the most favoured nation clause; 5. All controversies between England and the United States to be referred to a non-partisan commission.

We doubt if the *entente* between the two countries has reached anything so definite as this. It would probably not be wise nor well to have such a league offensive and defensive. It might tend to cultivate among the military spirits of the two countries a too aggressive policy. But an era of good-will and a treaty of universal international arbitration would be the dawn of a new day in the world's civilization.

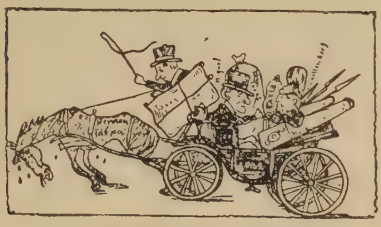
The Cost of War.

On both her army and navy Great Britain is spending far more than her great continental rivals, as the following figures for last year show:

	Navy.	Army.	Total.
Great Britain..	£26,000,000	£37,500,000	£63,500,000
France.....	11,485,000	24,902,000	36,387,000
Germany.....	6,083,000	29,043,000	35,226,000
Russia.....	7,990,000	30,579,000	38,569,000

"But Britain has in its empire," as the Chancellor of the Exchequer says, "a population of 365,000,000 scattered all over the globe—80,000,000 more than the three other empires put together. Its territories extend to $11\frac{1}{4}$ millions square miles of the habitable world; their territories, all put together, are only $13\frac{3}{4}$ millions. For every thousand square miles of empire Britain spends in defence £5,664, France spends £9,525, Germany £28,554, and Russia £44,154. For every thousand inhabitants of the empire Britain

spends £174, France £399, Germany £560, and Russia £398.



WAR-BURDENED EUROPE.

It is appalling to think that these gigantic sums are spent for the purposes of war. What an incubus upon the back of civilization it is. How the army-ridden nations of the world groan beneath their burden. Small wonder that the millions of the half-starved poor, ground down with war taxes and sent as food for powder to the field of slaughter, as the Germans call the battle-field, revolt against this grinding tyranny. When a boy is born into the world many a mother weeps at the thought of the enforced military service he must undergo. Great Britain and the United States are the only nations that we know that have no forced conscription, and in a protracted war even these would not be exempt. The pulpit and the press should more than ever preach and write against the brute force of war, which drowns the voice of reason and inflames every wicked passion. Surely on the threshold of the twentieth century a more rational way of settling disputes shall be found, to appeal to reason and righteousness instead of to the sword and slaughter.

Christian Science.

There has recently been opened in the city of Toronto, with a good deal of eclat, a new Christian Science Church. In an age more marked for its wide extension than profound intension of knowledge, the spread of the crudities of so-called Christian Science is, perhaps, not remarkable. It is a curious phenomenon that in the city of Boston, the supposed centre of the higher intellectual culture of the United States, there are more religious frauds, delusions and impostures than, probably, in any other city of its size in the world. The daily papers, especially the Sunday issues, contain columns of announcements of clairvoyants, clairaudients, spiritualist mediums, faith healers, *et hoc genus omne*. But this sort of intellectual fungi can only fasten on a trunk of some strength and juiciness. We find the same growth of frauds, delusions and false religions in Alexandria, Ephesus, Corinth, and Rome, at the time of the Christian era.

In Boston is the largest and most costly Christian Science temple in the world, with a membership of 11,300. In this special services have been held "at which four thousand people," says *Zion's Herald*, "listened with utmost eagerness not unmingled with awe to the latest deliverances of their adored founder and mother, Mrs. Mary Baker G. Eddy.

"What were those deliverances? Alas for the culture of Boston! They were simply the same old wash of weak platitudes, wild ineptitudes, and windy, worthless altitudes that we have heard so often before; they were the same queer jumble of incoherencies, inconsistencies, and impossibilities that make up the big book out of whose enormous sale Mrs. Eddy has grown rich.

"She ignores rhetoric as well as logic in the sublime flights of her genius. This abundantly appears, not only on every page of her empty, pretentious book, which one has well said 'is without a single redeeming grace of style to relieve the tedium of disjointed, inconsequential, dogmatic and egotistical assertion and repetition,' but also in every paragraph of her latest message.

"It is a sad commentary on the supposed enlightenment of the age that, in a city which has been considered the peculiar home of education, such gibberish passes for inspired teaching. That the silly craze will have its day and soon disappear in the limbo of forgotten delusions, cannot be doubted by those who believe in the essential sanity of the human race; but meanwhile no little harm is being done to those who are somewhat unbalanced."

SABBATH.

O day of rest! how beautiful, how fair,
How welcome to the weary and the old!
Day of the Lord! and truce to earthly care!
Day of the Lord, as all our days should be!

—*Longfellow.*

Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

The General Conference.

The assembling of the chief court of Canadian Methodism is an occasion of great interest to all our people. The General Conference is charged with high and important functions. It has the supreme oversight of the missionary operations of our Church at home and abroad. It organizes its benevolences, economy, and polity. It directs its publishing interests, makes and amends its laws. It receives the memorials, appeals, suggestions of the Conferences, districts, and of the humblest member of its remotest circuit. It appoints the agents by whom its economies shall be administered and directed. It is the supreme authority in ecclesiastical matters throughout its vast sphere of influence from Bermuda to Japan and far Western China.

For the members of this august body—an equal number of ministers and busy laymen, chosen by their brethren for these legislative functions—the Church should be much in prayer. It should beseech the Throne of Grace that the spirit of illumination, of wisdom, of a sound mind, of brotherly kindness, of fidelity, of patience may be given them according to their need. It may be that perplexing and difficult questions will come before them. It may be that, perhaps, wide divergences of judgment will exist. But under the guidance of the Divine Spirit true brotherly kindness will be maintained and wise and just conclusion will be reached.

Looking back with devout thanksgiving in all the way the Lord our God hath led us, we will look forward with full assurance of faith of the same guidance in the future. As the doors of the twentieth century swing wide their portals of ampler opportunities and grandest possibilities, let us hear the voice of our God saying, "Speak to the people that they go forward."

The new century must be, more than even the closing years of this ninteenth, a century of missionary enterprise and conquest. The world is waiting as never before for the word of power and the ministry of grace. Lo, fields white unto the harvest wave wide on every side. The time has surely come to thrust in the golden sickle of the Gospel, for the harvest of the earth is fully ripe.

The Church at home needs, too, the baptism of power, the anointing from on high, that the old, old truths of the Gospel may fall with pentecostal energy upon the souls of men. May the new quadrennium, during which we shall sweep out of the most marvellous century the world has ever seen into one of still brighter augury and grander hopes, be signally crowned with the blessing and approval of almighty God. Here we raise our Ebenezer, for hitherto the Lord hath helped us. Here will we set up our banners and in the name of the Lord go forward.

A Leakage in Methodism.

The statistics for the Quadrennium, furnished by our indefatigable General Conference Statistician, the Rev. Dr. Cornish, present some features of special interest. While these figures cannot be perfectly exact, they may be regarded as approximately so. The most encouraging festure is that during the quadrennium the additions to our Church have reached the very large number of 147,221. But the total number removed has been 127,637. Of these 13,623 have died, leaving 114,014 to be otherwise accounted for. Of these a small proportion may have been dropped from the record by disciplinary process.

Amid the changes of residence, made more frequent by the depression of the times, a considerable number may have gone to enrich the sister Methodism of the United States, or other Churches of this country. But a very large leakage has occurred of those who, moving from place to place, have allowed their membership to lapse either through not receiving or not presenting certificates of church standing. Especially is this true of the membership in the towns and cities. In some churches much more than half of the entire membership is changed during the quadrennium. As a result the net increase of membership during the quadrennium has been only 19,584.

This increase is cause for devout gratitude to God for His blessing and the sea l

of His approval on the labours of His servants. Then, too, nearly 14,000 have passed into the heavens—from the Church on earth to the General Assembly and Church of the First-born on high.

But the fact that the increase of the quadrennium is 7,501 less than that of the previous quadrennium is a cause for deep searching of heart. And during the quadrennium there has been, with one exception, a decrease of accessions from year to year. Is there a tide of worldliness sweeping over the country? Has the old Gospel lost its power upon the hearts of men? Is there any lack of moral earnestness in the presentation of the truth? Is there any diversion of spiritual power in the adoption of new methods and new organizations? Is the old-fashioned converting energy of our services decreasing? Are our Sunday-schools and Leagues less successful in the conversion of their members than heretofore? Is there a subtle scepticism pervading the air and, like a moral malaria, sapping the spiritual life of the people? These questions are more easily asked than answered.

It is more significant of a general condition of Christendom that a similar decrease of increase, a retardation of the chariot wheels of the Gospel, has occurred in sister Churches and, in some cases, is much more marked than in our own.

The statistics of our Sunday-schools show almost uniform progress. There is an addition of 136 schools, of 1,211 teachers and officers, of 17,783 scholars, of whom 9,629 have united with the Church during the year. These features give much ground for encouragement. We judge that from our schools and Leagues more than from any other source, our Church will be recruited in the future.

The whole subject demands full and earnest investigation. The Church needs to be more importunate in prayer for the bestowment of the essential gift of soul-converting power. "Wilt thou not revive us again: that thy people may rejoice in thee?"

From the Chinese Mission Field.

The Rev. Dr. V. C. Hart, in a private letter from Chentu, West China, says: "Our work is moving on as though all was perfect peace on the coast. Poor China is now where some of us have prophesied she would be years ago. Can anyone prophesy better things for the future? Social and political corruption, have eaten away the empire's strength, all courage has evaporated, we have an unshapely mass to deal with. If the great Powers could come to some definite understanding and divide the mass, giving Great Britain the centre all the way to Tibet, the real China might survive and revive under the fostering care of strong and enlightened governments. What is to be done should be done quickly that rebellions may not crop up in different centres.

"The country is fast ripening for unusual disturbances, and it is doubtful if the Pekin Government will be able to cope with the storms brewing.

"We are far from the centres of activity and know little what is going on along the coast. Our news is thirty-six days old, the last to hand was alarming enough, but we say, "If there has been war it is most likely over now." The after effects may reach us months hence. Pray for us, for truly we are largely cut off from help other than what weak native officials can afford, which is not much in times of of excitement. The Lord is our refuge."

Wesleyan Methodism.

The election of Hugh Price Hughes to the presidency of the British Conference was a foregone conclusion after his vote of last year. He represents the most aggressive type of British Methodism. He combines Welsh fire and fervour with a cool John Bull doggedness that never knows defeat. His work in the West Central Mission in London is one of the marvels of modern evangelism. In the very centre of fashionable vice and profligacy he has kindled the altar fires of old-fashioned revival Methodism. St. James' Hall is crowded all the year round and conversions take place at every service. It has become a very hive of Christian activities. The Sisters of the People are as well known as the policemen, and are much more effective in suppressing vice and promoting virtue.

The marvel is that the man who appeals so largely to the intellect in such a calm, incisive voice should so largely stir the feelings. His own intense positiveness of conviction is, in large degree, the secret of his power over men. In his mission work this Son of Thunder is admirably seconded by his other self and complement, that Son of Consolation, Mark Guy Pearse.

Hugh Price Hughes does not always win the assent of British Methodism to the soundness of his judgment, but com-

mands its respect for the intenseness of his convictions. These same qualities have made the *Methodist Times* a great power in the Empire. Each subject under review is treated as the most important in the world. It has, in fact, a crisis every week. It is safe to say that under his official *régime* the Forward Movement throughout British Methodism, which has already received such an impulse in Manchester, Leeds, Liverpool, Glasgow, will receive a still greater impetus.

Methodism in the Philippines.

Bishop Thoburn strongly urges the immediate occupation of the Philippines as a mission field by the Churches of the United States, especially by the Methodist Church. God by His providence is reconciling the world to Himself. Amid these shakings of the nations and the tumult of the people, our God is marching on. Bishop Thoburn says :

"It should be boldly avowed from the outset that our people go to the Philippines for the good of the people. We should go there to Christianize them and avow the fact. God is placing upon us a solemn responsibility to elevate them in the scale of civilization and to fit them for a place among the Christian nations of the earth. A complete system of education should be provided for all the children and youth who can possibly be induced to enter simple village schools. The islands are rich, and will no doubt afford a revenue quite sufficient to maintain a thoroughly good and efficient government, if we accept the responsibility which the possession of the Philippines will impose upon the whole American nation. As a people we have entered upon a new phase of political development, and henceforth we ought boldly to avow the fact that we have accepted our responsibility and wish to do our full share in ennobling all the nations of the earth. Once planted firmly at the Philippines and enjoying, as we hereafter can do, the active friendship of the British people, we shall be in a position to act a part in eastern Asia such as but very few ever dreamed of.

"But what about the mission ? We should have a representative at Manila at the earliest possible day. Indeed, if I did not myself feel almost bound both hand and foot, I think nothing could hold me back from an early visit to Manila. Now is the time to secure a strong and permanent foothold there. An Anglo-Chinese school with five hundred pupils might be in operation in less than twelve months after the declaration of peace."

Dr. Beatty.

With the death of Dr. Beatty, of Cobourg, one of the most venerable figures in Canadian Methodism has passed away. At the good old age of eighty-nine he ended his long and useful career. He was one of the earliest and most honoured professors of Victoria College. He was for over half a century an official member of the Methodist Church, and for many years the popular mayor of Cobourg, and, a higher honour still, the beloved superintendent of a Methodist Sunday-school. He was a man of saintly life—like Nathaniel of old, an Israelite indeed in whom there was no guile. On the last Sunday morning of his life he called his household together for prayer, and in a moment passed from the worship of the Church on earth to that of the Church on high—to the endless Sabbath of the skies.

The Zionist movement for the colonization of Palestine by Jews is a much more influential movement than it is sometimes supposed to be. Colonel Conder, the well-known archæologist of the Palestine Exploration Society, stated at a gathering of the English Zionists lately that when the movement began the actual number of Jews in Palestine was smaller than at any previous period, but that since that time the number has greatly increased. Twenty-five Jewish colonies have already settled there. Colonel Conder remarked in his paper that it would be a desirable thing from every point of view that Palestine should be neutralized under the protection of the Great Powers after the manner of Switzerland.—*Ex.*

Keshub Chunder Sen was justified in saying that "behind the sceptre of our august Empress is the sceptre of Jesus Christ that rules India." We have always maintained that the British Government in India is an undoubted dispensation of God. Its influences are Christian influences which penetrate us deeply, and I trace the effect thereof not only in our higher religious and moral life, but in our educational and public life. And, most of all, is this unseen hand traceable in the movement for religious and social reform. If such be the indirect and remote effect of Christian influences, how much deeper must

be the effect of direct Christianity imparted through its literature, its schools, its pulpits, and its devoted missionaries.

Montreal Gazette: In 1875-76, the year of the great union (of the four Presbyterian Churches of Canada), the givings of the people to the Church's objects were $982,672. Last year they were $2,250,600, which represented an average contribution per family of $21.35. There are reported 941 pastoral charges, and 471 mission stations in the Church, and 1,071 ministers. The Church has six colleges under its care for the training of young men for the ministry, and several institutions for the higher education of young women, as to which generally, and of the other institutions under its care, the committee of statistics are able to declare that the Church has manifold reasons to bless her Head for what He has been to her.

Methodists in France, says *Work and Workers*, are few in number, and for the most part poor. They realize, however, the sacredness of their trust as witnesses to the power of the Protestant Christian religion. The most prominent of the recently converted priests, the Abbe Bourrier, states that he heard the Gospel for the first time about twelve years ago in the Wesleyan chapel in the Rue Roquepine, Paris. He then purchased in the small Book-room the Bible, which, through the Spirit of God, enlightened his mind. He has now taken a pastorate near Paris, and is seeking to establish a temporary home for priests who are longing to be delivered from the papal thraldom.

The foreign missionary force of the world has grown from 421 in 1820, to 6,369 in 1895, and unmarried women missionaries, represented by one in 1820, are now 3,390. In fifty years the number of native missionaries increased twenty-fold, and in the last five years the number of communicants in mission fields has increased by 200,000, and the number of Christians has increased faster by ratio than the population. So says Dean Vahl, the greatest missionary statist in the world and president of the Danish missionary society.

The *Mission World* quotes several remarkable statements on good authority, among them: "There are in the Christian Church over 100,000 proselytes from Judaism, and in the Church of England alone 250 of the clergy are either Jews or the sons of Jews. As each Lord's day comes round the gospel is proclaimed in more than 600 pulpits of Europe by Jewish lips. Over 350 of the ministers of Christ in Great Britain are stated to be Hebrew Christians."

The Board of Managers of the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church has decided to appoint a a committee of five, "which shall have power to confer with like committees or representatives of other boards concerning the occupancy for missionary effort of the Philippine Islands and the islands of Cuba and Puerto Rico." The Presbyterian Church has adopted similar resolutions.

Interior (Pres.), Chicago: The *United Presbyterian* thinks its Church can show a clean pair of hands: "We do not believe there is one saloon-keeper or bartender in the United Presbyterian Church. And no member of the Church can own a saloon, or rent property to be used for saloon purposes, without violating the law of the Church."

The Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions has closed its financial year most successfully. The debt with which it commenced the year, amounting to $97,454, has been wiped out and the total receipts have fully covered the expenditures. To meet the debt, appropriations for the past year unused and cancelled were applied, amounting to $17,715. Churches and individuals gave $36,741, women's boards and societies, $20,417, and the missionaries on the field contributed $10,533. The remainder was made up from other sources.

In Kucheng, China, where occurred the awful massacres in 1895, at a recent communion service in the city church, 150 persons partook of the sacrament, twelve babies were baptized, and sixteen persons received baptism and were taken into the Church.

Bishop H. M. Turner, of the African Methodist Episcopal Church, has returned from his episcopal visitation to Africa. He reports that the membership of his Church in South Africa is already over 5,000, and is growing fast. He says that the negroes there are improving rapidly in all respects.

Dr. Maclaren, who has made a special study of the statistics of the great missionary societies, states that none of them surpass and few, if any of them, equal the success and economy of administration of our own.

Book Notices.

The Faith of Centuries: Addresses and Essays on Subjects Connected With the Christian Religion. London: James Nisbet & Co., Ltd. Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Co. Price, $2.50.

This is a very timely and important book. It is designed to enable lay readers "to confront some of the more common difficulties of belief, and at the same time to realize with less insufficiency and inadequacy the nature of Christian doctrine." It consists of sixteen essays by men of light and leading of the Established Church of England, discussing the great verities of the faith. Among the contributors are the Hon. W. E. Bowen, M.A., on "The Divinity of Christ," Canon Girdlestone on "Sin," and "Atonement," Canon Newbolt on "Temptation," and "The Punishment of Sin," the Bishop of Rochester on "The Preparation in History for Christ," Canon Holland on "Faith in Jesus Christ," Prof. Ryle on "The Resurrection." In an able essay on "Christ in History," Bishop Barry says, "We see clearly what are the transcendent claims implied in this assertion of himself as the King and the Light of the world; and, unless with the Jews we cast stones at Him as a blasphemer, we must cry out with St. Thomas, "My Lord and my God!" Professor Bonny shows the reasonableness of miracles—of a departure from the usual course of nature, if the evidence is satisfactory, and especially when the occasion affords a *dignus vindice nodus.* The book is on a high plain of evangelical faith, and is a distinct addition to popular evidences of Christianity.

Studies in Comparative Religion. By Alfred S. Geden, M.A. London: Charles H. Kelly. Toronto: William Briggs.

The study of comparative religion may be said to be almost a new science. Yet it had its germ in the declaration of St. Paul, "Whom, therefore, ye ignorantly worship, him declare I unto you;" and in that other saying, "In every nation he that feareth him, and worketh righteousness, is accepted with him." It would argue a poor faith, says our author, in the religion which Jesus Christ established and maintains, to refuse to submit it to the quiet testing light of history, of reason, and science. The false religions of the world are, in many cases, but "broken lights" of the true revelation of God. It is a truth of widest meaning,

> That in even savage bosoms
> There are longings, yearnings, strivings,
> For the good they comprehend not;
> That the feeble hands and helpless,
> Groping blindly in the darkness,
> Touch God's right hand in the darkness
> And are lifted up and strengthened.

As the Law was a schoolmaster to bring men to Christ, so also God hath not left the heathen nations without a witness concerning Himself. The Monotheistic religion of Mohammed was a great advance on the paganism which it supplanted, and the purer aspects of Buddhism contained some strange foregleams of the light of the Gospel. "There is a soul of goodness even in things evil." The recognition of this is often a ground of appeal in setting forth the teachings of Christ. St. Paul thus quotes the writings of the pagan Cleon, "As one of your own poets has said, we also are his offspring."

Professor Geden has chapters on the religions of Egypt, Babylonia, Persia, and Moslem lands. As an introduction to this important science this book will be found very helpful and instructive.

English National Education. A Sketch of the Rise of Public Elementary Schools in England. By H. Holman, M.A. London: Blackie & Son. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

The educational question is one of the most important questions before the world. When the English Franchise Extension Bill passed the Imperial Parliament, Mr. Robert Low said "We must educate our masters." To that task England bravely set herself. The development of the Public School system, which had long lagged behind that of other nations, has been very great. It was heavily handicapped by the High Church traditions and institutions, which had little sympathy with the democratization of learning in these modern times.

Yet upon the intelligence of the people rests the welfare of the commonweal. The ballot, not the bullet, has become the true arbiter of destiny. Not less are brains at a premium in the industrial

world. "Not a machine," says our author, "but the creative and guiding intelligence is the greatest economizer. Therefore, the best capital of a nation is the brain power of its people."

"What did Prussia do," he adds, "when humbled to the dust by France? Reformed her schools. What did France do when crushed by Germany? Reformed her schools. The competition of nations is a battle of minds. Not the mere fighter, but the thinker, is victor to-day. It would appear that the French were not less heroic, but worse organized, in their last great war. Germany is our rival in trade because she is our superior in schools. Just as Waterloo was said to have been won in the playing-fields (and class-rooms—epigrams are always incomplete) of Eton, so the world's commerce is being won and lost in our schools."

The book is full of much curious information and records, much noble progress and hopeful outlook. The chapters on "The Days of Doles," "Codes and Cram," "Retrospect and Prospect," and others, will be read with special interest.

Northward Over the "Great Ice." A Narrative of Life and Work Along the Shores and Upon the Interior Ice-Cap of Northern Greenland in the Years 1886 and 1891-97. By ROBERT E. PEARY, Civil Engineer, U. S. N., Member of the American Society of Civil Engineers and of the American Geographical Society. With Maps, Diagrams and about Eight Hundred Illustrations. Two Vols., 8vo, pp. lxxx., 521 and 625, with Index in each Volume. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price, $6.50.

These sumptuous volumes give a very graphic account of achievements of peace, more glorious than those of war. Lieut. Peary encountered hardships and perils greater than those of his naval comrades at either Manila or Santiago. His triumphs are the bloodless ones of civilization and science. The book covers four distinct voyages of exploration. His journey over the ice-cap of Greenland, beneath which the country lies buried to a depth from five thousand to nine thousand feet, was one of thrilling interest.

"In the centre of this 'Great Ice,'" he says, "lifted a mile and a half or two miles into the frozen air that sweeps around the pole, separated from any possible effect from the earth's radiated heat by a blanket of snow and ice a mile or more in thickness, and distant fully two hundred and fifty miles from the possible ameliorating effect of the Arctic seas, there is to be found the fiercest degree of cold of any spot upon the surface of the globe.

"In clear weather the traveller upon this white waste sees but the snow, the sky, the sun. In cloudy weather even these disappear. Many a time I have found myself in such weather travelling in gray space, feeling the snow beneath my snow-shoes but unable to see it. No sun, no sky, no snow, no horizon—absolutely nothing that the eye could rest upon."

The accident by which Lieutenant Peary's leg was broken on his way north, the presence of his devoted wife and her loving care in nursing him back to convalescence, the birth of her child within the Arctic Circle, her lonely sojourn while her husband made his long ice journey, give a touch of human interest to the story that few books of science or exploration possess.

We are sorry to note Mr. Peary's inconsequent reasoning on the subject of missions. The presence of bad white men has demoralized some of the Eskimo with whom they came in contact. Lieutenant Peary hopes that the missionaries will not disturb the simple faith and blameless lives of the Eskimo of the far north. Yet the social morality he ascribes to these Northern tribes is of a very low type indeed. The labours of the brave Moravian missionaries who during the last hundred years have endured the hardships of this Arctic wilderness, and have raised many of these savage tribes to the dignity of men and fellow saints, is something he has apparently never heard of, or has forgotten.

Ideas from Nature. By WILLIAM ELDER, A.M., Sc.D., Professor of Chemistry, Colby University. 12mo, pp. 202. Philadelphia: American Baptist Publication Society, 1420 Chestnut Street. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, 75 cents.

It has sometimes been thought that the old so-called "natural theology," or evidences of religion from design and adaptation in nature, has been destroyed by the theory of evolution or natural selection. This book, by one eminently qualified to speak on the subject, is a refutation of that opinion. Even so uncompromising an evolutionist as Huxley in his "Life of Darwin," (Vol. I., p. 555), says:

"The acute champion of teleology, Paley, saw no difficulty in admitting that the 'Production of Things' may be the result of trains of mechanical dispositions fixed beforehand by intelligent appointment and kept in action by a power at the centre—that is to say, he proleptically accepted the modern doctrine of evolution; and his successors might do well to follow their leader, or at any rate to attend to his weighty reasonings before rushing into an antagonism which has no reasonable foundation."

Tennyson, in his "Higher Pantheism" nobly expresses the doctrine of the immanence of God.

"The sun, the moon, the stars, the seas, the hills, and the plains—
Are not these, O Soul, the Vision of Him who reigns?

"Speak to Him, thou, for He hears, and Spirit with spirit can meet—
Closer is He than breathing, and nearer than hands and feet.

"God is law, say the wise, O Soul, and let us rejoice,
For if He thunder by law the thunder is yet His voice.

"Law is God, say some; no God at all, says the fool;
For all we have power to see is a straight staff bent in a pool;

"And the ear of man cannot hear, and the eye of man cannot see;
But if we could see and hear, this vision —were it not He?"

"A master in science," says Prof. Elder, "tells us that the evolution of the universe is not more nor less difficult to understand than the evolution of a bird from the egg. If you are inclined to regard that as touched with the exaggeration of the specialist, listen to this:

"Flower in the crannied wall,
I pluck you out of the crannies;—
Hold you here, root and all, in my hand,
Little flower; but if I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is."

Sir William Herschell, on purely scientific ground, long ago, says that he knows no explanation of the great phenomena of nature, even of the law of gravitation, save the active exercise of the personal will of God. Butler's "Analogy of Natural and Revealed Religion," which has been well called "the Greatest Theological Monograph in Our Language," has for its theme "The Constitution and Course of Nature. These make known the same kind of divine government as that which revealed religion declares; they present the same kind of difficulties, so 'that he who denies the Scripture to have been from God upon account of these difficulties may, for the very same reason, deny the world to have been formed by Him.' The argument shows that Christianity is wholly reasonable."

Our author well says: "Those modern teachings that would find a shelter for religion from the windy storm and tempest of nineteenth century doubt and criticism in the fact that it satisfies the emotional nature, offer but a doubtful good. Religion does not seek a shelter; it offers one, the only one. It speaks with authority and to the whole man. That it does satisfy the emotional nature, refine and sanctify the feelings is much; but there is more—it also addresses the intellect. Christian faith stands rooted in knowledge.

"Often it seems that the most astounding of miracles is this: the words of Jesus, all we have of them, make together not more than a thin pamphlet, not much longer than an old-fashioned sermon, yet they contain, as Ewald said to Stanley, all the wisdom of the world. Who shall estimate their power in the world? A power greater to-day than it ever was before! The world has not outgrown them, it has not yet grown up to them; if in any period it has neglected them, that has been a period of decline, not advance."

Our author concludes his admirable book in these words:

"The essential unity and inner harmony of all truth from every source have been recognized by the noblest souls in past generations, and are especially enforced in our own age by the rapid progress of investigation which is bringing the boundaries of the various realms of thought nearer together. Sooner or later all these artificial boundaries will disappear.

"The Christian must not hesitate to accept, in the fuller meaning it has to-day, the sublime utterance of the Psalmist,

'The heavens declare the glory of God.'

"The student in the laboratory may find fresh inspiration for his work in the triumphant cry of the devout astronomer, half dazed with the splendour of the laws he had discovered.

'O God, I think Thy thoughts after Thee.'

A COG-WHEEL RAILWAY.

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